

THE
WORKS
OF THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND,

CONTAINING,

COWLEY,	ROSCOMMON,	STEPNEY,
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THE
ENGLISH POETS.

POEMS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA,

A D

ILLUSTRISSIMAM ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de nato, ditissima mater, egeno
Exiguum immensi pignus amoris habe.
Heu, meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Altringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Tunc tui poteris vocem hic agnoscere nati
Tam male formatam, dissimilemque tuæ?
Tunc hinc materni vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu speculum poteris hic reperire tuum?
Post longum, dices, Coulei, sic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemurisque Deæque, nocentes,
Hunc mihi in infantis supposuere loco?
At tu, sancta parens, crudelistu quoque, nati
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid fato genitrix accedis iniquo?
Sit fors, sed non sis, ipsa, noverca mihi.
Si mihi natali Mularum adolescere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de docta licuisset plenius unda
Haurire, ingentem si fatiare sitim,
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres nomen fusa rubore meum.
Scis benè, scis quæ me tempestas publica mundi
Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poscentem querulo murmure lactis opem.
Sic quondam, ærium vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum autumnum sæva flagellat hyems,
Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; arbor & ipsa gemit.
Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avita,
Nondum sol roseo redditur ore pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia nomen!
O penitus toto corde receptus amor!
O pulchræ sine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,
Splendida paupertas. ingenuisque decor!

O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine regum
 Digna domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
 O nimium Cereris cumulati munere campi,
 Posthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis!
 O sacri fontes! & sacræ vatibus umbræ,
 Quas recreant avium Pieridumque chori!
 O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
 Amnibus auriferis invidiosus inops!
 Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
 Detque Deus doctâ posse quiete frui!
 Qualis eram, cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
 Vidisti in ripâ, Came ferene, tuâ;
 Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu;
 Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
 Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
 Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
 Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,
 Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
 At nunc cœnosæ lucēs, atque obice multo
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
 Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tamesifve aut Thybridis unda?
 Tu potis es nostram tollere, Came, sitim.
 Felix, qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
 Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit!
 Felix, qui non tentatus fordescere mundus,
 Et cui pauperies nota nitere potest!
 Tempore cui nullo misera experientia constat,
 Ut res humanas sentiat esse nihil!
 At nos exemplis fortuna instruxit opimis,
 Et documentorum satque superque dedit.
 Cum capite avulsum diadema, infractaque sceptrâ,
 Contusâsque hominum forte minante minas,
 Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile fatum,
 Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
 Quis poterit fragilem possit talia credere puppim
 Infami scopulis naufragiisque mari?
 Tu quoque in hoc terræ tremuisti, Academia, motu,
 (Nec frustra) atque ædes contremuere tuæ:
 Contremuere ipsæ pacatæ Palladis arces;
 Et timuit fulmen laurea sancta novum.
 Ah quamquam iratum, pellem hanc avertere numen,
 Nec saltem bellis illa licere, velit!
 Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!
 In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.
 Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
 Fundes; nec tibi mors ipsa superstes erit:
 Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
 Formosâs mittes ad mare mortis aquas.
 Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea facia dextrâ,
 (Namque solent ipsis bella nocere Deis)
 Imploravit opem superum, questusque cievit,
 Tinxit adorandus candida membra eror.
 Quid quereris? contemne breves secura dolores.
 Nam tibi ferre necem vulnera nulla valent.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

T O

HIS EDITION IN FOLIO, 1656.

AT my return lately into England *, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book intituled, "The Iron Age," and published under my name, during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiarist, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for nobody can be justified by the impuration even of another's merit; and our own coarse cloaths are like to become us better than those of another man, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed *in effigie*; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect. So that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind; which is, the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them.

Of which sort, was a comedy called "The Guardian," printed in the year 1650; but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the college. After the representation (which, I confess, was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the poet and the foldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But, as it is, it is only the hasty first-sitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly.

From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum; or with such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the alloy: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble; or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book; and, like vintners, with sophisticated mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine,

* In 1656.

to make it yield more profit. This has been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others; part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me: neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous, the less space it animates. And, as Statius says of little Tydeus*,

“ — Totos infusa per artus
“ Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.”

I am not ignorant, that, by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer: but though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed and cast away more than I publish; and, for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these poems to the light and view of the world; not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after, my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least a dying person, and upon my Muse in this action, as appearing, like the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and assisting at her own funeral.

For, to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for, when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life. But as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poetry; to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches, which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows, than in their opinion of, “*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*—”) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves: neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, “If their reward be in this life, they are
“ of all men the most miserable.”

And, if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to write of, but worst to write in. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself, which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time: “*Sed in te intuens, Brute, dolco: ejus in adolescentiam, per medias laudes, quadrigis vehementem, trauf-
“ veria incurrit misera fortuna reipublicæ†.*”

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed by the storms of injurious fortune; it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of poetry. One may see through

* Stat. Theb. lib. i. 416.

† Cic. de Clar. Orator. § 231.

the style of Ovid de Trist. the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footstep of that genius,

“—quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes”, &c.”

The cold of the country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own *Metamorphosis*; and, though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe †,

“In vultu color est sine sanguine: lumina mœstis

“Stant immota genis: nihil est in imagine vivi.—

“Flet tamen—”

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour; neither is wit less eclipsed with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body. So that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of fortune, as it is in despite of nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say like Horace ‡,

“Quisquis erat vite, scribam, color.”

I shall rather use his words in another place §.

“Vixi Camenis nuper idoneus,

“Et militavi non sine gloria:

“Nunc arma, defunctumque bello

“Barbiton hic paries habebit.”

And this resolution of mine does the more best me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

“Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,

“Per mare pauperiem fugiens—”

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

“Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis—”

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's *Sundyal in a grave* is not more useless and ridiculous, than poetry would be in that retirement. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world; so, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is, to be read with more favour than the living;

“Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire **.”

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long discourse of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of the book; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: as, first, all those which I wrote at school, from the age of ten years, till after sixteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footings of a child; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagancies in a boy (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over myself; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already past through several editions, which is

* *Metam.* l. xv. 871. † *Metam.* l. vi. 304. ‡ *Hor.* 2 *Sat.* i. 60. § 3 *Carm.* *Ol.* xxvi. “*Vix pullis*,” &c. ¶ *Hor.* 1 *Ep.* i. 45. ¶ *Hor.* 1 *Ep.* xi. 9. ** *Martial.* lib. viii. ep. 69.

longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary term. They had the good fortune then to find the world so indulgent (for, considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be severe?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out; and am obliged too in a manner by discretion to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made unsolvable not so much by their own negligence and ill-husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and public disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three books of the civil war itself, reaching as far as the first battle of Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stoppt the work.

As for the ensuing book, it consists of four * parts. The first is a Miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader: I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost; and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their brethren; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogancy of the word, when I said I had lost them.

The second, is called, "The Mistress," or "Love-Verbes;" for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca:

"In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem †."

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind; as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza, for a few lascivious sonnets composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poesy is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay, a Steic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho,

"—ferat & rubus asper amomum. ‡"

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to be ashamed to be thought really in love. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man, who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers: for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry; so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which, I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

For, as for the "Pindaric Odes" (which is the third part), I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracts of poesy. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnassensis calls *Μεταλυστικὴ καὶ τοῦ μετὰ δαυότατος*, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of

* In the present collection, there are *five* parts; the first of which contains the juvenile Poems mentioned in p. vii. Their history may be seen in the prefaces prefixed to them.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 244.

‡ Virg. Ecl. iii. 89.

all lyriques, and of Pindar above all men living: the figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the Ode intituled, "The Resurrection:" and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise—

—Ut tibi quivis

"Speret idem; fudet multum, frustra que laboret

"Ausus idem *."

I come now to the last part, which is "Davideis," or an heroical poem of the troubles of David: which I designed into twelve books; not for the tribes' sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil; and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David on the death of Saul and Jonathan: for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story: but only so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the whole design: in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the Wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sacking of Ziklag; the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and other nations before or at that age.

But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves. For what worthier subject could have been chosen, among all the treasures of past times, than the life of this young prince; who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour, than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? whom a Christian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred pre eminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend?

When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poetry; in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind: it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things, which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity; as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like; there is none that he has so universally, and so long, usurpt, as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God who is the Father of it. It is time to

baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There wants methinks, but the conversion of that, and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctancies apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty: it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven.

There is not so great a lye to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it; for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind. They are all but the cold-meats of the ancients, new-heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a gleanings, not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times. They were believed by all, but a few philosophers, and perhaps some atheists; and served to good purpose among the vulgar (as pitiful things as they are), in strengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion; and therefore that was better than none at all. But to us, who have no need of them; to us, who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinencies; they ought to appear no better arguments for verse, than those of their worthy successors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Sampson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? Why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Pirithous? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such), as the wars of Joshua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? All the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poetry, or are the best materials in the world for it.

Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; none but a good artist will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble. For, if any man design to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or some other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of angels, into rhyme; he is so far from elevating of poetry, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a prophane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention; the same wisdom of disposition; the same judgment in observance of decencies; the same lustre and vigour of elocution; the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit, is required to both: only this latter allows better stuff; and therefore would look more deformedly, ill dressed in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: but sure I am, there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better

JUVENILE POEMS.

THE BOOKSELLERS ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE EDITION OF 1674.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very scarce (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it hath been four times printed) we thought this fifth edition could not fail of being well received by the world. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last collection, was, because the propriety of this copy belonged not to the same person that published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several impressions through which they had passed. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his riper years, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity; We presume the Author's judgment of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small character. His words are in his Preface before his former published Poems*.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems in his "Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th Discourse "treating of himself." These we suppose a sufficient authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest remains of Mr. Cowley, will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the copy of his mind; so that by this supplement to his other volume you have the picture of that so deservedly eminent man from almost his childhood to his latest years, the bud and bloom of his Spring; the warmth of his Summer; the richness and perfection of his Autumn. But, for the Reader's further curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, published by himself.

* See Author's Preface above, p. vii.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD,

J O H N

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

I MIGHT well fear, lest these my rude and unpolished lines should offend your honourable survey; but that I hope your Nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a Child, than censure them. Howsoever I desire your Lordship's pardon, for presenting things so unworthy to your view; and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS

JUVENILE POEMS.

READER (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some, I know, have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which nevers sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me, not as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem Anonymum. To the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nips the blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter that he is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the moon and sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind. For the itch of Poesy, by being angered, increaseth; by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgment it suffer shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesy flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my Píramus and Thisbe, nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My Constantius and Philetus confesseth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since, upon several occasions, and perhaps do not belye the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me: but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewel.

A. COWLEY.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

THE POEMS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO THE READER.

I CALL'D the buskin'd muse Melpomene,
And told her what sad story I would write :
She wept at hearing such a tragedy,
Though went in mournful ditties to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know
My Muse with tears, not with conceits did
flow :

And as she my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the paper fall ;
If then unequal numbers be espied,
Oh, Reader ! do not that my error cail ;
But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muse's grief, and not my mising pen.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I SING two constant lovers' various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves ; their rivals' envy, parents' hate :
I sing their woeful life and tragic end.

Aid me, ye gods, this story to rehearse,
This mournful tale, and favour every verse !

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy.

Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn,
With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form :

And, framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her wit in study, that they might
Keep earth from chaos and eternal night ;
But envious death destroy'd their glorious light.

Expect not beauty then, since she did part ;
For in her nature wasted all her art.

VOL. II.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus ; and her breath so sweet,
It did transcend Arabian odours far,
Or smelling flowers, wherewith the spring doth
greet

Approaching summer ; teeth, like falling snow
For white, were placed in a double row.

Her wit, excelling praise, even all admire ;
Her speech was so attractive it might be
A cause to raise the mighty Pallas' ire,
And stir up envy from that deity.
The maiden lilies at her sight
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew
white.

She was in birth and parentage as high
As in her fortune great or beauty rare ;
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were ;
That in her spotless soul and lovely face
You might have seen each deity and grace.

The scornful boy Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus still despise, yet her desire ;
Each who but saw, was a competitor
And rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move
And light beholders on their way to love.

Among her many suitors, a young knight,
'Bove others wounded with the majesty
Of her fair presence, presseth most in sight ;
Yet seldom his desire can satisfy
With that blest object, or her rareness see ;
For beauty's guard is watchful jealousy.

Oft times, that he might see his dearest fair,
Upon his stately jennet he in th' way
Rides by her house ; who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia.
But his poor master, though to see her move
His joy, dares shew no look betraying love.

B

Soon as the morning left her rosy bed,
And all heaven's smaller lights were driven away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day :
Aurora blush'd to see a sight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Th' obsequious lover follows still her train,
And where they go, that way his journey feigns :
Should they turn back, he would turn back again ;
For with his love, his business does remain.

Nor is it strange he should be loth to part
From her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race
Of noble ancestors ; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great stock did shine :
Small his estate, unfitting her degree ;
But blinded Love could no such difference see.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And dipt his arrow in Constantia's eyes,
Blowing a fire that would destroy him quite,
Unless such flames within her heart should rise.
But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
Though he have shot him right, her heart he'll miss.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleasing sacrifice ;
Intreating Cupid, with inducing prayers,
To look upon and ease his miseries :
Where having wept, recovering breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain :
" Oh, mighty Cupid ! whose unbounded sway
" Hath often rul'd th' Olympian thunderer ;
" Whom all celestial deities obey ;
" Whom men and gods both reverence and fear !
" Oh force Constantia's heart to yield to love !
" Of all thy works the master-piece 'twill prove.

" And let me not affection vainly spend,
" But kindle flames in her like those in me ;
" Yet if that gift my fortune doth transcend,
" Grant that her charming beauty I may see !
" For ever view those eyes, whose charming
light,
" More than the world besides, does please my
sight.

" Those who condemn thy sacred deity,
" Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger
know :
" I faultless am ; what honour can it be,
" Only to wound your slave, and spare your foe ?"
Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own.

Home he retir'd, his soul he brought not home ;
Just like a ship, while every mounting wave
Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave ;
Such did his case, such did his state appear,
Alike distracted between hope and fear.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth com-
plain

Of his unhappy fate, but all in vain ;
And thus fond Echo answers him again :
It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant grafs with many a tear.

THE ECHO.

I.

" OH ! what hath caus'd my killing miseries ?"
" EYES," Echo said. " What hath detain'd
my ease ?"
" EASE," straight the reasonable nymph replies.
" That nothing can my troubled mind appease ?"
" PEACE," Echo answers, " What, is any
nigh ?"
Philetus said. She quickly utters, " I."

II.

" Is't Echo answers ? tell me then thy will :"
" I WILL," she said. " What shall I get," says
he,
" By loving still ?" To which she answers, " ILL."
" Ill ! Shall I void of wish'd-for pleasures die ?"
" I." " Shall not I, who toil in ceaseless pain,
" Some pleasure know ?" " No," she replies
again.

III.

" False and inconstant nymph, thou lyest !" said
he ;
" THOU LYEST," she said ; " And I deserv'd her
hate,
" If I should thee believe." " BELIEVE," faith
she.
" For why ? thy idle words are of no weight."
" WEIGHT," she answers. " Therefore I'll
depart."
To which resounding Echo answers, " PART."

THEN from the woods with wounded heart he
goes,
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind.
He quarrels with himself, because his woes
Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find ;
He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are with-
in.

No morning banish'd darkness, nor black night
By her alternate course expell'd the day,
In which Philetus by a constant rite
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray ;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
But care and sorrow was his only gain.

But now at last the pitying God, o'ercome
By constant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
A golden shaft, and she is now become
A suppliant to Love, that with like dart
He'd wound Philetus ; does with tears implore
Aid from that power she so much scorn'd be-
fore.

Little she thinks she kept Philetus' heart
In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave

To him. Since either suffers equal smart,
 And a like measure in their torments have:
 His foul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are
 grown:
 Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.
 Whilst thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mu-
 tiny,
 She took a late (being far from any ears)
 And tun'd this song, posing that harmony
 Which poets attribute to heavenly spheres.
 Thus had she sung when her dear love was
 slain,
 She'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

THE SONG.

I.

TO whom shall I my sorrows flow?
 Not to Love, for he is blind:
 And my Philetus doth not know
 The inward torment of my mind.
 And all the senseless walls, which are
 Now round about me, cannot hear;

II.

For, if they could, they sure would weep,
 And with my griefs relent:
 Unless their willing tears they keep,
 Till I from earth am sent.
 Then I believe they'll all deplore
 My fate, since I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my store,
 If th' flood would land thy love,
 My dear Philetus, on the shore.
 Of my heart; but, should'st thou prove
 Afraid of flames, know the fires are
 But bonfires for thy coming there.
 THEN tears in envy of her speech did flow
 From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
 Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,
 And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;
 Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
 And quickly caus'd new serpent griefs to grow.
 Here stay, my Muse; for if I should recite
 Her mournful language, I should make you weep,
 Like her, a flood, and so not see to write
 Such lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
 Me from stern death, or with victorious rhyme
 Revenge their master's death, and conquer
 Time.

By this time, chance and his own industry
 Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
 Acquainted with her brother, so that he
 Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view;
 And, as time serv'd, shew'd her his misery:
 This was the first act in his tragedy

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering state,
 He said; "How shall I thank thee for this gain

"O Cupid! or reward my helping fate,
 "Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain?
 "What husbandman would any pains refuse,
 "To reap at last such fruit, his labour's use?"

But, when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,
 Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain
 To following woes, he would when 'twas too late
 Quench his hot flames, and idle love dislain.

But Cupid, when his heart was set on fire,
 Had burnt his wings, who could not then re-
 tire.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
 (So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
 So true and constant in their amities,
 And in that league so strictly joined were,
 That death itself could not their friendship se-
 ver,
 But, as they liv'd in love, they died together.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
 If one be sick, the other's surely ill;
 And if Philetus any sorrow had,
 Philocrates was partner in it still:
 Pylades' soul, and mad Orestes', was
 In these, if we believe Pythagoras.

Of in the woods Philetus walks, and there
 Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind:
 With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
 And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind
 To sigh; and did ev'n upon that prevail;
 It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between
 The shadowing trees, and, as they through them
 pass,

Water the earth, and keep the meadows green,
 Giving a colour to the verdant grass,
 Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,
 In shew of grief run murmuring at his fate.

Philomel answers him again, and shews,
 In her best language, her sad history,
 And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in misery:
 Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus, cries;
 With him both grief, and grief's expression,
 vies.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
 Willing in ills, as well as joys, to share,
 Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
 Who in light sport, not sorrow, partners are.
 Who leaves to guide the ship when storms arise,
 Is guilty both of sin and cowardice.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to tyrant passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his malady,
 He watches him, in hope to cure his fore
 By counsel, and recall the poisonous dart,
 When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

When in the woods, places best fit for care,
 He to himself did his past griefs recite,
 Th' obsequious friend straight follows him, and
 there
 Doth hide himself from sad Philetus' sight;

Who thus exclaims (for a swollen heart would break,

If it for vent of sorrow might not speak):

"Oh! I am lost, not in this desert wood,
"But in Love's pathless labyrinth; there I
"My health, each joy and pleasure counted good,
"Have lost, and, which is more, my liberty;
"And now am fore'd to let him sacrifice
"My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

"Long have I staid, but yet have no relief;
"Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown;
"Because she knows not of my killing grief,
"And I have fear'd to make my sorrows known.
"For why, alas! if she should once but dart
"Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

"But how should she, ere I impart my love,
"Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
"But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
"Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire;
"Why, he who hath all sorrows borne before,
"Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more."

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and sighing, "Oh!" said he,
"My dear Philetus! be thyself, and swear
"To rule that passion which now masters thee,
"And all thy reason; but, if it can't be,
"Give to thy love but eyes, that it may see."

Amazement strikes him dumb; what shall he do?

Should he reveal his love, he fears 'twould prove
A hindrance; and, should he deny to show,
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
These doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand,
Whilst Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

At last resolv'd: "How shall I seek," said he,
"T' excuse myself, dearest Philocrates!
"That I from thee have hid this secrecy?
"Yet censure not; give me first leave to ease
"My case with words: my grief you should
have known
"Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

"I am all love; my heart was burnt with fire
"From two bright suns, which do all light disclose;
"First kindling in my breast the flame Desire:
"But, like the rare Arabian bird, there rose
"From my heart's ashes never-quenched Love,
"Which now this torment in my soul doth move.

"Oh! let not then my passion cause your hate,
"Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
"Your ancient friendship; 'tis, alas! too late
"To call my firm affection back again:
"No physick can re-cure my weaken'd state,
"The wound is grown too great, too desperate."

"But counsel," said his friend, "a remedy
"Which never fails the patient, may at least,
"If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
"Assuage your torment, and procure some rest.

"But there is no physician can apply
"A medicine ere he know the malady."

"Then hear me," said Philetus; "but why? Stay,

"I will not tell thee with my history;
"For to remember sorrows past away,
"Is to renew an old calamity.
"He who acquaints others with his mean,
"Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own."

"But," said Philocrates, "'tis best, in woe,
"To have a faithful partner of their care;
"That burthen may be undergone by two,
"Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
"I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
"Your thoughts, and tax you of inconsistency."

What shall he do? or with what language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close thoughts and inward flame:
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments' ire
When they, alas! did blow the raging fire.

"When years first fly'd me twenty, I began
"To sport with catching snares that Love had set:

"Like birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'en,
"Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net,
"Even so I sported with her beauty's light,
"Till I at last grew blind with too much light.

"First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought
"Twas easy to repel it; but as fire,
"Though but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
"So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
"Which so have scorched my love-struck soul,
that I

"Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

"Who is it," said Philocrates, "can move
"With charming eyes such deep affection?
"I may perhaps assist you in your love;
"Two can effect more than yourself alone.
"My counsel this thy error may reclaim,
"Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame."

"Nay," said Philetus, "oft my eyes do flow
"Like Nilus when it scorns th' oppos'd shore;
"Yet all the watery plenty I bellow,
"Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more.
"So fame reports o' th' Dodonæan spring,
"That lightens all those which are put therein.

"But, being your desire to know her, she
"Is call'd" (with that his eyes let fall a shower,
As if they fain would drown the memory
Of his life-keeper's name) "Constantia—" More
Grief would not let him utter; tears, the best
Expressers of true sorrow, spoke the rest.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
"And was this all? Whate'er your grief would ease,

"Though a far greater task, believe 't for thee
"It should be soon done by Philocrates:

"Think all you wish perform'd; but see, the day,

"Thir'd with its heat, is hasting now away!"

Home from the silent woods night bids them go:
But sad Philetus can no comfort find;
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why dost thou vex him, Love? Could'st thou
but see,
Thou would'st thyself Philetus' rival be.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
And wounded with the ferrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair Constantia; where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
Or, by her liking, his wisht joys attain.

"Fairest," said he, "whom the bright heavens
do cover,

"Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise!

"These heaving sighs of a submissive lover,

"Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling
eyes!

"And do you not condemn that ardent flame,

"Which from yourself, your own fair beauty,
came!

"Trust me, I long have hid my love: but now

"Am forc'd to show 't, such is my inward smart!

"And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know

"To heal the wound of my consuming heart.

"Then, since it only in your power doth lie

"To kill or save, Oh! help, or else I die."

His gently cruel love did thus reply;

"I for your pain am grieved, and would do,

"Without impeachment of my chastity

"And honour, any thing might pleasure you.

"But, if beyond those limits you demand,

"I must not answer, Sir, nor understand."

"Believe me, virtuous maiden! my desire

"Is chaste and pious as thy virgin thought;

"No flash of lust, 'tis no dishonest fire,

"Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought;

"But as thy beauty pure; which let not be

"Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty!

"Oh! how shall I reply?" she cry'd, "thou 'st
won

"My soul, and therefore take thy victory:

"Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'ercome,

"And if I should deny thee love, then I

"Should be a tyrant to myself: that fire

"Which is kept close burns with the greatest
ire.

"Yet do not count my yielding lightness, now;

"Impute it rather to my ardent love;

"Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,

"And pleading beauty did my liking move;

"Thy eyes, which draw like loadstones with
their might

"The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me
quite."

"Oh! I am rapt above the reach," said he,

"Of thought; my soul already feels the bliss

"Of heaven: when, Sweet, my thoughts once
tax but thee

"With any crime, may I lose all happiness

"Is wish'd for: both your favour here, and
dead,

"May the just gods pour vengeance on my
head!"

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate!)

Constantia's father enter'd in the room,

When glad Philetus, ignorant of his state,

Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting sun,

Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of
water,

To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands,

Reading his fatal Theta in the brows

Of him who both his life and death commands,

Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows:

Such was his state to see her father come,

Nor wish'd-for, nor expected, in the room.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare

Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be

At any time with his lov'd daughter there,

Till he had given him such authority:

But to depart, since she her love did shew him,

Was living death, with lingering torments to
him.

This being known to kind Philocrates,

He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,

And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,

And shew her that which to her friendly ear

Time gave no leave to tell: and thus his quill

Declares to her the absent lover's will

THE LETTER.

PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

I TRUST, dear soul, my absence cannot move
You to forget or doubt my ardent love;

For, were there any means to see you, I

Would run through death, and all the misery

Fate could inflict; that so the world might say,

In life and death I lov'd Constantia.

Then let not, dearest Sweet, our absence part

Our loves, but each breast keep the other's heart;

Give warmth to one another, till there rise

From all our labours and our industries

The long-expected fruits: have patience, Sweet,

There's no man whom the summer pleasures greet

Before he taste the winter; none can say,

Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.

So, when we once have waited sorrow's night,

The sun of comfort then shall give us light.

PHILETUS.

This, when Constantia read, she thought her state

Most happy, by Philetus' constancy

And perfect love: she thanks her flattering fate,

Kiss'd the paper, till with kissing she

The welcome characters doth dull and slain:

Then thus with ink and tears wrote back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

YOUR absence, Sir, though it be long, yet I
Neither forget nor doubt your constancy.
Nor need you fear that I should yield unto
Another, what to your true love is due.
My heart is yours; it is not in my claim,
Nor have I power to take it back again.
There 's nought but death can part our souls; no
time,
Or angry friends, shall make my love decline:
But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,
Unless death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh! how this letter seem'd to raise his pride!
Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,
When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come:
Prouder than Jason, when from Colchos he
Returned with the fleece's victory.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the sweating plowman's greediest prayer,
And by the fall disrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all those ornaments it us'd to wear;
Them kind Philocrates t' each other brought,
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom
wrought.

"Sweet fair-one," said Philetus, "since the time
Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
T' enjoy our loves; oh, let us not resign
This long'd-for favour, nor ourselves bereave
Of what we wish'd for, Opportunity,
That may too soon the wings of love out-
fly!

"For when your father, as his custom is,
For pleasure doth pursue the timorous hare,
If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
To be in those woods ready for you, where
We may depart in safety, and no more
With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore."

To this the happy lovers soon agree;
But, ere th y part, Philetus begs to hear,
From her enchanting voice's melody,
One song to satisfy his longing ear:
She yields; and, singing added to desire,
The listening youth increas'd his amorous fire.

THE SONG.

I.

TIME! fly with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That witht-for and expected day.

II.

Comfort's fun we then shall see,
Though at first it darken'd be
With dangers; yet, those clouds but gone,
Our day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then, though death's sad night appear,
And we in lonely silence rest;
Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
For no new death extend its power;
Thus there 's nothing can dis sever
Hearts which love hath join'd together.

FEAR of being seen, Philetus homeward drove,
But ere they part the willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)
Many a soft kiss; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

But, ere the sun through many days had run,
Constantia's charming beauty had o'ercome
Guifardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won;
Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
Shot through his wounded heart such hot de-
fire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his soul, that should contain the store
Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

Him was Constantia urg'd continually,
By her friends, to love: sometimes they did in-
treat
With gentle speeches and mild courtesy;
Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat,
But love too deep was seated in her heart,
To be worn-out by thought of any smart.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;
Guifardo and Philocrates were there,
With many friends too tedious here to name:
With them Constantia went, but not to find
The bear or wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they
Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
His love, and hastens his own hasty fate;
That came too soon upon him; and his sun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

Constantia miss'd, the hunters in amaze
Take each a several course, and by curst fate
Guifardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
Tow'rs them, who little knew their woeful
state:

Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high
To honours, found the depth of misery.

For when Guifardo sees his rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
And with his sword a way to 's heart does find.
But, ere his spirits were possess'd of death,
In these few words he spent his latest breath:

" O see, Constantia! my short race is run;
 " See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye;
 " But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
 " And when I 'm dead, think sometime upon me!
 " More my short time permits me not to tell,
 " For now death seizeth me; my dear, fare-
 well!"

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
 From his pierc'd body, whilst Constantia, she
 Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,
 And become pale and wan; and now each eye,
 Which was so bright, is like, when life was
 done,

A star that 's fall'n, or an eclipsed sun.

Thither Philocrates was driven by fate,
 And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
 Near his pale corpse his weeping sister fate,
 Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.

" Philocrates when he saw this, did cry,
 " Friend, I 'll revenge, or bear thee com-
 pany!"

" Just Jove hath sent me to revenge his fate;
 " Nay, flay, Guifardo, think not Heaven in jest:
 " 'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state."
 Then thrust his sword into the villain's breast.
 " Here," said Philocrates, " thy life I send
 " A sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd friend."

But, as he fell, " Take this reward," said he,
 " For thy new victory." With that he flung
 His darted rapier at his enemy,
 Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
 With that he falls, but, lifting up his eyes,
 " Farewell, Constantia!" that word said, he
 dies.

What shall she do? She to her brother runs,
 His cold and lifeless body does embrace;
 She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
 And with her kisses warms his clammy face.
 " My dear Philocrates!" she, weeping, cries,
 " Speak to thy sister!" but no voice replies.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,
 Thus her mind's fervent passion she express;
 " O stay, blest soul, stay but a little here,
 " And take me with you to a lasting rest.
 " Then to Elysium's mansions both shall fly,
 " Be married there, and never more to die."

But, seeing them both dead, she cry'd, " Ah m. ●
 " Ah, my Philetus! for thy sake will I
 " Make up a full and perfect tragedy:
 " Since 'twas for me, dear Love, that thou didst
 die,
 " I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore;
 " These eyes, that saw thee kill'd, shall see no
 more.

" It shall not here be said that thou didst die,
 " And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain:
 " No, no, dear soul! I will not stay from thee;
 " That will reflect upon my valued name."
 Then piercing her sad breast, " I come!" she
 cries,
 And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest,
 Her father comes, and, seeing this, he falls
 To th' earth, with grief too great to be express:
 Whose doleful words my tir'd Muse me calls
 T' o'erpass; which I most gladly do, for fear
 That I should toil too much the reader's ear.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
 MY VERY LOVING MASTER,
 MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,
 Chief School-master of Westminster School.

SIR,
 MY childish Muse is in her spring, and yet
 Can only shew some budding of her wit.
 One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir, from you,
 Like some unkindler storm shot from your brow,
 Would turn her spring to withering autumn's
 time,
 And make her blossoms perish ere their prime.
 But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
 She an auspicious alpha can descry,
 How soon will they grow fruit! how fresh appear!
 That had such beams their infancy to cheer!
 Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
 The earliest offering of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful Scholar,
 ABR. COWLEY.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were
 By mighty Ninus' wife, two houses join'd.
 One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
 In th' other: earth ne'er boasted such a pair
 The very senseless walls themselves combin'd,
 And grew in one, just like their master's mind.

Thisbe all other women did excel,
 The Queen of Love less lovely was than she:
 And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell;
 Nature grew proud in framing them so well.
 But Venus, envying they so fair should be,
 Bids her son Cupid shew his cruelty.

The all-subduing God his bow doth bend,
 Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,
 Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,
 And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end.
 But could he see, he had not wrought their
 smart;
 For pity sure would have warm'd his heart.

Like as a bird, which in a net is ta'en,
By struggling more entangles in the gin;
So they, who in Love's labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a freedom gain.
The way to enter 's broad; but, being in,
No art, no labour, can an exit win.

These lovers, though their parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealousy;
Though in these storms no comfort could remove
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love;
Though he nor her's, nor she his face could see,

Yet this could not abolish Love's decree;

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part;

This the unanimate couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.

Though Love be blind, this shows he can descry

A way to lessen his own misery.

Off to the friendly cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the celestial air
Of odoriferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy; yet think the time but short,
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each other's breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames; but all too late;
The arrows could not be recall'd: their fate
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

They curs'd the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart:

But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,

Nor with their sighs, alas! would it relent.

This in effect they said; "Curs'd wall; O why
"Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
"Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty!
"For both our souls so closely joined lie,
"That nought but angry death can them remove;
"And though he part them, yet they'll meet above."

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendor of their sight,
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some watery cloud

O'er spreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud;

Till Vesper chas'd away the conquer'd light,
And forceth them (though loth) to bid good-night.

But ere Aurora, usher to the day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,

The lovers rise, and at that cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear;
Whose grief the pitying morning blusht to hear.

"Dear Love!" said Pyramus, "how long shall we,

"Like fairest flowers not gather'd in their prime,
"Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,

"Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty

"Upon ourselves? for beauty, though it shine

"Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.

"Therefore, sweet Thisbe, let us meet this night

"At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,

"Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white

"Abounding, there t' enjoy our wish'd delight.

"For mounting love stopt in its course, doth fall,

"And long'd-for, yet untasted, joy kills all.

"What though our cruel parents angry be?

"What though our friends, alas! are too unkind?

"Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,

"And soon hold back fit opportunity.

"Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find

"Occasion, once pass'd by, is bald behind."

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs, where both consent
What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:
Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir'd,

And many a charming accent to her sent,
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;
Just like the moon, which seeks t' eclipse the sun,
Whence all her splendor, all her beams, do come:
So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came;
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
Against her Pyramus for to exclaim,
While various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain:

And, imitating thus the silver swan,
A little while before her death, she sang:

THE SONG.

I.

COME, Love! why stayest thou? the night
Will vanish ere we taste delight:
The moon obscures herself from sight,
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, dear! be brief as time,
Or we by morn shall be o'erta'en;
Love's joy's thine own as well as mine;
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

HERE doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant
song,

And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh;
Her Pyramus, she thought, did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong.

Then, betwixt longing hope and jealousy,
She fears, yet 's loth to tax, his loyalty.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him:
She fears that he another Love hath taken;
Which, being but imagin'd, soon doth waken
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did
fling

Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

WHILE she thus musing fate, ran from the wood
An angry lion to the crystal springs,
Near to that place; who coming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
Swifter than thought, sweet Thisbe strait begins
To fly from him; fear gave her swallows' wings.

As she avoids the lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come,
And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire:
But fear expels all reasons; she doth run
Into a darksome cave, ne'er seen by sun.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall:
Which, when th' enraged lion did espy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small;
While Thisbe ran, and look'd not back at all;
For, could the senseless beast her face defery,
It had not done her such an injury.

The night half wasted, Pyramus did come;
Who, seeing printed in the yielding sand
The lion's paw, and by the fountain some
Of Thisbe's garment, sorrow struck him dumb:
Just like a marble statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful graver's artful hand.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
"I may," said he, "myself for her death blame;
Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame:
Since she is dead, whose beauty doth exceed
All that frail man can either hear or read."

This spoke, he drew his fatal sword, and said,
"Receive my crimson blood, as a due debt
Unto thy constant love, to which 'tis paid:
I strait will meet thee in the pleasant shade
Of cool Elysium; where we, being met,
Shall taste those joys that here we could not
get."

Then through his breast thrusting his sword, lies
From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair:
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries;
With which th' unspotted berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

At last fair Thisbe left the den, for fear
Of disappointing Pyramus, since she
Was bound by promise for to meet him there;
But when she saw the berries changed were

VOL. II.

From white to black, she knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

With what delight from the dark cave she came,
Thinking to tell how she escap'd the beast!
But, when she saw her Pyramus lie slain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her sad soul remain!

She tears her golden hair, and beats her breast,
And every sign of raging grief express.

She blames all powerful Jove; and strives to take
His bleeding body from the nois'd ground.
She kisses his pale face, till she doth make
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake
His parting soul with mournful words; his
wound

Washes with tears, that her sweet speech con-
found.

But afterwards, recovering breath, said she,
"Alas! what chance hath parted thee and I?
O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
That of thy death I may a partner be;
Tell Thisbe what hath caus'd this tragedy!"
He, hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eye;

And on his Love he rais'd his dying head;
Where, striving long for breath, at last, said he,
"O Thisbe, I am hasting to the dead,
And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred;
Farewell, sweet Thisbe! we must parted be,
For angry Death will force me soon from
thee."

Life did from him, he from his mistress, part,
Leaving his Love to languish here in woe.
What shall she do? How shall she ease her heart?
Or with what language speak her inward smart?
Usurping Passion Reason doth o'erflow,
She vows that with her Pyramus she'll go;

Then takes the sword wherewith her Love was
slain,
With Pyramus's crimson blood warm still;
And said, "Oh stay, blest soul, awhile refrain,
That we may go together, and remain
In endless joys, and never fear the ill
Of grudging friends!"—Then she herself did
kill.

To tell what grief their parents did sustain,
Were more than my rude quill can overcome;
Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For weeping calls not back the dead again.
Both in one grave were laid, when life was
done;
And their few words were writ upon the tomb.

EPIGRAM II.

I.

UNDERNEATH this marble stone,
Lie two beauties join'd in one.

II.

Two, whose loves death could not sever;
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

C

III.

Two, whose souls, being too divine
For earth, in their own sphere now shine.

IV.

Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

S Y L V A:

OR,

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

DE FELICI PARTU REGINÆ MARIÆ.

DUM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit religiosa fames,
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, late December, ades,
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchusque Ceresque ministrant,
Et risum vitis lacryma rubra movet.
Nos sine latitiæ strepitu, sine murmure leti;
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cum corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,
• Cui pede vel tellustrita frequente sonet?
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdi turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera sua.
Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria;
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.

* From the "ΣΥΝΩΔΙΑ, five Musarum
" Cantabrigienſium Concentus et Congratula-
" tio, ad serenissimum Britanniarum Regem
" Carolum, de quinta sua sobole [Princeps
" Anne], clarissima Principe, sibi nuper felicissimè
" nati. Cantabrigiæ, 1637." I doubt not but
it will prove a pleasing amusement to the curious
reader, to trace the first dawns of genius in
some of our first-rate poetic characters; and to
compare them with the eminence they afterwards
attained to, and the rank they at last held among
their brethren of the laurel. Some early speci-
mens of Dryden's genius may be seen in the first
volume of his poems. Those of Cowley, here
printed, abound with strokes of wit, some true,
but the far greater part false; which thoroughly
characterise the writer, and may be justly pro-
nounced to point out his genius and manner, in
miniature. K.—This species of entertainment the
kind attention of Mr. Kyrle (the friend to
whom I owe these remarks) enables me consider-
ably to extend, by furnishing the earliest poetical
productions of some writers who are now univer-
sally looked up to as excellent; none of which are
to be found in any edition of their respective
works. In such juvenile performances, it is well
observed by an admirable critic, "the absurd con-
" ceits and extravagant fancies are the true seeds
" and germs, which afterwards ripen, by proper
" culture, into the most luxuriant harvests." See
Annual Register, 1779, p. 180. J. N.

A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hostes tanti vel superasse fuit.
Jam tua plus vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, et in methodo te peperisse juvat.
O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!
O sancta hæc inter jurgia vetus amor!
Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille)
placet.

Da veniam, hinc omnes nimium quod sumus avari;
Da veniam, hinc animos quod satiare nequis.
Cumque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)
In curram ascendas læta per astra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago
Non minus in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.

ABRAHAMUS COWLEY, T [rin]. C [oll].

IN FELICISSIMAM REGINÆ MARIÆ
FERTILITATEM.

NATURÆ facies renovatur quolibet anno,
Et sese mirum fertilis ipsa parit.
Sic quoque Naturæ exemplar Regina, decusque,
In sætu toties se videt ipsa novam,
Penè omnem signas tam sæpè puerpera mensem,
Et cupit à partu nomen habere tuo.
Quæque tuos toties audit Iucina labores,
Vix ipsa in proprio sæpius Orbe tumet.
Fecundam semper spectabis Jane, Mariam,
Sive hæc sive illâ fronte videre voles.
Discite, subjecti, officium; Regina Marito
Annua jam toties ipsa tributa dedit.

Dum redit à sanctis non fessus Carolus aris,
Principis occurrit nuntia fama novi.
Non mirum, existat cum proximus ipse Tonanti,
Vicinum attingunt quod citò vota Deum.
Non mirum, cum sit tam sanctâ mente precatus,
Quod precibus merces tam properata venit.
Factura ô longum nobis jejunia festum!
O magnas epulas exhibitura fames!
En fundunt gemitum et lacrymarum flumina,
turbam
Cum Reginâ ipsam parturisse putes.
Credibile est puerum populi sensisse dolores;
Edidit hinc mæstos flebilis ipse sonos.

A. COWLEY, A. B. T [rin]. C [oll].

UPON THE HAPPY BIRTH OF THE
DUKE†.

WHILST the rude North Charles his slow
wrath doth call,
Whilst warre is fear'd, and conquest hop'd by all,

* From the "Voces Votivæ ab Academicis
" Cantabrigienſibus pro novissimo Caroli et Ma-
" riæ Principe Filio, emissæ Cantabrigiæ, 1640."
† Henry, who was declared by his father Duke
of Gloucester in 1641, but not so created till May
13, 1659. He died September 13, 1660.—The
verses are taken from the "Voces Votivæ," &c.
1640. J. N.

The severall shires their various forces lend,
 And some do men, some gallant horses send,
 Some steel, and some (the stronger weapon) gold:
 These warlike contributions are but old.
 That countrey learn'd a new and better way,
 Which did this royall Prince for tribute pay.
 Who shall henceforth be with such rage posselt,
 To rouse our English Lion from his rest?
 When a new sonne doth his blest stock adorn,
 Then to great Charles is a new armie born.
 In private births hopes challenge the first place;
 There's certaintie at first in the King's race;
 And we may say, Such will his glories be,
 Such his great acts, and, yet not prophesie.
 I see in him his father's boundlesse sprite,
 Powerfull as flame, yet gentle as the light.
 I see him through an adverse battle thru't,
 Bedeck'd with noble sweat and comely dust.
 I see the pietie of the day appeare,
 Joyn'd with the heat and valour of the yeare,
 Which happie Fate did to this birth allow;
 I see all this; for sure 'tis present now.
 Leave off then, London, to accuse the starres
 For adding a worse terror to the warres;
 Nor quarrel with the heavens, 'cause they beginne
 To send the worst effect and scourge of sinne,
 That dreadful plague, which, wherefoe're 't abide,
 Devours both man and each disease beside.
 For every life which from great Charles does flow,
 And 's female self weighs down a crowd of low
 And vulgar souls: Fate rids of them the earth,
 To make more room for a great Prince's birth.
 So when the Sunne, after his watric rest,
 Comes dancing from his chamber of the east,
 A thousand pettie lamps spread ore the skie,
 Shrink in their doubtfull beams; then wink, and die;
 Yet no man grieves; the very birds arise,
 And sing glad notes in stead of elegies:
 The leaves and painted flowers, which did ere-
 while
 Tremble with mournfull drops, beginne to smile.
 The losse of many why should they bemoane,
 Who for them more than many have in one?
 How blest must thou thy self, bright Mary, be,
 Who by thy wombe canst blesse our miserie?
 May 't still be fruitfull! May your offspring too
 Spread largely, as your fame and virtues do!
 Fill every season thus: Time, which devours
 It's own sonnes, will be glad and proud of yours.
 So will the year (though sure it weari'd be
 With often revolutions) when 't shall see
 The honour by such births it doth attain,
 Joy to return into itself again.

A. COWLEY, A. B. *T[rin]. C[oll].*

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.

DUDLEY LORD CARLETON, VISCOUNT
DORCHESTER,

Late Principal Secretary of State.

TH' infernal sisters did a council call
 Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian hall;
 The dire Tartarian monster, hating light,
 Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,

Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame
 Of their accursed meeting, thither came.
 Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,
 And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill:
 Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
 Retorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age.
 These, to oppress the earth, the Furies sent *;
 The council thus dissolv'd an angry fever,
 Whose quenchlesse thirst by blood was sat'd never,
 Envyng the riches, honour, greatness, love,
 And virtue (load-stone, that all these did move)
 Of noble Carleton, him she took away,
 And, like a greedy vulture, seiz'd her prey.
 Weep with me, each who either reads or hears,
 And know his loss deserves his country's tears!
 The Muses lost a patron by his fate,
 Virtue a husband, and a prop the State.
 Sol's chorus weeps, and, to adorn his hearse,
 Calliope would sing a tragic verse.
 And, had there been before no spring of theirs,
 They would have made a Helicon with tears.

ABR. COWLEY.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of my loving Friend and Cousin
MR. RICHARD CLARKE, GENT.

Late of Lincoln's-Inn.

IT was decreed by stedfast destiny
 (The world from chaos turn'd) that all should die.

He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,
 And dangers of th' infernal region,
 Leading hell's triple porter captive,
 Was overcome himself by conquering Fate.
 The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,
 Which in the ears did lock up every sense
 Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
 Could not at all charm unremorseless Death;
 Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
 Himself with all his wisdom from the grave,
 Stern Fate brought Maro to his funeral flame,
 And would have ended in that fire his fame;
 Burning those lofty lines which now shall be
 Time's conquerors, and out-last eternity.
 Even so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could find,

Though arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
 He was adorn'd in years, though far more young,
 With learn'd Cicero's or a sweeter tongue.
 And, could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
 He would condemn his own to fire again.
 His youth a Solon's wisdom did presage,
 Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age.
 Who would not therefore now, if Learning's
 friend,

Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
 Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,
 As not to weep when so much virtue dies?

* Something is here wanting, as appears from the want both of rhyme and connexion. J. N.

The God of poets doth in darkness shroud
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.
The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad elegies, their tears confound their fight;
But him, Elysium's lasting joys they bring,
Where winged angels his sad requiems sing.

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

PHŒBUS, expell'd by the approaching night,
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful
light,

While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muse whom I adore enter'd the room;
Her hair with looser curiosity
Laid on her comely back discover'd lie:
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping Endymion.
She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those fields, those mansions of felicity,
We mortals so admire at: speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegases,
On whom I rid; knowing, wherever she
Did go, that place must needs a Tempe be.

No sooner was my flying courser come
To the best dwellings of Elysium,
When straight a thousand unknown joys resort,
And hemm'd me round; chaste Love's innocuous
sport!

A thousand sweets bought with no following gall,
Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.
How many objects charm my wandering eye,
And bid my soul gaze there eternally!
Here in full streams, Bacchus, thy liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb; here Jove's broad tree bestows
Distilling honey; here doth nectar pass,
With copious current, through the verdant grass;
Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,
And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,
Once lovely boys! and Acis, now a flower,
Are nourish'd with that rarer herb, whose power
Created thee, War's potent God! here grows
The spotless lily and the blushing rose;
And all those divers ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, sorrow's garland, there hath room,
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb.
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,
Unmindful of her former misery,
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony;
Whilst all the murmuring brooks that glide
along,

Make up a burthen to her pleasing song.
No screech-owl, sad companion of the night;
No hideous raven with prodigious flight,
Presaging future ill; nor, Progne, thee,
Yet spotted with young Itis' tragedy,
Those sacred bowers receive. There's nothing
there
That is not pure; all innocent and rare.

Turning my greedy sight another way,
Under a row of storm-contemning bay,
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre
Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire.
Him the whole Poets' chorus compass'd round,
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel crown'd.
There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,
Better than thou could'st give, ungrateful Rome!
And Lucan (spite of Nero) in each vein
Had every drop of his spilt blood again:
Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,
But saw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest
Of Greece's admir'd wife-men, here possess
A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
A life as everlasting as their fame.

By these the valiant heroes take their place;
All who stern death and perils did embrace
For virtue's cause. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the earth's small empire, and did wear
A nobler crown than the whole world could give;
There did Horatius Cocles, Scæva, live,
And valiant Decius; who now freely cease
From war, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a myrtle bower, where
doves

And gall-larks pigeons build their nests, all Love's
True faithful servants, with an amorous kiss
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
Leander with his beautiful Hero plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing seas;
Portia enjoys her Brutus; death no more
Can now divorce their wedding, as before;
Thisbe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he
Embrac'd, each blest'd with t' other's company:
And every couple, always dancing, sing
Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.
But see how soon these pleasures fade away!
How near to evening is delight's short day!
The watching bird, true Nuncius of the light,
Strait crowd; and all these vanish'd from my
sight;

My very Muse herself forsook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd; what should I do?
Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go
From life, that I may dream for ever so.
With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.
Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S

RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT Charles!—there stop, ye trumpeters
of fame!
(For he who speaks his titles, his great name,
Must have a breathing-time) our king:—stay
there:
Speak by degrees; let the inquisitive ear
Be held in doubt, and, ere you say "is come,"
Let every heart prepare a spacious room

For ample joys; then to sing, as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud!

Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves
Great Neptune's court; let every sparrow bear
From the Three Sisters' weeping bark a tear:
Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill
With crystal fetch'd from the Promethean hill:
Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose,
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose;
Let the self-gotten phoenix rob his nest,
Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his best
Of myrrh, of frankincense, of cassia, bring,
To strew the way for our returned king!

Let every post a panegyric wear,
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear:
And yet, let no man invoke a Muse;
The very matter will itself infuse
A sacred fury; let the merry bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of sexton, and presage
A new-made holy-day for future age!

And, if the ancients u'd to dedicate
A golden temple to propitious Fate,
At the return of any noble men,
Of heroes, or of emperors, we must then
Raise up a double trophy; for their fame
Was but the shadow of our Charles's name,
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow,
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whose head is always crown'd with victory,
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him luxury
In peace debilitates: whose tongue can win
Tully's own garland, pride to him creeps in.
On whom (like Atlas' shoulders) the propt state
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
Solely relies; him blind ambition moves;
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all these virtues, which they all possess
Divided, are collected in thy breast,
Great Charles! Let Caesar boast Pharsalia's fight,
Honorius praise the Parthian's unfeign'd flight;
Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,
And place his image near the thunderer;
Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and Altra, and maintains
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he,
Who is most near, most like, the Deity.

SONG, ON THE SAME.

HENCE, clouded looks; hence, briny tears,
Hence, eye that sorrow's livery wears!
What though awhile Apollo please
To visit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd—the night,
What though the spring vanish away,
And with it the earth's form decay?
Yet his new-birth will soon restore
What its departure took before.
What though we miss'd our absent king
Awhile? Great Charles is come again;

And with his presence makes us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us Palinurus' art;
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth arise.

A VOTE.

LEST the mis-judging world should chance
to say

I durst not but in secret murmurs pray;

To whisper in Jove's ear

How much I wish that funeral,

Or gaze at such a great-one's fall;

This let all ages hear,

And future times in my soul's picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

I would not be a Puritan, though he
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be

But half a quarter long:

Though, from his old mechanic trade,

By vision he's a pastor made,

His faith was grown so strong;

Nay, though he think to gain salvation

By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

I would not be a School-master, though he
His rods no less than Fasces deem to be;

Though he in many a place

Turns Lilly oftener than his gowns,

Till at the last he make the nouns

Fight with the verbs apace;

Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,

Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat.

I would not be Justice of Peace, though he
Can with equality divide the fee,

And flasks with his clerk draw;

Nay, though he sits upon the place

Of judgment with a learned face

Intricate as the law;

And whilst he melts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

I would not be a Courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the truest comedy

Although he be a man

In whom the taylor's forming art,

And nimble barber, claim more part

Than Nature herself can;

Though, as he uses men, 'tis his intent

To put off death too with a compliment.

From Lawyer's tongues though they can spin
with ease

The shortest cause into a paraphrase;

From Usurers' conscience

(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,

Without all doubt, they'll choak at last)

Make me all innocence,

Good Heaven! and from thy eyes, O Justice!
keep;

For though they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

From Singing-mens' religion, who are
Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there

They build themselves a nest :
From too much Poetry which shines
With gold in nothing but its lines,

Free, O you Powers! my breast.
And from Astronomy, which in the skies
Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

From your Court-madams' beauty, which doth
carry

At morning May, at night a January :

From the grave city brow
(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of Pythagoras)

Keep me, O fortune, now !
And chins of beef innumerable send me,
Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;
'Th' unknown are better than ill-known ;

Rumour can ope the grave !
Acquaintance I would have ; but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light ;
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; that pleasures
yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say, each night,
To-morrow let my fun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day *.

A POETICAL REVENGE.

Westminster-hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in ; he (some business 'twas did
breed

His absence) came not there ; I up did go
To the next court ; for though I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
(As most spectators do at theatre)
Things very strange : Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
But, being newly settled at the sport,
A semi-gentleman of the Inns of Court,

* The three concluding stanzas of this poem
are introduced by Mr. Cowley in his " Essays in
Verse and Prose." N.

In a fatin suit, redeem'd but yesterday ;
One who is ravish'd with a cock-pit play ;
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Besides a taylor's bill ; and fears no devil
Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat :
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take
For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake ;
" Boy, get you gone, this is no school." " Oh no ;
" For, if it were, all you gown'd men would go
" Up for false Latin." They grew straight to be
Incens'd ; I fear'd they would have brought
on me

An action of trespass ; till the young man
Afore said, in the fatin suit, began
To strike me : doubtless there had been a fray,
Had not I providently skip'd away
Without replying : for to scold is ill,
Where every tongue 's the clapper of a mill,
And can out-found Homer's Gradivus ; so
Away got I : but ere I far did go,
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)
These two or three sharp curses back : May he
Be by his father in his study took

At Shakespeare's plays, instead of my Lord Coke !
May he (though all his writings grow as soon
As Butter's out of estimation)
Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come
Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room !
May he become some poor physician's prey,
Who keeps men with that conscience in delay
As he his client doth, till his health be
As far-fetched as a Greek noun's pedigree !
Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone
Never but in the long vacation !
May neighbours use all quarrels to decide ;
But if for law any to London ride,
Of all those clients let not one be his,
Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis* !

Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry !
That all these never-ceasing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a thread-bare black : but spare
Them who bear scholars' names, lest some one
take
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

IF I should say, that in your face were seen
Nature's best picture of the Cyprian Queen ;
If I should swear, under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame ;
The future age would think it flattery ;
But to the present, which can witness be,
"T would seem beneath your high deserts, as far
As you above the rest of women are.

When Manners' name with Villiers' join'd
I see,
How do I reverence your nobility !
But when the virtues of your stock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)

I half adore them; for what woman can,
Besides yourself (nay, I might say what man)
Eut sex, and birth, and fate, and years excel
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?

Oh, how had this begot idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too much religion made the best
Or deities, or semi-gods at least!
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you; nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what's more possible, t'enjoy you long.

TO HIS VERY MUCH HONOURED GODFATHER,
MR. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or Time's darts)
my Name.

I love it more, because 'twas given by you;
I love it most, because 'twas your name too;
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that city, t' whom I ow'd before
(But, ah me! Fate hath cross'd that willing score)
A father, gave me a godfather too;
And I'm more glad, because it gave me you:
Whom I may rightly think, and term, to be
Of the whole city an epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licens'd my tongue
Farther than cries) who should my office do;
I thank her more, because she found out you:
In whose each look I may a sentence see;
In whose each deed, a teaching homily.

How shall I pay this debt to you? My fate
Denies me Indian pearl or Persian plate;
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to send apples to Alcinous,
And sell the cunning'st way — No! when I can,
In every leaf, in every verse, write Man;

When my quill relisheth a school no more;
When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied pen:
Till future ages say, 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN LITTLETON, ESQ.
SON AND HEIR TO SIR THOMAS LITTLETON,
WHO WAS DROWNED LEAPING INTO THE WATER
TO SAVE HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.

AND must these waters smile again and play
About the shore, as they did yesterday?
Will the sun court them still? and shall they show
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,

That to the thirsty traveller may say,
I am accurst; go turn some other way?

It is unjust: black flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loss, than all thy watery store
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,
And beasts, henceforth afraid to drink of thee.

What have I said? my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts, whilst it accuseth, sin.

Thou'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,
Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.

How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
Must quarrel with his love and piety,

That would revenge his death. Oh, I shall sin,
And wish anon he had less virtuous been.

For when his brother (tears for him I'd spill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could
show,

His charity shone most: "Thou shalt," said he,
"Live with me, brother, or I'll die with thee;"

And so he did! Had he been thine, O Rome!

Thou would'st have call'd this death a martyrdom,
And fainted him. My conscience give me leave,

I'll do so to: if Fate will us bereave

Of him we honour'd living, there must be

A kind of reverence to his memory,

After his death; and where more just than here,

Where life and end were both so singular?

He that had only talk'd with him, might find

A little academy in his mind;

Where Wisdom master was, and fellows all

Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call;

Reason, and Holy Fear the proctors were,

To apprehend those words, those thoughts, that err.

His learning had out-run the rest of heirs,

Stol'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty

years.

And, as the sun, though in full glory bright,

Shines upon all men with impartial light,

And a good-morrow to the beggar brings

With as full rays as to the mightiest kings:

So he, although his worth just state might claim,

And give to pride an honourable name,

With courtesy to all, cloath'd virtue so,

That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were

low.

In's body too no critique eye could find

The smallest blemish, to belye his mind;

He was all pureness, and his outward part

But represents the picture of his heart.

When waters swallow'd mankind, and did

cheat

The hungry worm of its expected meat;

When gems, pluckt from the shore by ruder

hands,

Return'd again unto their native sands;

'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey

Could equal what this brook hath stol'n away.

Weep then, sad flood; and, though thou'rt in-

nocent,

Weep because Fate made thee her instru-

ment;

And, when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,

Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A TRANSLATION OF VERSES

UPON THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

DR. A.

Ave Maria.

ONCE thou rejoic'dst and rejoice for ever,
 Whose time of joy shall be expired never;
 Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
 Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.
 You brought the word of joy in, which was
 born

An hail to all! let us an hail return!
 From you "God save" i to the world there
 came;

Our echo hail is but an empty name.

Gratia Plena.

HOW loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
 From divers flowers by chemic bees distill'd!
 How full the collet with his jewel is,
 Which, that it cannot take by love, doth kiss:
 How full the moon is with her brother's ray,
 When she drinks-up with thirsty orb the day!
 How full of grace the Graces' dances are!
 So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
 It is no wonder it with Graces she
 Be full, who was full with the Deity.

Dominus Tecum.

THE fall of mankind under death's extent
 The quire of blessed angels did lament,
 And wish'd a reparation to see
 By him, who Manhood join'd with Deity.
 How grateful should man's safety then appear
 T' himself, whose safety can the angels cheer!

Benedicta tu in Mulieribus.

DEATH came, and troops of sad diseases led
 To th' earth, by woman's hand solicited;
 Life came so too, and troops of Graces led
 To th' earth, by woman's faith solicited.
 As our life's springs came from thy blessed womb,
 So from our mouths springs of thy praise shall
 come;
 Who did life's blessing give, 'tis fit that she,
 Above all women, should thrice blessed be.

Et Benedictus fructus ventris tui.

WITH mouth divine the Father doth protest,
 He a good word sent from his stored breast;
 'Twas Christ: which Mary, without carnal
 thought,
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought;
 The word of blessing a just cause affords
 To be oft blessed with redoubled words!

Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.

AS when soft west-winds strook the garden-
 rose,
 A shower of sweeter air salutes the nose;
 The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
 Unlocks the virgin-bosom of the flower;
 So the Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
 And from her sacred box whole rivers flow'd;

Yet loos'd not thine eternal chastity:
 Thy rose's folds do still entangled lie.
 Believe Christ born from an unbruised womb,
 So from unbruised bark the odours come.

Et virtus Altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

GOD his great Son begot ere time begun:
 Mary in time brought forth her little son,
 Of double substance One; life he began,
 God without Mother, without Father, Man.
 Great is the birth; and 'tis a stranger deed
 That She no man, than God no wife, should need
 A Shade delighted the child-bearing maid,
 And God himself became to her a Shade.
 O strange descent! who is Light's author, he
 Will to his creature thus a Shadow be.
 As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
 So did seen Light from Virgin Mary grow.
 When Moses sought God in a shade to see,
 The father's shade was Christ the Deity.
 Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our fight
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

O D E I.

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'TIS not a pyramid of marble stone,
 Though high as our ambition:
 'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
 Give life to th' ashes of a man:
 But verses only; they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are men to read or hear.
 When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
 And eat the pyramid away;
 Turning that monument wherein men trust
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust;
 Then shall the Epitaph remain, and be
 New-graven in eternity.
 Poets by death are conquer'd; but the wit
 Of poets triumphs over it.
 What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus
 took
 His lyre, and gently on it strook,
 The learned stones came dancing along,
 And kept time to the charming song.
 With artificial pace the warlike pine,
 The elm, and his wife the ivy, twine:
 With all the better trees, which erst had stood
 Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
 Craving the honour of his brow;
 And every loving art embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The beasts too strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny.
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,
 And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
 Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,
 And Muses of the place, were there;
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'ercome by art and grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conquering lyre.

Happy, O happy they, whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee!

O D E II.

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY IS TO BE PREFERRED
BEFORE DISCONTENTED RICHES.

WHY, O! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,
Though Neptune's treasure-house it be?
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
Infected yet with Minas' glorious itch?

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,
Like other floods, poetical;
They have no dance, no wanton sport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,
Nor can it feed the neighbouring wood;
No flower or herb is near it found;
But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

Give me a river which doth learn to flow
An added beauty; whose clear brow
May be my looking-glass, to see
What my face is, and what my mind should be!

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the smiling bank;
Here sad king-fishers tell their tales,
And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

Daisies, the first-born of the teeming spring,
On each side their embroidery bring;
Here lilies wash, and grow more white,
And daffodils, to see themselves, delight.

Here a fresh harbour gives her amorous shade,
Which Nature, the best gardener, made.
Here I would sit and beg rude lays,
Such as the nymphs and me myself should please.

Thus I would waste, thus end, my careless days;
And robin-red-breasts, whom men praise
For pious birds, should, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

O D E III.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
You whose cheeks best scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure linnæa to your skin.
(Your skin that's whiter far)
Casting a dusky cloud before a star?
Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain,
Of gold most pure and fine?
With gems why do you shine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like Phosphor when the sun doth rise.

Vol. II.

I would have all my mistress' parts
Owe more to nature than to arts;
I would not woo the dress,
Or one whose night, give less
Contentment than the day.
She's fair, whose beauty only makes her gay.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 'tis the king's resort:
If Jupiter down peer
Himself, and in a shower
Hide such bright majesty,
Less than a golden one it cannot be.

O D E IV.

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.

A Translation.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear
From sighs your breast, and from black clouds
your brow,

When the sun shines not with his wonted cheer,
And fortune throws an adverse cast for you!

That sea which vexes with Notus is,
The merry East-winds will to-morrow kiss.

The sun to-day rides drowsily,
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair:
Eat cheer and grooming do alternately
Return and tears' sports near off neighbours are.

'Tis by the gods appointed so,
That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

Who drove his oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the noblest Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay
The yoke which from his oxen he had taken:
Whom Hesperus saw poor and low,
The morning's eye beholds him greatest now.

If Fortune knit amongst her play
But seriousness, he shall again go home
To his old country-ferm of yesterday,
To fooling people no mean job become;
And with the crowned axe, which he
Had ruin'd the world, go back and prune some
tree;

Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own axes he shall make him
fires.

O D E V.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE TIME WE LIVE
UNDER, THE REIGN OF OUR GRACIOUS
KING CHARLES.

CURST be that wretch (death's factor sure
who brought
Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught

D

Smiths (who before could only make
The spade, the plow-share, and the rake)
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's life t' epitomize!

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride post to th' grave,
And cut those threads which yet the Fates would
save;

Then Charon sweated at his trade,
And had a larger ferry made;
Then, then the silver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
Begot black War; then Avarice crept on;
Then limits to each field were strain'd,
And Terminus a god-head gain'd,
To men, before, was found,
Besides the sea, no bound.

In what plain, or what river, hath not been
War's story writ in blood (sad story!) seen?
This truth too well our England knows:
'Twas civil slaughter dy'd her rose;
Nay, then her lily too
With blood's loss paler grew.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should
feel,

Did not just Charles silence the rage of steel;
He to our land blest Peace doth bring,
All neighbour countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles's reign!

Where, dreaming chemicks! is your pain and
cost?

How is your oil, how is your labour lost!
Our Charles, blest alchemist! (though strange,
Believe it, future times!) did change
The iron-age of old
Into an age of gold.

O D E VI.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow! how it cuts the air,
How it out-runs thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.
Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too strong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years.
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glads run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see;
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to fame, Thou art mine heir;
That man extends life's natural brevity—
This is, this is the only way
To out-live Nestor in a day.

AN ANSWER

TO AN INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE.

NICHOLS, my better self! forbear;
Fer, if thou tell'st what Cambridge plea-
sures are,
The school-boys' sin will light on me,
I shall, in mind at least, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philosophy;
In Ovid's nut I shall not find
The taste once pleased me.
O tell me not of logic's diverse cheer!
I shall begin to loathe our crambo here.

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned shire;
I shall condemn the troubled Thames
On her chief holiday: even when her streams
Are with rich folly gilded; when
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Just like the bravery of the men,
And graces with fresh paint that day;
When th' city shines with flags and pageants there.
And fair doublets, seen not twice a year.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
Thee there, but plummet hangs upon my feet;
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
But not till I deserve thy company:
Till then we'll scorn to let that toy,
Some forty miles, divide our hearts;
Write to me, and I shall enjoy
Friendship and wit, thy better parts.
Though envious Fortune larger hindrance brings,
We'll easily see each other; Love hath wings.

MISCELLANIES.

THE MOTTO.

"*Tentanda vita est, &c.*"

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;
Their mothers' labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on; What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear;

It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can
 Raise up the buried man.
 Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,
 And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
 Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
 Nets of roses in the way!
 Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
 And all that is not above Fate!
 Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
 Which intercepts my coming praise.
 Come, my best friends, my books! and lead
 me on;
 'Tis time that I were gone.
 Welcome, great Stagyrte! and teach me now
 All I was born to know:
 Thy scholar's victories thou dost far out-do;
 He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world
 you.
 Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue
 and wit
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
 Thou art the first of Orators; only he
 Who best can praise thee, next must be.
 Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
 Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
 And made that Art which was a Rage.
 Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
 To be like one of you?
 But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
 On the calm flourishing head of it,
 And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
 See us, and clouds, below.

O D E.
 OF W I T.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,
 Thou who master art of it?
 For the first matter loves variety less;
 Less women love 't, either in love or dress.
 A thousand different shapes it bears,
 Comely in thousand shapes appears.
 Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
 Like spirits, in a place we know not how.
 London, that vents of false ware so much store,
 In no ware deceives us more;
 For men, led by the colour and the shape,
 Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
 Some things do through our judgment pass
 As through a multiplying-glass;
 And sometimes, if the object be too far,
 We take a falling meteor for a star.
 Hence 'tis a Wit, that greatest word of fame,
 Grows such a common name;
 And Wits by our creation they become,
 Just so as titular bishops made at Rome.
 'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest
 Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
 Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
 The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

I

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
 With their five gouty feet.
 All, every where, like man's, must be the foul,
 And Reason the inferior powers control.
 Such were the numbers which could call
 The stones into the Theban wall.
 Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
 No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.
 Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
 That shows more cost than art.
 Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
 Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
 Several lights will not be seen,
 If there be nothing else between.
 Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th'
 sky,
 If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.
 'Tis not when two like words make up one noise
 (Jests for Dutch men and English boys);
 In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
 In anagrams and acrostic poetry;
 Much less can that have any place
 At which a virgin hides her face;
 Such dress the fire must purge away: 'tis just
 The author blush there, where the reader must.
 'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
 When Bajazet begins to rage;
 Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way;
 Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca;
 Nor upon all things to obtrude
 And force some odd similitude.
 What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
 We only can by negatives define?
 In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
 Yet all things there agree;
 As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
 All creatures dwell; all creatures that had life;
 Or, as the primitive forms of all
 (If we compare great things with small)
 Which, without discord or confusion, lie
 In that strange mirror of the Deity.
 But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
 Makes me forget, and injure you:
 I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
 That you in any thing were to be taught.
 Correct my error with thy pen;
 And, if any ask me then
 What thing right Wit and height of Genius is,
 I'll only shew your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

FOR HIS SAFE RETURN FROM THE NORTHERN
 EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North! be wife and
 just,
 England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
 Return him safe; Learning would rather choose
 Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose:

D 2

All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences their meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet jostle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in some common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchman, and the
Dane;

So thousand divers fancies fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, horses, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.

And this great prize of knowledge is by Fate
Thrust into 'a noise and business of a state'.
All virtues, and some customs of the court,
Other men's labours, are at least his sort;
While we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleness itself might learn to make;
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no;
Face dully on, oft true, and often false,
Yet see his riddle Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her share of wit on one bestow;
What we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small flock, and most work out the rest.
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?

Such is the man whom we require the same
We lent the North; untouched, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free,
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know,
Were for sad war and bloody battle born;
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he
Who when he spoke, all things would
Hear him?

Who had so many languages in store,
That only none still speak of him in more;
Whom England now no more retain'd must see;
He's gone to heaven on his fourth century.
O'er earth he travel'd often; not to say
How he had been abroad, or pass'd long time away.
In what ever land he chose to come,
He receiv'd the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
Now he understands the north and best
Of fortunes, that Ebel sent into the west;
He knows the truth, that he had (you'd swear)
As easily liv'd, but been born every where.
Only each nation's speech to him was known,
And for the world was made, not to alone;

Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date:
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellacan youth, did mean
Because that art had no more worlds than one;
And, when he saw that he through all had pass'd,
He dy'd, lest he should idle grow at last.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN.

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

SCIENCE, and make room for me, all you who
Come

Only to read the epitaph on this tomb!
Here lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' love and fears;
Whom government ne'er stood me in a tear;
All weeping was resolv'd to spend in here.
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me: he was your tutor too.
Let's join our sighs, till they fly far and shew
His native Belgia what she's now to do.
The league of grief bid her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
In payment of all men we there had lost,
And all the English blood those wars have cost.
Which did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was their, his death the mournful pride
Of England; and, to avoid the envious strife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,
But we in chief; our country soon was grown
A debtor more to him, than he to's own.
He taught from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men against the future times;
For deeds of age are in their causes then,
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a master, in those ancient days
When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,
Was a thing full of reverence, respect, fame;
Father himself was but a second name.
He learn'd the profit: his instructions all
Were, like the sciences, free and liberal.
He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,
As much as those who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could better praise, but himself best of all.
So true, so rational, and so just, as he
Was taught on earth but his own memory;
His memory, where all things written were,
As sure and fast as in Fate's book they are.
Thus he in arts for a treasure gain'd,
Which still the use came in, and stock remain'd;
And, having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with't to enrich others now;
Did thus a new and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in mines for others' gain;
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my excuse would be, I must confess,
Much better had his diligence been less;

But, if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
And say, "Be thou a poet!" men shall see
That none could a more grateful scholar have;
For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

Welcome, great Sir! with all the joy that's
due

To the return of peace and you;
Two greatest blessings which this age can know!
For that to Thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.

Others by war their conquests gain,
You like a God your ends obtain;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word, and sweetly order'd all.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heaven full thanks for it.
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the pease, but think it comes too late.

No widows hear the joyful news,
And take them for their husbands' skulls:
No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous
thing,

And only work't by such a king.
Again the northern hinds may sing and plough,
And fear no harm but from the weather now;
Again may tradesmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain,
The armour now may be hung up to sight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow
Bay to the conqueror's brow:
At such a game what fool would venture in,
Where one must lose, yet neither side can win?
How justly would our neighbours smile
At these mad quarrels of our isle;
Swell'd with proud hopes to finish the whole
away,
Whilst we beat all, and yet for nothing play!

How was the fierce Time frighted before,
And durst not kiss the armed shore!
His waters ran more swiftly than they use,
And hasten'd to the sea to tell the news;
How for itself, how rough toker,
Could scarce believe such fury here.
How could the Scots and we be enemies grown,
That, and in master Charles, had made us one.

No blood so loud as that of civil war:
It calls for dangers from afar.
Let's rather go and seek out them and fame;
Thus our fore-fathers got, thus left a name:
All their rich blood was spent with pains,
But that which swells their children's veins.
Why sit we still, our spirits wither'd in?
Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're
dead.

The noise at home was but Fate's policy,
To raise our spirits more high:
So a bold lion, ere he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides and roars, and then away.
How would the German Eagle fear,
To see a new Gullavus there!
How would it shake, though as 't was wont to do
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!
Sure there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to Charles's days!
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whole very peace itself is victory!
When Heaven bestows the best of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things:
His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less;
And we, the prophets' sons, write not by guess.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE, THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYKE is dead; but what bold Muse
shall dare
(Though 't is to that world with painters share)
To press her fingers? Fully must become
An art like Painting here, an art that's dumb.
Let's all our solemn griefs in silence keep,
Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
Or some who fear't; for none his works could
view
Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.
His pieces, few with their live objects live,
That both of pictures seem, or both alive.
Nature herself, amov'd, does dumbly stand,
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand;
And does attempt the life with less success,
When her own work in twins she would express.
His all-embod'ing pencil did out-paint
The mimic imagery of looking-glass.
Nor was his life less perfect than his art,
Nor was his hand less cunning than his heart.
There was no false or fading colour there,
The flowers sweet and with-proportion'd were.
Most other men, fit next to him in view,
Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.
Thus still he liv'd, till Heaven did for him call;
Where, reverend Lady, salutes him first of all;
Which he beholds now smiles, divinely fair,
And could amaze with for his pencil there;
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
Wonderously painted in the Lord Divine,
Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,
Scorn'd his own art, which we admire below.

Only his heavenly object still he loves
(The love of heavenly objects Heaven improves);
He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he lov'd in life down here.
And you, fair widow, who still wait alive,
Since he so much rejoic'd in life below:
Your joys and sorrows yet are made the same to be;
Begin not now, but pay him due respect.

No wonder death mov'd not his generous mind;
You, and a new-born You, he left behind:
Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

PROMETHEUS ILL-PAINTED.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' state
appear;
Whilst he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more; lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
It would the Vulture's crucky outgo,
If once again his liver thus should grow
Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee grant him now!

O D E.

HERE's to thee, Dick; this whining love
despise;
Pledge me, my friend; and drink till thou be'st
wife.

It sparkles brighter far than she:
'Tis pure and right, without deceit;
And such no woman ere will be:
No; they are all sophistate.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly sin?
A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
That Venus' joys, as well as she,
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

Whom would that painted toy a beauty move;
Whom would it e'er persuade to court and love;
Could he a woman's heart have seen
(But oh! no light does thither come),
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her womb?

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their sighs nor tears are true;
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all:
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows
drown;
Let the glass walk till all things too go round!
Again, till these two lights be four;
No error here can dangerous prove;
Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more;
None double see like men in love.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

WHEN chance or cruel business parts us two,
What do our souls, I wonder, do?

Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how nor where!
Their friendly lights together twine,
Though we perceive 't not to be so!
Like loving stars, which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
If distance could their union end;
But Love itself does far advance
Above the power of time and space;
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's for ever, every where his place.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart;
Miracles cease not yet in love.
When he his mighty power will try,
Absence itself does bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship, and divine,
Like that which in Heaven's fun does shine;
He in the upper air and sky
Does no effects of heat bestow;
But, as his beams the farthest fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like objects if they touch the eye.
Less meritorious then is love;
For when we friends together see
So much, so much both one do prove,
That their love then seems but self-love to be.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make hours canonical.
By every wind that comes this way,
Send me, at least a sigh or two;
Such and so many I'll repay,
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon,
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do:
My heart will thus no longer stay;
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And, when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs to appease;
Just as a bird, that flies about
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

PARDON, my lord, that I am come so late
To express my joy for your return of fate!
So, when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve;

My thoughts awhile, like you, imprison'd lay;
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
Should every man's officious gladness haste,
And be afraid to shew himself the last,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loss to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear
Where it was wish'd-for, that is every where,
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does
fall;

As soon as it was heard, it ravish'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome;
Which could no more his tongue and counsels
miss;

Rome, the world's head, was nothing without
his.

Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You, to whom Art and Nature did dispense
The consulship of wit and eloquence.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Because the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,
He who before out-did humanity;
Nor could his spirit constant and steadfast prove,
Whose art 't had been, and greatest end, to move.
You put ill-fortune in so good a dress,
That it out-shone other men's happiness;
Had your prosperity always clearly gone,
As your high merits would have led it on,
You 'ad half been lost, and an example then
But for the happy—the least part of men.
Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some strait envy'd your affliction too;
For a clear conscience and heroic mind
In ill their business and their glory find.
So, though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,
The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray,
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.
Your soul then most shew'd her unconquer'd
power,

Was stronger and more armed than the Tower.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your spirit no more;
Sh' has try'd her weakness and your strength
before.

'T' oppose him still, who once has conquer'd so,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe;
Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,
And rather be your friend than be your slave.

TO A LADY

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be,
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.

'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,
In such a little much to shew;
Who, all the good she did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning years be well compar'd to a ring,
We'll write whatever from you we hear;
For that's the posy of the year.
This difference only will remain—
That Time his former face does shew,
Winding into himself again;

But your unwearied wit is always new.

'Tis said that conjurers have an art found out
To carry spirits confin'd in rings about;

The wonder now will less appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You, by your rings, do prisoners take,
And chain them with your mystic spells,
And, the strong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great devil, charm'd to those circles,
dwells.

They who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' Equator heaven does bind.
When heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will
be).

'Tis thou must write the posy there;
For it wanteth one as yet,
Tho' the sun pass thro' 't twice a year;
The sun, who is esteem'd the god of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,
They'll teach those hands to write mysterious
things.

Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Cast around their costly light;
Let them want no noble stone,
By nature rich and art refin'd;
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN:

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

WHO says the times do learning disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
When you appear, great Prince! our night is done;
You are our morning-star, and shall be' our sun.
But our scene's London now; and by the rout
We per'sh, if the Round-heads be about:
For now no ornament the head must wear,
No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
How can a play pass safely, when ye know
Cheap-side-cross falls for making but a show?
Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may pass too, made extempore.
Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit Poesy, which was always so.
But we condemn the fury of these days,
And scorn no less their censure than their praise;
Our Muse, blest Prince! does only on you rely;
Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.

Accept our hasty zeal! a thing that's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show;
I would all ignorant people would do so!
At other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

THE EPILOGUE.

THE play, great Sir! is done; yet needs must
fear,
Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your Highness; and we have now
Three hours done treason here, for aught we know.
But power your grace can above Nature give,
It can give power to make abettors live;
In which, if our bold wishes should be cross'd,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost;
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 'twas born.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

"Immodicus brevis fuit, & rara senectus."—MART.

IT was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling
light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possess'd.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.
My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to mourn?
O, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when Death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.
My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As fallen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?
He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth prefer'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree.
Far much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, to fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lulls, or wine;
But search of deep Philosophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.
Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!
Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they
bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly;
But all with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.
To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain;
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me de-
light;
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearth;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.
Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should condemn that flourishing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify;
Not Phœbus griev'd, so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.
Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have
But low and humble as his grave;
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.
He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.
Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather fought;
Nor did more Learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.

When'er the skillful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did flow,
Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what
bound

Would have been able to control
His over-powering soul!
We have lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, Queen of virtues! sway;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one
way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept;
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unfulfill'd with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so
good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A sifter time for heaven no soul ere chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
And, wherefoe'er thou casts thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloath'd with more light than
thine.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life
below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarely'd.

Vol. II

There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poetry,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

O D E.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

"*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*
"*Parsifus,*" &c. LIB. I. OD. 5.

TO whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so camellion-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies!
Trembling to hear the wind found higher,
And see the billows rise?
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea!

He enjoys thy calm sun-shine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,
To whom thou untry'd dost shine!
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

IN IMITATION OF

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM,

"*Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis,*" &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF, dearest friend, it my good fate might be
To enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wandering time into a method bind;
We should not sure the great-men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes the court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatteries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;

E

But books, and wife discourse, gardens and fields,
 And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields;
 Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
 Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply;
 Sleep, not controll'd by cares, confin'd to night,
 Or bound in any rule but appetite;
 Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
 Rich wines, to give it quick and easy birth;
 A few companions, which ourselves should chuse,
 A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse.
 Such, dearest friend! such, without doubt,
 Should be
 Our place, our business, and our company.
 Now to himself, alas! does neither live,
 But sees good fans, of which we are to give
 A strict account, sit and march thick away;
 Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possessor.

MI If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play'd,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beautiful Catharine.
 Beautiful Catharine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsel taken.
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began;
 Alternately they sway'd;
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
 And did rigorous laws impose;
 A mighty tyrant she!
 Long, alas! should I have been
 Under that iron- scepter'd queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me;
 But soon those pleasures fled;
 For the gracious prince dy'd,
 In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
 Judith held the sovereign power;

Wondrous beautiful her face
 But so weak and small her wit,
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
 Arm'd with a resistless flame,
 And th' artillery of her eye;
 Whilst she proudly march'd about,
 Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
 Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid:
 To whom ensued a vacancy:
 Thousand warlike passions then possess'd
 The interregnum of my breast;
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
 And a third Mary, next began;
 Then Jean, and Jane, and Audria,
 And then a pretty Thomaſine,
 And then another Katharine,
 And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate,
 The strength and riches of their state;
 The powder, patches and the pins,
 The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
 That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
 To rule and keep men's hearts;
 The letters, embassies, and spies,
 The flattery, and smiles, and flatteries,
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
 (Numberless, nameless, mysteries)

And all the little five-twigs laid,
 By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All change of weathers that befall)
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present Emperor does claim,
 Heleonor, first of th' name;
 Whom God grant long to reign!

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF CONDEMENT,
 FINISHED BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

METHINKS heroic poetry till now,
 Like some fantastic fairy-land did flow;
 Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
 And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
 Thou, like some worthy knight with sacred
 arms,
 Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the
 charms;

Instead of those soft men and manners plant,
The things which that rich soil did chiefly want.
Yet ev'n thy Mortals do their Gods excel,
Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well.

By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
Thine from the grave past monarchies recall;
So much more thanks from human-kind does
merit

The Poet's fury than the Zealot's spirit;
And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,
Not like some dreadful ghost, t' affright our eyes,
But with more lustre and triumphant state,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sat.
So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the same;
So God-like poets do past things rehearse,
Not change, but heighten, Nature by their verse.

With shame, methinks, great Italy must see
Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee;
Rais'd by such powerful verse, that ancient Rome
May blush no less to see her wit overcome.
Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of Old and Catholic would find;
To the same chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
Since time does all things change, thou think'st
not fit

This latter age should see all new but wit;
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracks for following pens to
take.

Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse
Did thy desire to seek new worlds inspire;
And ne'er did Heaven so much a voyage bless,
If thou canst plant but there with like success.

AN ANSWER TO
A COPY OF VERSES
SENT ME TO JERSEY.

AS to a northern people (whom the sun
Ules just as the Roman church has done
Her prophane liturgy, and does assign
Bread only bath'd to serve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with brisk racy verses; in which we
The soil from whence they came taste, smell,
and see;
Such is your present to us; for you must know,
Sir, that verse does not in this island grow,
No more than sack; one hardly did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here;
But it produc'd such bafe, rough, crabbed,
hedge,
Rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' ears on edge;
Written by ———, I quire, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

Alas! to men here no words less hard be
To rhyme with, than * Mount Orgueil is to me;
Mount Orgueil! which, in scorn o' th' Muses'
Law,

With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to
take it.

Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and elephants were:
And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of "God save the
King."

Yet this I'll say, for th' honour of the place,
That, by God's extraordinary grace
(Which shows the people have judgment, if not
wit)

The land is undress'd with Clinches yet;
Which, in my poor opinion, I confess,
Is a most singular blessing, and no less
Than Ireland's wanting spiders. And, so far
From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,
(That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)
That even Satan himself can accuse
None here (no not to much as the divines)
For th' *metas primo primo* to strong lines.
Well, since the soil then does not naturally bear
Verse, who (a Devil) should import it here?
For that to me would seem as strange a thing
As who did erst wild beasts into islands bring
Unl's you think that it might taken be
As Green did Gendibart, in a prize at sea:
But that's a fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say
The parliament did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths an
fifteens too.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.
THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

AGAINST THE DOGMATISTS.

THE sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew;
The Phoenix truth did on it rest,
And built his peris'd nest:
That right Porphyrian tree which did true Logic
show.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonstrative;
To clear their colour and divine,
They very shade they call did other lights out-shine.
"Tall not," said God; " 'tis mine and angels'
meat;
"A certain death doth sit,
"Like on ill worm, I' th' core of it.
"Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know and
eat."
Thus spoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;

* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this, grew yet more blind
than he.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He strait his nakedness did view,
His ignorant poor estate, and was ashamed of it.
Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetoric, and fallacies,
And seeks by useless pride,
With flight and withering leaves that nakedness
to hide.

"Henceforth," said God, "the wretched sons of
"earth
"Shall sweat for food in vain,
"That will not long sustain;
"And bring with labour forth each fond abortive
birth.
"That serpent too, their pride,
"Which aims at things decay'd;
"That learn'd and eloquent fool;
"Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the
dust."

R E A S O N,

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they
find,

'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
Their course here to direct;
Like senseless chemists their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary gold t' enjoy;
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' oppelling ground,
What but a scalded slime is found?

Sometimes their fancies they have reason for,
And fast, that they may dream of meat;
Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
And ballad forms obtrude;
So Endor's wretched sorceress, although
She Saul through his disguise did know,
Yet, when the devil comes up disguised, she cries,
"Behold! the Gods arise."

In vain, alas! these outward hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our only guide;
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still walks, for all
Its old original fall;
And, since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
With a reasonable mind,
It plainly shows that mysteries divine
May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
With thousand lights of truth divine;
So numberless the stars, that to the eye
It makes but all one galaxy.
Yet Reason must assist too; for, in seas
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know,
Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries
see,
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly
keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes peep;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet tither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all deserv'd.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and
Heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms
withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy
land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.
Still the old Heathen gods in Numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
And, though Pan's death long since all oracles
broke,

Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke;
Nay, with the worst of heathen detrage, we
(Vain men!) the monster Woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse
to make.

It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

* How well (blest swan!) did Fate contrive
thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through
the air:
Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother-church! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak 't, and
grief,
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it!
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Desires,
Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo! here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And, when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
I'll learn of things divine, and first of thee,
to sing.

A P O E M

ON THE LATE

CIVIL WAR.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER. 1679.

MEETING accidentally with this poem in manuscript, and being informed that it was a piece of the incomparable Mr. A. C.'s, I thought it unjust to hide such a treasure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works, makes mention of some poems writ-

* Mr. Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

† This and the two following Poems are not given with certainty as Cowley's. They have been ascribed to him; are possibly genuine; and therefore are preserved in this collection.

ten by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is unquestionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a master. And (whatever his own modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a poet, and always inspired. In this piece the judicious reader will find the turn of the verse to be his; the same copious and lively imagery of fancy, the same warmth of passion and delicacy of wit, that sparkles in all his writings. And certainly no labours of a genius so rich in itself, and so cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome present to the world.

WHAT rage does England from itself divide,
More than the seas from all the world
beside?

From every part the roaring cannons play,
From every part blood roars as loud as they.
What English ground but still some moisture bear.
Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?
What air 's unthicken'd with the sighs of wives,
Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?
Alas! what triumphs can this victory shew,
That dyes us red in blood and bluihes too!
How can we wish that conquest, which bestows
Cypress, not bays, upon the conquering brows?
It was not so when Henry's dreadful name,
Not sword, nor cause, whole nations overcame.
To farthest West did his swift conquests run,
Nor did his glory set but with the sun.
In vain did Roderic to his hold retreat,
In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great;
Ireland! which now most basely we begin
To labour more to lose than he to win.
It was not so when in the happy East,
Richard, our Mars, Venus's life possess'd:
'Gainst the proud Moon he th' English cross display'd,

Eclips'd one horn, and th' other paler made;
When our dear lives we ventur'd bravely there,
And digg'd our own to gain Christ's sepulchre.
That sacred tomb, which, should we now enjoy,
We should wish as much zeal fight to destroy!
The precious signs of our dead Lord we scorn,
And see his cross worse than his body torn;
We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,
To us 'tis foolishness and scandal too.

To what with worship the fond Papist falls,
That the fond zealot a curs'd idol calls;
So, 'twixt their double madness, here's the odds,
One makes false devils, t' other makes false gods.

It was not so when Edward prov'd his cause,
By a sword stronger than the Salique laws,
Tho' fetch'd from Pharamond; when the French
did fight,

With women's hearts, against the women's right.
Th' afflicted ocean his first conquest bore,
And drove red waves to the sad Gallic shore;
As if he had angry with that element been,
Which his wide foul bound with an island in.

Where 's now that spirit with which at Cressy we,
And Poitiers, forc'd from Fate a victory?
Two kings at once we brought sad captives home,
A triumph scarcely known to ancient Rome!
Two foreign kings: but now, alas! we strive,
Our own, our own good sovereign to captive!

It was not so when Agincourt was won;
Under great Henry serv'd the rain and sun;
A nobler fight the sun himself ne'er knew,
Not when he stop'd his course a fight to view!
Then Death's sold archer did more skillful grow,
And learn'd to shoot more sure from th' English bow;

Then France was her own story sadly taught,
And felt how Caesar and how Edward fought.

It was not so when that vast fleet of Spain
Lay torn and scatter'd on the English main;
Through the proud world a virgin terror strook;
The Austrian crowns, and Rome's seven hills, she strook!

To her great Neptune homag'd all his streams,
And all the wide stretch'd ocean was her Thames.
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead;
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Caesar too,
Might envy those whom once they did subdue.
We're not their offspring: sure our heralds lyc;
But born we know not how, as now we die;
Their precious blood we could not venture thus:
Some Cadmus, sure, sow'd serpents' teeth for us;
We could not elude by mutual fury fall,
Whilst Rhine and Sequan for our armies call:
Chuse war or peace, you have a prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you;
Furious as lightning, when war's tempest came,
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.

Have you forgot those happy years of late,
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate;
Such years, as if earth's youth return'd had been,
And that old serpent, Time, had cast his skin?
As gloriously and gently did they move,
As the bright sun that measures them above;
Then only in books the learn'd could misery see,
And the taskmān'd ne'er heard of misery.
Then happy James with us deep quiet shrou'd
As in his heavenly throne, by death, he shrou'd;
And, lest this blessing with his life should cease,
He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace;
Charles, under whom, with much ado, no less
Than sixteen years we endur'd our happiness:
Till in a moment, in the North, we had
A tempest conjur'd up without a wind.

As soon the North her kindness did repent;
First the peace-maker, and next war, the sent.
Just I wot, that now had with long peace forgot
On which side dwelt the English, which the Scot,

Saw glittering arms shine sadly on his face,
Whilst all th' affrighted fish sunk down apace.
No blood did thud from this dark current grow,
It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now!
For Jove, who might have us'd his thundering power,

Chose to fall calmly in a golden shower!
A way we found to conquer, which by none
Of all our thrifty ancestors was known:

So strangely prodigal of late we are,

We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.

How could a war so sad and barbarous please,
But first by flandering those blest days of peace?
Through all the excrements of state they pry,
Like empiries to find out a malady;
And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,
Th' ague to cure by bringing-in a fever;
The way is sure to expel some ill, no doubt;
The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.
What strange wild fears did every morning breed,
Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed!
And cowardice did valour's place supply,
Like those that kill themselves for fear to die!
What frantic diligence in these men appears,
That fear all ill, and act o'er all their fears!
Thus into war we fear'd ourselves; and who
But Aaron's sons, that the first trumpet blew?
Fond men! who knew not that they were to keep

For God, and not for sacrifice, their sheep!
The churches first this murderous doctrine sow,
And learn to kill, as well as bury, now;
The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,
Sweated with dread of too much company;
And all their sleeping ashes shook for fear,
Lest thousand ghosts should come and shroud them there.

Petitions next from every town they frame,
To be restor'd to them from whom they came:
The same style all, and the same sense, does pen.
Alas! they allow for forms of prayer to men.
Oh happy we, if men would neither hear
Their studied form, nor God their sudden prayer.
They will be heard, and, in unjustest wife,
The many-headed rout for justice cries;
They call for blood, which now I fear does call
For blood again, much louder than they all.
In fistful clamours, and confused noise,
We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice;
So, when the sacred Thracian lyre was drown'd
In the Lesbian women's mixed sound,
The wondering stones, that came before to hear,
Forgot themselves, and turn'd his murderers there,
The same loud storm blew the grave mitre down;
It blew down that, and with it shook the crown.
Then first a state, without a church, begun;
Comfort thyself, dear church! for then 'twas done.
The same great storm to sea great Mary drove;
The sea could not such dangerous tempests move;
The same drove Charles into the North, and then
Would readier far have driven him back again.
To fly from noise of tumults is no shame;
Ne'er will their armies force them to the same;
They all his castles, all his towns, invade,
He's a large prisoner in all England made!
He must not pass to Ireland's weeping shore;
The wounds these surgeons make must yield them more;

He must not conquer his lewd rebels there,
Lest he should learn by that to do it here.
The sea they subject next to their command;
The sea, that crowns our kings and all their land,
Thus poor they leave him, their base pride and scorn,

As poor as these, now mighty men, were born:

When trait whole armies meet in Charles's right;
How no man knows, but here they are, and fight.

A man would swear, that saw this alter'd state,
Kings were call'd gods because they could create
Vain men; till Heaven this first assistance brings.
The former Lord of Hosts that's King of Kings.
Had men forlook him, angels from above
(Th' African did let their justice move)
Would all have murder'd in his righteous aid,
And thunder giv'th your cannon would have play'd.
It needs not so, for men do as to right
Abus'd mankind, and wishes you must fight.

Worship her law, and trembled at the view;
Too well the ill of civil war she knew.
Twice did the flames of old her towers invade,
Twice call'd she in vain for her own Severn's aid,
Here first the bel-winds began to roar,
Brake loose from the jostlers which they bore;
Here mutinous waves show their store did swell,
And the first storm of that dire winter fell.

But when the two great brethren once appear'd,
And their bright heads, like Ieda's offspring,
rear'd;

When those sea-calming sons from Jove were
fired,

The winds all fled, the waves all sunk and died!
How fought great Rupert, with what rage and
skill!

Enough to have conquer'd had his cause been ill.
Comely young man! and yet his dreadful fight

The rebels' ill to their faint hearts does fright.
In vain, alas! it sets to weak defence;

For his keen sword brings it again from thence.
Yet grieves he at the barrels thence he bore;

Alas, poor Prince! they'll fight with him no more;
His virtue 'll be eclips'd with too much fame,

Henceforth He will not conquer, but his Name.
Here——with mingled blood the field did stain,

By his own sacrilege, and his country's curks, stain.
The first command'r did Heaven's vengeance shew,

And led the rebels' van to shades below.

On the fair hills both armies next are seen,

Th' affrighted valley sighs and sweats between;

Here Angels did with fair expectation stay,

And wish'd good things to a king as mild as they;

There Friends with hunger waiting did abide,

And curst both, but fear'd-on th' guilty side.

Here stood Religion, her looks gently sage,

Aged, but much more comely for her age!

There Schism, old hag, tho' seeming young,

appears,

As makes by casting skins ren-w their years;

Undecent rags of several dy'es she wore,

And in her hand torn liturgies she bore.

Here Loyalty on humble crabs did lay'd,

And still, as Charles pass'd by, she bow'd and
pray'd.

Sedition there her crimson banner spreads,

Shakes all her hands, and tears with all her heads:

Her knotty hairs were with dire serpents twist,

And every serpent at each other hiss'd.

Here stood white Truth, and her own host does
blest,

Clad with those arms of proof, her nakedness;

There perjuries like cannons roar aloud,

And lies flow thick like cannons' smoky cloud,

Here Learning and th' Arts met; as much they
fear'd

As when the Hunns of old and Goths appear'd.

What should they do? Unapt themselves to fight.

They promis'd noble pens the acts to write.

There Ignorance advanc'd, and joy'd to spy

So many that durst fight they know not why;

From those who most the slow-soul'd monks
disdain,

From those she hopes the monks' duil age again.

Here Mercy waits, with sad but gentle look,

Never, alas! had she her Charles forlook!

For mercy on her friends to Heaven she cries,

Whilst Justice pulls down vengeance from the skies.

Oppression there, Rapine, and Murder, flood,

Ready, as was the field, to drink their blood:

A thousand wronged spirits amongst them moan'd,

And thence the ghast of mighty strafford groan'd.

Now flew their cannon thick through wounded
air,

Sent to defend, and kill, their sovereign there.

More than he them, the bullets fear'd his head,

And at his feet lay innocently dead;

They knew not what those men that sent them
meant,

And mist their pretence, not their intent.

This was the day, this the first day, that shew'd

How much to Charles for our long peace we ow'd;

By this still here, and spirit, we understood,

From war nought kept him but his country's good.

In his great looks what cheerful anger shone!

Sad war, and joyful triumphs mix'd in one.

In the same beams of his majestic eye,

His own men life, his foes did death, espy.

Great Rupert this, that wing great Wilmet leads,

White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their
heads.

They charge, as if alone they'd beat the foe,

Whether their troops follow'd them up or no.

They follow close, and haste into the fight,

As swift as strait the rebels make their flight.

So swift the miscreants fly, as if each fear

And jealousy they fram'd had met them there.

They heard war's music, and away they flew,

The trumpets fright worse than the organs do.

Their souls, which still new bye-ways do invent,

Out at their wounded backs perversely went.

Pursue no more; ye noble victors, stay,

Left too much conquest lose so brave a day!

For still the battle sounds behind, and Fate

Will not give all; but sets us here a rate.

Too dear a rate she sets; and we must pay

One honest man for ten such knaves as they.

Streams of black, tainted blood the field besmear,

But pure, well-colour'd drops shine here and there;

They seem to mix with floods of baser veins,

Just as the nobler moisture oil disdains.

Thus fearless Lindsey, thus bold Aubigny,

Amidst the corpse of slaughter'd rebels lie;

More honourably than——e'er was found,

With troops of living traitors circled round.

Rest, valiant souls, in peace! ye sacred pair,

And all whose deaths attended on you there,

You're kindly welcom'd to heaven's peaceful
coast,

By all the reverend martyrs' noble host!

Your foaring souls they meet with triumph, all
Led by great Stephen their old general.

Go, —, now prefer thy flourishing state
Above those murder'd heroes' doleful fate;
Enjoy that life which thou durst basely save,
And thought'st a saw-pit nobler than a grave,
Thus many sav'd themselves, and night the rest,
Night, that agrees with their dark actions best.
A dismal shade did heaven's sad face o'erflow,
Dark as the night slain rebels found below;
No gentle stars their cheerful glories rear'd,
Asham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd
Lest wicked men their bold excuse should frame
From some strange influence, and so veil their
shame.

To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,
They who ne'er err from one eternal line;
As just the ruin of these men they thought,
As Sissera's was, 'gainst whom themselves had
fought,

Still they rebellion's ends remember well,
Since Lucifer the great, their shining captain fell.
For this the bells they ring, and not in vain;
Well might they all ring out for thousands slain:
For this the bonfires their glad lightness spread,
When funeral flames might more befit their dead;
For this with solemn thanks they tire their God,
And, whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's rod;
They proudly now abuse his justice more,
Than his long mercies they abus'd before,
Yet these the men that true religion built,
The pure and holy, holy, holy, hoil!

What great reward for so much zeal is given?

Why, Heaven has thank'd them since as they
thank'd Heaven.

Witness thou Brentford, say, thou ancient town,
How many in thy streets fell groveling down;
Witness the red-coats weltering in their gore,
And dy'd anew into the name they bore:
Witness their men blow'd up into the air
(All elements their ruins joy'd to share);
In the wide air quick flames their bodies tore,
Then, drown'd in waves, they're tost by waves
to shore:

Witness thou Thames, thou wast amaz'd to see
Men madly run to save themselves in thee;
In vain, for rebels' lives thou would'st not save,
And down they sunk beneath thy conquering wave.
Good, reverend Thames! the best-belov'd of all
Those noble floods that meet at Neptune's hall;
London's proud towers, which do thy head adorn,
Are not thy glory now, but grief and scorn.
Thou griev'st to see the white-man'd palace shine,
Without the beams of its own lord and thine:
Thy lord, which is to all as good and free,
As thou, kind flood! to thine own banks canst be.
How does thy peaceful back disdain to bear
The rebels' busy pride at Westminster!
Thou, who thyself dost without murmuring pay
Eternal tribute to thy prince the sea.

To Oxford next great Charles in triumph came,
Oxford, the British Muses' second fame.
Here learning with some state and reverence looks,
And dwells in buildings lasting as her books;
Both now eternal, but they'd ashes been,
Had these religious Vandals once got in.

Not Bodley's noble work their rage would spare:
For books they know the chief malignants are
In vain they silence every age before;
For pens of time to come will wound them more.
The temple's decent wealth, and modest state,
Had suffer'd; this their avarice, that their hate;
Beggary and scorn into the church they'd bring,
And made God glorious, as they made the king;
O happy town, that to lov'd Charles's fight,
In those sad times, gav'st safety and delight,
The fate which civil war itself doth bless!
Scarce would'st thou change for peace this happiness.
'Midst all the joys which Heaven allows thee here,
Think on thy sister, and then shed a tear.

What fights did this sad winter see each day,
Her winds and storms came not so thick as they
Yet nought these far-lost rebels could recall,
Not Marlborough's nor Cirencester's fall.

Yet still for peace the gentle conqueror sues,
By his wrath they perish, yet his love refuse.
Nor yet is the plain lesson understood,
Writ by kind Heaven in B— and H—'s blood.
Chad and his church saw where their enemy lay,
And with just red new-murk'd their holy-day.
Fond men! this blow the injur'd Crozier brook;
Nought was more fit to perish, but thy book.
Such fatal vengeance did wrong'd Charlegrove
shew,

Where — both began and ended too

His curs'd rebellion; where his soul's repaid
With separation, great as that he made.

—, whose spirit mov'd o'er this mighty frame
O'er th' British isle, and out this chaos came.

—, the man that taught confusion's art;
His treasons restless, and yet noiseless heart.

His active brain like Ætna's top appear'd,
Where treason's forg'd, yet no noise outward
heard.

'Twas he contriv'd whate'er bold M— said,
And all the popular noise that P— has made:
'Twas he that taught the zealous rout to rise,
And be his slaves for some feign'd liberties;
Him for this black design, hell thought most fit;
Ah! wretched man, curs'd by too good a wit!

If not all this your stubborn hearts can fright,
Think on the West, think on the Cornish might;
The Saxon fury, to that far-stretch'd place,
Drove the torn relics of great Brutus' race;
Here they of old did in long safety lie,
Compas'd with seas, and a worse enemy;
Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with foes
More cruel and more barbarous than those.
Ye noble Britons, who so oft with blood
Of Pagan hosts have dy'd old Tamar's flood;
If any drop of mighty Uther still,
Or Uther's mightier son, your veins does fill:
Shew then that spirit, till all men think by you
The doubtful tales of your great Arthur true;
You've shewn it, Britons, and have often done
Things that have cheer'd the weary, setting sun.
Again did Tamar your dread arms behold,
As just and as successful as the old;
It kiss'd the Cornish banks, and vow'd to bring
His richest waves to feed th' ensuing spring;
But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd
All fruitful moisture to the Devon side.

Ye sons of war, by whose bold acts we see
 How great a thing exalted man may be;
 The world remains your debtor, that as yet
 Ye have not all gone forth and conquer'd it.
 I knew that Fate some wonders for you meant,
 When matchless Hopton to your coasts she sent;
 Hopton! so wise, he needs not Fortune's aid,
 So fortunate, his wisdom's uselefs made:
 Should his so-often-try'd companions fail,
 His spirit alone, and courage, would prevail.
 Miraculous man! how would I sing thy praise,
 Had any Muse crown'd me with half the bays.
 Conquest hath given to thee: and next thy name
 Should Berkeley, Stanning, Digby, press to fame.
 Godolphin! thee, thee Grenville! I'd rehearse,
 But tears break off my verse!—
 How oft has vanquish'd Stamford backward fled;
 Swift as the parted souls of those he led!
 How few did his huge multitudes defeat,
 For most are cyphers when the number's great!
 Numbers, alas! of men, that made no more
 Than he himself, ten thousand times told o'er.
 Who hears of Stratton-fight, but must confess
 All that he heard or read before was less;
 Sad Germany can no such trophy boast,
 For all the blood these twenty years she's lost.
 Vast was their army, and their arms were more
 Than th' host of hundred-handed giants bore.
 So strong their arms, it did almost appear
 Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.
 In Hopton breaks, in break the Cornish powers,
 Few, and scarce arm'd, yet was th' advantage ours:
 What doubts could be, their outward strength to
 win,
 When we bore arms and magazine within?
 The violent sword's outdid the musket's ire;
 It strook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire:
 We scorn'd their thunder; and the reeking blade
 A thicker smoke than all their cannon made;
 Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around
 With fruitless rage; fall'n rebels bite the ground!
 The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' th' foe,
 All that a full-fraught victory can bestow!
 Yet stays not Hopton thus, but still proceeds;
 Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds;
 With Hertford and the Prince he joins his fate
 (The Belgian trophies on their journey wait);
 The Prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s
 fame,
 And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name:
 Till by his loss that fertile monster thriv'd;
 This serpent cut in parts rejoin'd and liv'd:
 It liv'd, and would have stung us deeper yet,
 But that bold Grenville its whole fury met;
 He fold, like Decius, his devoted breath,
 And left the commonwealth heir to his death.
 Hail, mighty ghost! look from on high, and see
 How much our hands and swords remember thee!
 At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall
 Whet all our spirits, and made us Grenvilles all.
 One thousand horse beat all their numerous
 power;
 Bless me! and where was then their conqueror?
 Coward of fame, he flies in haste away;
 Men, arms, and name, leave us, the victors' prey.

VOL. II.

What meant those iron regiments which he
 brought,
 That moving statues seem'd, and so they fought?
 No way for death but by disease appear'd,
 Cannon, and mines, and siege, they scarcely fear'd:
 Till, 'gainst all hopes, they prov'd in this sad
 fight
 Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for flight.
 The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air;
 Th' astonish'd snakes fell sadly from their hair:
 To Lud's proud town their hasty flight they took,
 The towers and temples at their entrance shook.
 In vain their loss they attempted to disguise,
 And mustered up new troops of fruitless lies:
 God fought himself, nor could th' event be less;
 Bright Conquest walks the fields in all her dress.
 Could this white day a gift more grateful bring?
 Oh yes! it brought bless'd Mary to the King!
 In Keynton field they met; at once they view
 Their former victory, and enjoy a new;
 Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,
 To be the noblest scene of war and love.
 Through the glad vale ten thousand Cupids fled,
 And chac'd the wandering spirits of rebels dead;
 Still the lowd scent of powder did they fear,
 And scatter'd eastern smells through all the air.
 Look, happy mount! look well! for this is she,
 That toil'd and travel'd for thy victory:
 Thy flourishing head to her with reverence bow;
 To her thou ow'st that fame which crowns thee
 now.
 From far-stretch'd shores they felt her spirit and
 might;
 Princes and God at any distance fight.
 At her return well might she a conquest have!
 Whose very absence such a conquest gave.—
 This in the West; nor did the North bestow
 Less cause their usual gratitude to show:
 With much of state brave Cavendish led them
 forth,
 As swift and fierce as tempest from the north;
 Cavendish! whom every Grace, and every Muse,
 Kiss'd at his birth, and for their own did chuse:
 So good a wit they meant not should excel
 In arms; but now they see 't, and like it well;
 So large is that rich empire of his heart,
 Well may they rest contented with a part.
 How soon he forc'd the northern clouds to flight,
 And struck confusion into form and light!
 Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days
 A peaceful world out of a chaos raise.
 Bradford and Leeds prop'd up their sinking fame;
 They bragg'd of hosts, and Fairfax was a name.
 Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are strait their
 own,
 As quickly as they vote men overthrown;
 Bores from his wain look'd down below,
 And saw our victory move not half so slow.
 I see the gallant Earl break through the fog;
 In d— and sweat how gloriously he flows!
 I see him lead the pikes; what will he do?
 Defend him, Heaven! oh, whither will he go?
 Up to the cannons' mouth he leads! in vain
 They speak loud death, and threaten, till they're
 taken.

So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wonder
When he charg'd Jove, and grappled with his
thunder;
Both hells with silence and with terror shook,
As if not he, but they, were thunder-strook.
The courage here, and boldness, was no less;
Only the cause was better, and success.
Heaven will let nought be by their cannon done,
Since at Edgehill they sinn'd, and Burlington.
Go now, your silly calumnies repeat,
And make all Papists whom you cannot beat!
Let the world know some way, with whom
you're vext,

And vote them Turks when they o'erthrow you
next!

Why will you die, fond men! why will you buy
At this low rate your country's slavery?
Is 't liberty? What are those threats we hear?
Why do you thus th' old and new prison fill?
When that 's the only why; because you will?
Fain would you make God too thus tyrannous be,
And damn poor men by such a stiff decree.
Is 't property? Why do such numbers, then,
From God beg vengeance, and relief from men?
Why are th' estates and goods seiz'd-on, of all
Whom covetous or malicious men miscall?
What 's more our own than our own lives?

But oh

Could Yeomans or could Bourchier find it so?
The barbarous coward, always us'd to fly,
Did know no other way to see men die.
Or is 't religion? What then mean your lyes,
Your sacrileges, and pulpit-blaspheemies?
Why are all sects let loose that ere had birth,
Since Luther's noise wak'd the lethargic earth?

The Author went no farther.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATIRE.

SO two rude waves, by storms together thrown,
Roar at each other, fight, and then grow one.
Religion is a circle; men contend,
And run the round in dispute, without end:
Now, in a circle, who go contrary,
Must, at the last, meet of necessity.
The Roman Catholic, to advance the cause,
Allows a lye, and calls it *Pia Fraus*;
The Puritan approves and does the same,
Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name:
He flows with his devices, and darts lye
In very deed, in truth, and verity.
He whines, and sighs-out lyes with so much ruth,
As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.
Lyes have possess'd the press so, as their due,
'Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.
Lyes for their next strong fort in th' pulpit chose:
There they throng out at th' preacher's mouth
and nose,

* A line is here evidently wanting; but the defect is in all the copies hitherto known.

And, howe'er gross, are certain to beguile
The poor book-turners of the middle isle:
Nay, to th' Almighty's self they have been bold
To lye; and their blasphemous minister told,
They might say false to God; for if they were
Beaten, he knew 't not, for he was not there.
But God, who their great thankfulness did see,
Rewards them straight with another victory,
Just such an one as Brentford; and, sans doubt,
Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.
Not all the legends of the saints of old,
Not vast Baronius, nor fly Surius, hold
Such plenty of apparent lyes as are
In your own author, Jo. Browne, Cleric. Par.
Besides what your small poets said or writ,
Brookes, Strode, and the baron of the saw-pit:
With many a mental reservation,
You 'll maintain liberty:—Reserv'd "your own."
For th' public good the sums rais'd you 'll disburse;
—Reserv'd "the greater part, for your own purse."
You 'll root the Cavaliers out, every man;
—Faith, let it be reserv'd here "if ye can."
You 'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king;
—Reserv'd "in heaven"—for thither ye would
bring

His royal head; the only secure room
For kings; where such as you will never come.
To keep th' estates o' th' subjects you pretend;
—Reserv'd "in your own trunks." You will
defend

The church of England, 'tis your protestation;
But that 's "New"-England by a small Reser-
vation.

Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim;
Cath' hath got leave of God to do the same:
For you do hate all swearing so, that when
You've sworn an oath, ye break it straight again.
A curse upon you! which hurts most these nations,
Cavaliers' swearing, or your protestations?
Nay, though oaths be by you so much abhor'd,
Y' allow "God damn me" in the Puritan Lord.

They keep the Bible from laymen; but ye
Avoid this, for you have no laity.

They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,
You in an unknown sense your prayers say;
So that this difference 'twixt you does ensue—
Feels understand not them, not wise men you.

They an unprofitable zeal have got
Of invoking saints, that hear them not;
'Twere well you did so; nought may more be
feard,
In your fond prayers, than that they should be
heard.

To them your nonsense well enough might pass,
They'd ne'er see that 't th' divine looking-glass.
Nay, whether you'd worship saints is not known,
For ye have as yet, of your religion, none.

They by good-works think to be justify'd:
You on the same error deeper slide;
You think by works too justify'd to be.
And those ill-works—lyes, treason, perjury.
But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,
As true faith ought to be, of things unseen:
At Worcester, Brentford, and Edgehill, we see,
Only by faith, ye 'ave got the victory.

Such is your faith, and some such unseen way,
The public faith at last your debts will pay.
They hold free-will (that nought their souls
may bind)

As the great privilege of all mankind;
You're here more moderate; for 'tis your intent
To make 't a privilege but of parliament.
They forbid monks to marry; you worse do;
Their marriage you allow, yet punish too;
For you'd make priests so poor, that upon all
Who marry scorn and beggary must fall.

They a bold power o'er sacred scriptures take,
Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make;
Your great lord Jesuit Brookes publicly said
(Brookes, whom too little learning hath made
mad),

That to correct the Creed ye should do well,
And blot-out Christ's descending into hell.
Repent, wild man! or you 'll ne'er change, I
fear,

The sentence of your own descending there.

Yet modestly they use the Creed; for they
Would take the Lord's-Prayer root and branch
away:

And wisely said a Levite of our nation,
The Lord's Prayer was a Popish innovation.
Take heed, you'll grant ere long it should be said,
An 't be but to desire your daily bread.

They keep the people ignorant: and you
Keep both the people and yourselves so too.
They blind obedience and blind duty teach:
You blind rebellion and blind faction preach;
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can only save you, Ignorance;
Though, Heaven be prais'd! 't has oft been proved
well,

Your ignorance is not invincible;
Nay, such bold lyes to God himself ye vaunt,
As if you 'd fain keep him too ignorant.

Limbus and Purgatory they believe,
For lesser sinners; that is, I conceive,
Malignants only: you this trick does please;
For the same cause ye 'ave made new Limbuses,
Where we may lie imprison'd long, ere we
A day of judgment in your courts shall see
But Pym can, like the Pope, with this dispense,
And for a bribe deliver souls from thence.

Their councils claim infallibility:
Such must your Conventicle-synod be;
And teachers from all parts of th' earth ye call,
To make 't a Council Oecumenical.

They several times appoint from meats 't
abstain:

You now for th' Irish wars a fast ordain;
And, that that kingdom might be sure to fast,
Ye take a course to starve them all at last:
Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,
Not to dress meat on Sundays you 're content;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,
Your teeth keep sabbath, and tongues work-
ing-day.

They preserve relics: you have few or none,
Unless the clout sent to John Pym be one;
Or Holles's rich widow, she who carry'd
A relic in her womb before she marry'd.

They in succeeding Peter take a pride:
So do you; for your matter ye 'ave deny'd.
But chiefly Peter's privilege ye choose,
At your own wills to bind and to unloose.
He was a fisherman; you 'll be so too,
When nothing but your sins are left to you:
He went to Rome; to Rome you backward ride
(Though both your goings are by some deny'd)
Nor is 't a contradiction, if we say,
You go to Rome the quite contrary way.
He dy'd o' th' cross; that death 's unusual now;
The gallows is most like 't, and that 's for you.

They love church-music; it offends your sense,
And therefore ye have sung it out from thence;
Which shows, if right your mind be understood,
You hate it not as music, but as good:
Your madness makes you sing as much as they
Dance who are bit with a Tarantula.
But do not to yourselves, alas! appear
The most religious traitors that e'er were,
Because your troops singing of psalms do go;
There 's many a traitor has march'd Holborn so.
Nor was 't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the Tyne have seen those tricks
before.

They of strange miracles and wonders tell:
You are yourselves a kind of miracle;
Ev'n such a miracle as in writ divine
We read o'—th' devil hurrying down the swine.
They have made images to speak: 'tis said,
You a dull image have your Speaker made;
And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,
Ye 'ave to that idol giv'n six thousand pound.
They drive-out devils, they say: here ye begin
To differ, I confess—you let them in.

They maintain transubstantiation;
You, by a contrary philosophers'-stone,
To transubstantiate metals have the skill,
And turn the kingdom's gold to iron and steel.
I th' sacrament ye differ; but 'tis noted,
Bread must be fish, wine blood, if e'er 't be voted.
They make the Pope their head; y' exalt for
him,

Primate and metropolitan, master Pym;
Nay, White, who sits i' th' infallible chair,
And most infallibly speaks nonsense there;
Nay, Cromwell, Pury, Whiffler, Sir John Wray,
He who does say, and say, and say, and say;
Nay, Lowry, who does new church-government
wish,

And prophecies, like Jonas, 'midst the fish;
Who can such various business wisely sway,
Handling both herrings and bishops in one day:
Nay, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
From master Calamy to mistress Ven,
Are perfect Popes, in their own parish, grown;
For, to out-do the story of pope Joan,
Your women preach too, and are like to be
The whore of Babylon as much as she.

They depose kings by force: by force you 'd
do it,

But first use fair means to persuade them to it.
They dare kill kings: and 'twixt ye here 's the
strife,

That you dare shoot-at kings to save their life:

And what's the difference, pray, whether he fall
By the Pope's Bull or your Ox general?
Three kingdoms thus you ye strive to make your
own,

And, like the Pope, usurp a triple crown.

Such is your faith, such your religion;
Let's view your manners now, and then I've
done.

Your covetousness let gasping Ireland tell,
Where first the Irish lands, and next ye fell
The English blood, and raise rebellion here
With that which should suppress and quench it
there.

What mighty fums have ye squeez'd out o' th'
city!

Enough to make them poor, and something
witty.

Excise, loans, contributions, poll-monies,
Bribes, plunder, and such parliament privileges,
Are words which you ne'er learnt in holy writ,
Till th' Spirit, and your Synod, mended it.

Where's all the twentieth part now, which hath
been

Paid you by some, to forfeit the nineteen?

Where's all the goods distrain'd, and plunders past?
For you're grown wretched pilfering knaves at
last;

Descend to brass and pewter, till of late,
Like Midas, all ye touch'd must needs be plate.

By what vast hopes is your ambition fed?

'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read:
You must have places, and the kingdom sway;
The king must be a ward to your lord Say.
Your innocent Speaker to the Rolls must rise;
Six thousand pound hath made him proud and
wife.

Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,
Would be like him:—would he were, face and all!
Hack would always be lord mayor; and so
May always be, as much as he is now.

For the Five members, they so richly thrive,
That they would always be but Members five.
Only Pym doth his natural right enforce,
By th' mother's side he's Master of the horse.
Most shall have places by these popular tricks,
The rest must be content with bishoprics.
For 'tis 'gainst superstition you're intent;
First to root out that great church-ornament,
Money and lands: your swords, alas! are drawn
Against the Bishop, not his cap, or lawn.

O let not such lowd sacrilege begin,
Tempted by Henry's rich successful sin!
Henry! the monster-king of all that age;
Wild in his lust, but wilder in his rage.
Expect not you his fate, though Hotham thrives
In imitating Henry's tricks for wives;
Nor fewer churches hopes, than wives, to see
Buried, and then their lands his own to be.

Ye boundless tyrants! how do you outvy
Th' Athenians' Thirty, Rome's Decemviry!
In rage, injustice, cruelty, as far
Above those men, as you in number are.
What mysteries of iniquity do we see!
New prisons made to defend liberty!
Our goods forc'd from us for property's sake;
And all the real nonsense which ye make!

Ship-money was unjustly taken, ye say;
Unjustlier far, you take the ships away.
The High Commission you call'd tyranny:
Ye did! good God! what is the High Com-
mittee?

Ye said that gifts and bribes preferments bought:
By money and blood too they now are sought.
To the king's will, the laws men strove to draw:
The subjects' will is now become the law.

'Twas fear'd a new religion would begin:
All new religions, now, are enter'd in.

The king delinquents to protect did strive:
What clubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, sav'd the Five!

You think th' parliament like your state of grace;
Whatever sins men do, they keep their place.

Invasions then were fear'd against the state;
And Strode swore last year * would be eighty-
eight.

You bring in foreign aid to your designs,
First those great foreign forces of Divines,
With which ships from America were fraught;
Rather may stinking tobacco still be brought
From thence, I say: next, ye the Scots invite,
Which you term brotherly assistance, right;
For England you intend with them to share:
They, who, alas! but younger brothers are,
Must have the monies for their portion;
The houses and the lands will be your own.
We thank you for the wounds which we endure,
Whilst scratches and slight pricks ye seek to
cure;

We thank you for true real fears, at last,
Which free us from so many false ones past;
We thank you for the blood which fats our coast,
As a just debt paid to great Strafford's ghost;
We thank you for the ills receiv'd, and all
Which yet by your good care in time we shall;
We thank you, and our gratitude's as great
As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

THE CHARACTER OF AN HOLY SISTER.

SHE that can fit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-price, that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifices her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best;
She that will lye, yet swear she hates a lyar,
Except it be the man that will lie by her;
She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen, where none
see't;
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd but they

* viz. 1642.

That hang religion in a naked ear,
 And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
 That could afford to doubt, who wrote best
 sense,
 Moses, or Dod on the commandments;
 She that can sigh, and cry "Queen Elizabeth,"
 Rail at the Pope, and scratch-out "sudden
 death:"
 And for all this can give no reason why:
 This is an holy-sister, verily.

ANACREONTIQUES:

OR,

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY
 OUT OF ANACREON.

I.

L O V E.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,
 In mighty numbers, mighty things.
 Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings
 To my great song rebellious prove;
 The strings will sound of nought but love.
 I broke them all, and put on new;
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
 These sure (said I) will me obey;
 These, sure, heroic notes will play.
 Strait I began with thundering Jove,
 And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
 Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
 Came gentle airs, such as inspire
 Melting love and soft desire.
 Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!
 And mighty numbers, mighty things!
 Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

II.

D R I N K I N G.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
 The plants suck-in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair;
 The sea itself (which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink)
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy sun (and one would guess
 By 's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun:
 They drink and dance by their own light;
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there; for why

Should every creature drink but I;
 Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III.

B E A U T Y.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense
 To all things arms for their defence;
 And some she arms with sinewy force,
 And some with swiftness in the course;
 Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
 And some with horns or tusked jaws:
 And some with scales, and some with wings,
 And some with teeth, and some with stings.
 Wisdom to man she did afford,
 Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
 What to beauteous womankind,
 What arms, what armour, has she assign'd?
 Beauty is both; for with the fair
 What arms, what armour, can compare?
 What steel, what gold, or diamond,
 More impassible is found?
 And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
 So great an active force did bear?
 They are all weapon, and they dart
 Like porcupines from every part.
 Who can, alas! their strength express,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
 Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

IV.

T H E D U E L.

YES, I will love then, I will love;
 I will not now Love's rebel prove,
 Though I was once his enemy;
 Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
 Did to the combat him defy.
 An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
 Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
 Love in one hand his bow did take,
 In th' other hand a dart did shake;
 But yet in vain the dart did throw,
 In vain he often drew the bow;
 So well my armour did resist,
 So oft by flight the blow I mist:
 But, when I thought all danger past,
 His quiver empty'd quite at last,
 Instead of arrow or of dart
 He shot himself into my heart.
 The living and the killing arrow
 Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
 And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
 No trench or work of life withstood.
 In vain I now the walls maintain;
 I set out guards and scouts in vain;
 Since th' enemy does within remain.
 In vain a breast-plate now I wear,
 Since in my breast the foe I bear;
 In vain my feet their swiftness try;
 For from the body can they fly?

V.

A G E.

OFT am I by the women told,
 Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old;
 Look how thy hairs are falling all;
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' effects I do not know;
 This I know, without being told,
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
 Of little life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

VI.

THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the stars are by thee told,
 (The endless fums of heavenly gold);
 Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
 From sickly autumn's head that fall;
 Or when the drops that make the sea,
 Whilst all her sands thy counters be;
 Thou then, and thou alone, may'st prove
 Th' arithmetician of my love.
 An hundred loves at Athens score,
 At Corinth write an hundred more:
 Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
 So few, is an escaping there.
 Write then at Chios seventy three;
 Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
 Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
 Full ninety loves, and half a one.
 And, next to these, let me present
 The fair Ionian regiment;
 And next the Carian company;
 Five hundred both effectively.
 Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
 Three hundred 'tis, I'm sure, complete;
 For arms at Crete each face does bear,
 And every eye 's an archer there.
 Go on: this stop why dost thou make?
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
 Seems this to thee too great a sum?
 Why many thousands are to come;
 The mighty Xerxes could not boast
 Such different nations in his host.
 On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
 Must find some better secretary.
 I have not yet my Persian told,
 Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
 Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
 Nor Cyprian loves, nor African:
 Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
 There's a whole map behind of names
 Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
 And cold ones in the frigid one,
 Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
 And parched loves beneath the Line.

VII.

G O L D.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss:
 But, of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
 Virtue now, nor noble blood,
 Nor wit, by Love is understood;
 Gold alone does passion move,
 Gold monopolizes love:
 A curse on her, and on the man
 Who this traffic first began!
 A curse on him who found the ore!
 A curse on him who digg'd the store!
 A curse on him who did refine it!
 A curse on him who first did coin it!
 A curse, all curses else above,
 On him who us'd it first in love!
 Gold begets in brethren hate;
 Gold in families debate;
 Gold does friendships separate;
 Gold does civil wars create.
 These the smallest harms of it!
 Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII.

THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
 Around our temples roses twine!
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses, smile.
 Crown'd with roses, we condemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours; we have it here:
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
 To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

IX.

A N O T H E R.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
 On flowery beds supinely laid,
 With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
 And around it roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day?
 In this more than kingly state
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up;
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health and gay desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way:

Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments shower?
 Nobler wines why do we pour?
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
 Upon the monuments of the dead?
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are Stoics in the grave.

X.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants, belong to thee:
 All that summer-hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plow;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently joy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy fire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy thou!
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But, when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI.

THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
 So early at my window do,
 With thy needless serenade?
 Well 't had been had Tereus made
 Thee as dumb as Philomel;
 There his knife had done but well

In thy undiscover'd nest
 Thou dost all the winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
 Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
 Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;
 Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
 Hadst thou all the charming notes
 Of the wood's poetic throats,
 All thy art could never pay
 What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
 Cruel bird! thou 'st ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms to-day;
 A dream, that ne'er must equal'd be
 By all that waking eyes may see.
 Thou, this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good, canst bring,
 Though men say thou bring'st the spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOAKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

SPOKEN BY THE GOD OF LOVE.

HOW shall I lament thine end,
 My best servant, and my friend?
 Nay, and, if from a Deity
 So much deified as I,
 It sound not too profane and odd,
 Oh, my master and my god!
 For 'tis true, most mighty poet!
 (Though I like not men should know it)
 I am in naked nature less,
 Less by much, than in thy dress.
 All thy verse is softer far
 Than the downy feathers are
 Of my wings, or of my arrows,
 Of my mother's doves or sparrows.
 Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
 Or their riper following blisses,
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
 All with Venus' girdle bound;
 And thy life was all the while
 Kind and gentle as thy style.
 The smooth-pac'd hours of every day
 Glided numerously away.
 Like thy verse each hour did pass;
 Sweet and short, like that, it was.

Some do but their youth allow me,
 Just what they by nature owe me,
 The time that 's mine, and not their own.
 The certain tribute of my crown:
 When they grow old, they grow to be
 Too busy, or too wise, for me.
 Thou wert wiser, and didst know
 None too wise for Love can grow;
 Love was with thy life entwined,
 Close as heat with fire is join'd;
 A powerful brand preferib'd the date
 Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
 Th' antiperistasis of age
 More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
 Thy silver hairs yielded me more
 Than even golden curls before.

Had I the power of creation,
 As I have of generation,
 Where I the matter must obey,
 And cannot work plate out of clay,
 My creatures should be all like thee,
 'Tis thou shouldst their idea be:
 They, like thee, should thoroughly hate
 Business, honour, title, state;
 Other wealth they should not know,
 But what my living mines bestow;
 The pomp of Kings, they should confess,
 At their crownings, to be less
 Than a lover's humblest guise,
 When at his mistress' feet he lies.
 Rumour they no more should mind
 Than men safe-landed do the wind;
 Wisdom itself they should not hear,
 When it presumes to be severe:
 Beauty alone they should admire,
 Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
 Nor ask what parents it can shew;
 With dead or old 't has nought to do.
 They should not love yet all or any,
 But very much and very many:
 All their life should gilded be
 With mirth, and wit, and gaiety;
 Well remembering and applying
 The necessity of dying.
 Their cheerful heads should always wear
 All that crowns the flowery year:
 They should always laugh, and sing,
 And dance, and strike th' harmonious string;
 Verse should from their tongue so flow,
 As if it in the mouth did grow,
 As swiftly answering their command,
 As tunes obey the artful hand.
 And whilst I do thus discover
 Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
 'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
 I of the grape no mention make.
 Till my Anacreon by thee fill,
 Curst plant! I lov'd thee well;
 And 'twas oft my wanton use
 To dip my arrows in thy juice.
 Curst plant! 'tis true, I see,
 Th' old report that goes of thee—
 That, with giants' blood the earth
 Stain'd and poison'd, gave thee birth;
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
 On men in whom the gods delight.
 Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
 Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
 In rage, in quarrels and in fights,
 Worse than his tigers, he delights;
 In all our heaven I think there be
 No such ill-natur'd God as he.
 Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine!
 To be the Muses' friend and mine:
 With love and wit thou dost begin,
 False fires, alas! to draw us in;
 Which, if our course we by them keep,
 Misguide to madness or to sleep:
 Sleep were well; thou 'ast learnt a way
 To death itself now to betray.
 It grieves me when I see what fate
 Does on the best of mankind wait.

Poets or lovers let them be,
 'Tis neither love nor poetry
 Can arm, against death's smallest dart,
 The poet's head or lover's heart;
 But when their life, in its decline,
 Touches th' inevitable line,
 All the world's mortal to them then,
 And wine is aconite to men;
 Nay, in death's hand, the grape-stone proves
 As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS*.

CHRIST'S PASSION,

TAKEN OUT OF A GREEK ODE, WRITTEN BY
 MR. MASTERS, OF NEW-COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

ENOUGH, my Muse! of earthly things,
 And inspirations but of wind;
 Take up thy lute, and to it bind
 Loud and everlasting strings;
 And on them play, and to them sing,
 The happy mournful stories,
 The lamentable glories,
 Of the great crucified King.
 Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise
 Till earth thou joinest with the skies!
 Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
 To be half seen by mortal eye!
 How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
 What shall I play? what shall I sing?
 I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
 Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed
 spirits above,
 With all their comments can explain;
 How all the whole world's life to die did not
 disdain!
 I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion
 Divine,
 The depths unfathom'd yet
 By reason's plummet and the line of wit;
 Too light the plummet, and too short the line!
 How the eternal Father did bestow
 His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe,
 I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear
 The triumph of the buried Conqueror.
 How hell was by its prisoner captive led,
 And the great slayer, Death, slain by the dead.
 Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,
 Mixt with the murderers' confused noise,

* These verses were not included among those which Mr. Cowley himself styled "Miscellanies;" but were classed by Bishop Sprat under the title by which they are here distinguished. N.

Sound from the top of Calvary;
 My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
 Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
 Oh, how unlike the others he!
 Look, how he bends his gentle head with blessings
 from the tree!
 His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good,
 Are nail'd to the infamous wood!
 And sinful man does fondly bind
 The arms which he extends t' embrace all human-kind.
 Unhappy man! canst thou stand by and see
 All this as patient as he?
 Since he thy sins does bear,
 Make thou his sufferings thine own
 And weep, and sigh, and groan,
 And beat thy breast, and tear
 Thy garments and thy hair,
 And let thy grief, and let thy love,
 Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
 Dost thou not see thy prince in purple clad all o'er,
 Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,
 But made at home with richer gore?
 Dost thou not see the roses which adorn
 The thorny garland by him worn?
 Dost thou not see the livid traces
 Of the sharp scourges' rude embraces?
 If yet thou feelest not the smart
 Of thorns and scourges in thy heart;
 If that be yet not crucify'd;
 Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side!
 Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
 And let them call
 Their flock of moisture forth where'er it lies!
 For this will ask it all.
 'Twould all, alas! too little be,
 Though thy salt tears come from a sea.
 Canst thou deny him this, when he
 Has open'd all his vital springs for thee?
 Take heed; for by his side's mysterious flood
 May well be understood,
 That he will still require some water to his blood.

O D E

ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
 To all the tyrannies of it;
 Ah! cruel sex, will you depose us too in wit?
 Orinda * does in that too reign;
 Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
 And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.
 We our old title plead in vain,
 Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.
 Verse was Lov's fire-arms heretofore,
 In Beauty's camp it was not known;
 Too many arms besides that conqueror bore:
 'Twas the great cannon we brought down
 T' assault a stubborn town:

Orinda first did a bold folly make,
 Our strongest quarter take,
 And so successful prov'd, that she
 Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
 Did that, and not the soul,
 Transmit to their posterity;
 If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
 Th' abortive issue never liv'd.
 'Twere shame and pity', Orinda, if in thee
 A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
 Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
 But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
 The fair and fruitful field;
 And 'tis a strange increase that it does yield.
 As, when the happy Gods above
 Meet all together at a feast,
 A secret joy unspeakable does move
 In their great mother Cybele's contented breast:
 With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should see,
 This, thy no less immortal progeny;
 And in their birth thou no one touch dost find,
 Of th' ancient curse to woman-kind:
 Thou bring'st not forth with pain;
 It neither travail is nor labour of the brain:
 So easily they from thee come,
 And there is so much room
 In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd womb,
 That, like the Holland Countess, thou may'st
 bear
 A child for every day of all the fertile year.

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy, raise
 If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise:
 Where'er I see an excellence,
 I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
 Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high;
 Those as thy forehead smoooth, these sparkling as
 thine eye.
 'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
 Or rather 'tis angelical;
 For, as in angels, we
 Do in thy verses see
 Both improv'd sexes eminently meet;
 They are than man more strong, and more than
 woman sweet.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
 Female chimeras that o'er poets reign;
 I ne'er could find that fancy true,
 But have invok'd them oft, I'm sure, in vain:
 They talk of Sappho; but, alas! the shame!
 Ill-manners foil the lustre of her fame;
 Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
 That, like a lantern's fair inclosed light,
 It through the paper shines where she does write.
 Honour and friendship, and the generous scorn
 Of things for which we were not born
 (Things that can only by a fond disease,
 Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)
 Are the instructive subjects of her pen;
 And, as the Roman victory
 Taught our rude land arts and civility,
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters, men

* Mrs. Catharine Phillips.

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er inspire
 A female breast with such a fire:
 The warlike Amazonian train,
 Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
 And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
 Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her.
 Merlin the seer (and sure he would not lye,
 In such a sacred company)
 Does prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago;
 Ev'n Boadicia's angry ghost
 Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
 And to her injur'd daughters now does boast,
 That Rome's o'ercome at last, by a woman of
 her race.

O D E

ON OCCASION OF A COPY OF VERSES OF MY
 LORD BROGHILL'S.

BE gone (said I) ingrateful Muse! and see
 What others thou canst fool as well as me.
 Since I grew man, and wiser ought to be,
 My business and my hopes I left for thee:
 For thee (which was more hardly given away)
 I left, even when a boy, my play.
 But say, ingrateful mistress! say,
 What for all this, what didst thou ever pay?
 Thou'lt say, perhaps, that riches are
 Not of the growth of lands where thou dost trade;
 And I as well my country might upbraid
 Because I have no vineyard there.
 Well: but in love thou dost pretend to reign;
 There thine the power and lordship is;
 Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
 'Twas such a way as could not miss.
 I, like a fool, did thee obey:
 I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain;
 For, after all my expence of wit and pain,
 A rich, unwriting hand, carried the prize away.
 Thus I complain'd, and strait the Muse reply'd,
 That she hath given me fame.
 Bounty immense! and that too must be try'd
 When I myself am nothing but a name.
 Who now, what reader does not strive
 To invalidate the gift whilst we're alive?
 For, when a poet now himself doth show,
 As if he were a common foe,
 All draw upon him, all around,
 And every part of him they wound,
 Happy the man that gives the deepest blow:
 And this is all, kind Muse! to thee we owe.
 Then in rage I took,
 And out at window threw,
 Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;
 Homer himself went with them too;
 Hardly escap'd the sacred Mantuan book:
 I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
 And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,
 That I no more the ground would till and sow,
 Where only flowery weeds instead of corn did
 grow.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find,
 Rebellious man to bind!
 Just to the work for which he is assign'd)
 The Muse came in more cheerful than before,
 And bade me quarrel with her now no more:
 "Lo! thy reward! look here, and see
 "What I have made" (said she)
 "My lover and belov'd, my Broghill, do for thee!
 "Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,
 "Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
 "What critics, the great Hectors now in wit,
 "Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,
 "Will dare t' oppose thee, when
 "Broghill in thy defence has drawn his con-
 "quering pen?"
 I rose, and bow'd my head,
 And pardon ask'd for all that I had said:
 Well satisfy'd and proud,
 I strait resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
 That from her service now I ne'er would part;
 So strongly large rewards work on a grateful
 heart!

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise
 As praises from the men whom all men praise:
 'Tis the best cordial, and which only those
 Who have at home th' ingredients can compose;
 A cordial that restores our fainting breath,
 And keeps up life e'en after death!
 The only danger is, lest it should be
 Too strong a remedy;
 Lest in removing cold, it should beget
 Too violent a heat;
 And into madness turn the lethargy.
 Ah! gracious God! that I might see
 A time when it were dangerous for me
 To be o'er-heat with praise!
 But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.
 'Tis said, Apelles, when he Venus drew,
 Did naked women for his pattern view,
 And with his powerful fancy did refine
 Their human shapes into a form divine;
 None who had far could her own picture see,
 Or say, one part was drawn for me:
 So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,
 Was pleas'd to think it fit
 That my book should before him sit,
 Not as a cause, but an occasion, to his wit;
 Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
 To my advantage out of it; since I,
 Instead of my own likeness, only find
 The bright idea there of the great writer's mind?

O D E.

MR. COWLEY'S BOOK PRESENTING ITSELF TO
 THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon! Hail, the sacred
 ark
 Where all the world of science does embark!
 Which ever shall withstand, and last so long
 withstood,
 Infatiate Time's devouring flood.

Hail, tree of knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which
well

Dost in the midst of paradise arise,
Oxford! the Muse's paradise,
From which may never sword the blest'd expel!
Hail, bank of all past ages! where they lie
T' enrich with interest posterity!

Hail, Wit's illustrious Galaxy!
Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;
Hail, living University of the dead!

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues! which e'er
The mighty linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty
traveller,

That could speak, or this could hear.
Majestic monument and pyramid!
Where still the shades of parted souls abide
Embaln'd in verse; exalted souls which now
Enjoy those arts they wou'd so well below;

Which now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,

In the mysterious library,
The beatific Bodley of the Deity;

Will you into your sacred throng admit
The meanest British Wit?

You, general-council of the priests of Fame,
Will you not murmur and disdain,

That I a place among you claim,
The humblest deacon of her train?

Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of ornament, which here

Your noble prisoners proudly wear;
A chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindaric liberty!

Will ye to bind me with those mighty names
submit,

Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?

Whatever happy book is chained here,

No other place or people need to fear;

His chain's a passport to go every where.

As when a seat in heaven
Is to an unmalicious supper given,

Who, casting round his wondering eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espie;

Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And saints, who martyrs liv'd below;

With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties past and sins;

He doubts almost his station there;
His soul says to itself, "How came I here?"

It fumes no otherwise with me,
When I myself with conscious wonder see

Amidst this purify'd elected company,
With hardship they, and pain,

Did to this happiness attain:

No labour, I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think predestination only was my friend.

Ah, that my author had been ty'd like me
To such a place and such a company!

Instead of several countries, several men,

And business, which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small estate

Which Nature sparingly did to him give;

He might perhaps have thriven then,

And settled upon, me, his child, somewhat to live.

'T had happier been for him, as well as me;

For when all, alas! is done,
We books, I mean, You books, will prove to be
The best and not least conversation:

For, though some errors will get in,

Like tinctures of original sin;

Yet sure we from our fathers' wit

Draw all the strength and spirit of it,

Leaving the graver parts for conversation,

As the best blood of man's employ'd in generation.

O D E.

SITTING AND DRINKING IN THE CHAIR MADE
OUT OF THE RELICS OF SIR FRANCIS
DRAKE'S SHIP.

CHILLER up, my mates, the wind does fairly
blow,

Clap on more sail, and never spare;

Farewell all lands, for now we are

In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.

Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,

And we shall out the burning Line:

Hey, boys! she fluids away, and by my head I
know

We round the world are sailing now.

What dull men are those that tarry at home,

When abroad they might wantonly roam,

And gain such experience, and spy too

Such countries and wonders, as I do!

But prythee, good pilot, take heed what you do,

And sail not to touch at Peru!

With gold there the vessel we'll store,

And never, and never be peer,

No, never be poor any more.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide?

As well upon a Ball may witches ride

Their fancy'd journeys in the air,

As I sail round the ocean in this chair!

'Tis true; but yet this chair which here
you see,

For all its quiet now, and gravity,

Has wander'd and has travel'd more

Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree,
before.

In every air and every sea 't has been,

'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heavens
't has seen.

Let not the Force's itself with this compare,

This is the only universal chair.

The pious wanderer's fleet, sav'd from the flame

(Which still the relics did of Troy pursue,

And took them for its due),

A squadron of immortal nymphs became:

Still with their arms they row about the seas,

And still make new and greater voyages:

Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece

(Though now a star she so triumphant shew,

And guide her sailing successors below,

Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece)

Yet to this day a quiet harbour found;

The tide of heaven still carries her around.

Only Drake's sacred vessel (which before
 Had done and had seen more
 Than those have done or seen,
 Ev'n since they Goddesses and this a Star has
 been)
 As a reward for all her labour past,
 Is made the seat of rest at last.
 Let the case now quite alter'd be,
 And, as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
 Let the world now come to see thee!
 The world will do't; for curiosity
 Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make;
 And I myself, who now love quiet too,
 As much almost as any chair can do,
 Would yet a journey take,
 An old wheel of that chariot to see,
 Which Phaeton so rashly brake:
 Yet what could that say more than these remains
 of Drake?
 Great reliick! thou too, in this port of ease,
 Hast still one way of making voyages;
 The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale
 (The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt
 run,
 As long around it as the sun.
 The straits of Time too narrow are for thee;
 Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,
 And steer the endless course of vast Eternity!
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me!

UPON THE DEATH OF
 THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

'TIS folly all, that can be said,
 By living mortals, of th' immortal dead,
 And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we
 shed. }
 'Tis as if we, who stay behind
 In expectation of the wind,
 Should pity those who pass'd this freight before,
 And touch the universal shore. }
 Ah, happy man! who art to sail no more!
 And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
 Because our friends are newly come from sea,
 Though ne'er so fair and calm it be;
 What would all sober men believe,
 If they should hear us sighing say,
 "Balcarres, who but th' other day
 "Did all our love and our respect command;
 "At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand;
 "Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?" }
 If you will say—Few persons upon earth
 Did, more than he, deserve to have
 A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
 Whether you look upon his birth
 And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread—
 But ancestors, alas! who long ago are dead—
 Or whether you consider more
 The vast increase, as sure you ought,
 Of honour by his labour bought,
 And added to the former store:

All I can answer, is, That I allow
 The privilege you plead for; and avow
 That, as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now. }

Though God, for great and righteous ends,
 Which his unerring Providence intends
 Erroneous mankind should not understand,
 Would not permit Balcarres' hand,
 (That once with so much industry and art
 Had clos'd the gaping wounds of every part)
 To perfect his distracted nation's cure,
 Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure;
 Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,
 From all th' oppression and the woe
 Of his frail body's native soil below,
 To his soul's true and peaceful country above:
 So Godlike kings, for secret causes known
 Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
 One of their ablest ministers elect,
 And sent abroad to treaties, which they intend
 Shall never take effect;
 But though the treaty wants a happy end,
 The happy agent wants not the reward,
 For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
 His just and righteous master calls him home,
 And gives him, near himself, some honourable
 room.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
 To save his country, and restore his king;
 And, whilst the manly half of him (which
 those
 Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose)
 Perform'd all parts of virtue's vigorous life;
 The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
 Did all his labours and his cares divide;
 Nor was a lame nor paralytic side:
 In all the turns of human state,
 And all th' unjust attacks of Fate,
 She bore her share and portion still,
 And would not suffer any to be ill.
 Unfortunate for ever let me be,
 If I believe that such was he,
 Whom, in the storms of bad success,
 And all that Error calls unhappiness,
 His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany!

With these companions 'twas not strange
 That nothing could his temper change.
 His own and country's union had not weight
 Enough to crush his mighty mind!
 He saw around the hurricanes of state,
 Fixt as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.
 Thus far the greedy sea may reach;
 All outward things are but the beach;
 A great man's soul it doth assault in vain!
 Their God himself the ocean doth restrain
 With an imperceptible chain,
 And bid it to go back again.
 His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
 His courage both to suffer and to die,
 His virtues, and his lady too,
 Were things celestial. And we see,
 In spite of quarrelling philosophy,
 How in this case 'tis certain found,
 That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes
 round.

O D E.

UPON DR. HARVEY.

CROY Nature (which remain'd, though aged grown,

A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)

When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
Began to trouble and to flee;
Took fancy like Daphne, in a tree:
There Daphne's lover stop'd, and thought it much
The very leaves of her to touch:
But Harvey, our Apollo, stop'd not so;
Into the bark and root he after her did go!

No smallest fibres of a plant,
For which the eye-beams' point doth sharpness want,

His passage after her withstood.
What should she do? through all the moving wood

Of lives endow'd with sense she took her flight;
Harvey pursues, and keeps her still in sight.
But, as the deer, long-hunted, takes a flood,
She leap'd at last into the winding streams of blood;

Of man's meander all the purple reaches made,
Till at the heart she stay'd;
Where turning head, and at a bay,
Thus by well-purged ears was she overheard to say:

"Here sure shall I be safe" (said she)

"None will be able sure to see

"This my retreat, but only He

"Who made both it and me.

"The heart of man what art can e'er reveal?

"A wall impervious between

"Divides the very parts within,

"And doth the heart of man ev'n from itself conceal."

She spoke: but, ere she was aware,

Harvey was with her there;

And held this slippery Proteus in a chain,
Till all her mighty mysteries he defery'd;
Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide
Was the first thing that Nature did in vain.

He the young practice of new life did see,
Whilst, to conceal its toilsome poverty,
It for a living wrought, both hard and privately.

Before the liver understood

The noble scarlet dye of blood;

Before one drop was by it made,

Or brought into it, to set up the trade;

Before the untaught heart began to beat

The tuneful march to vital heat;

From all the souls that living buildings rear,

Whether imply'd for earth, or sea, or air;

Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought;

A strict account to him is hourly brought

How the great fabric does proceed,

What time, and what materials, it does need:

He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

Thus Harvey fought for Truth in Truth's own book,
The creatures—which by God himself was writ;

And wisely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read comments only upon it,
But on th' original itself to look.
Methinks in Art's great circle others stand
Lock'd-up together, hand in hand;
Every one leads as he is led;

The same bare path they tread,
And dance, like fairies, a fantastic round,
But neither change their motion nor their ground:
Had Harvey to this road confined his wit,
His noble circle of the blood had been untrod-
den yet.

Great Doctor! th' art of curing's cur'd by thee,

We now thy patient, Phylic, see

From all inveterate diseases free,

Purg'd of old errors by thy care,

New dieted, put forth to clearer air;

It now will strong and healthful prove;

Itself before lethargic lay, and could not move!

These useful secrets to his pen we owe!

And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow;

Of which a barbarous war's unlearned rage

Has robb'd the ruin'd age:

O cruel loss! as if the golden fleece,

With so much cost and labour bought,

And from afar by a great hero brought,

Had sunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.

O cursed war! who can forgive thee this?

Houses and towns may rise again;

And ten times easier 'tis

To rebuild Paul's, than any work of his:

That mighty task none but himself can do,

Nay, scarce himself too, now;

For, though his wit the force of age withstand,

His body, alas! and time, it must command;

And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,

Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

ODE FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

My dearest Acme, if I be

Once alive, and love not thee

With a passion far above

All that e'er was called love:

In a Libyan desert may

I become some lion's prey;

Let him, Acme, let him tear

My breast, when Acme is not there.

The God of Love, who stood to hear him

(The God of Love was always near him)

Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,

Sneez'd aloud; and all around

The little Loves, that waited by,

Bow'd, and blest the augury.

Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head;
And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

My little life, my all! (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best God, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again!
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a man!
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fixt and settl'd in the bone;
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through every part.
She spoke; the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bliss the augury.

This good omen thus from heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne,
And to faithful Acme's maid
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd advise them, when they spy
Any illustrious piety,
To reward her, if it be she—
To reward him, if it be he—
With such a husband, such a wife;
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

O D E

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION AND
RETURN.

"—*Red optandi diem promittere non
"Audent, volendi dies, en, attulit ultro.*"—VIRG.

NOW blessings on you all, ye peaceful stars,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense
Your universal gentle influence
To calm the stormy world, and still the rage of
wars!

Nor, whilst around the continent
Plenipotentiary beams ye sent,
Did your pacific lights disdain
In their large treaty to contain
The world apart, o'er which do reign
Your seven fair brethren of great Charles's-wain:
No star amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,

As that which, thirty years ago,
At Charles's birth, did, in despite
Of the proud sun's meridian light,
His future glories and this year foretell.
No less effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful ray,
Which could out-face the sun, and overcome the
day.

Auspicious star! again arise,
And take thy noon-tide station in the skies,
Again all heaven prodigiously adorn;
For lo! thy Charles again is born.
He then was born with and to pain;
With and to joy he's born again.
And, wisely for this second birth,
By which thou certain wert to bless
The land with full and flourishing happiness,
Thou mad'st of that fair month thy choice,
In which heaven, air, and sea, and earth,
And all that's in them, all, does smile and does
rejoice.

'Twas a right season; and the very ground
Ought with a face of paradise to be found,
Then, when we were to entertain
Felicity and innocence again.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that blessed pair
Behold,
Which the abused people fondly held
For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
By seeking all like Gods to be?
Will Peace her holyon nest vertice to build
Upon a shore with shipwreck fill'd,
And trust that sea, where she can hardly stay
She's known these twenty years one calmy
day?

Ah! mild and gentle is she,
Which dost the pure and candid blessings love,
Canst thou in all this light?
Still canst thou think it white?
Will ever fair Religion appear
In these deformed times? will she cheer
Th' Ape's faces of her churches here?
Will Justice hazard to be seen
Where a High Court of Justice e'er has been?
Will not the tragic scene
And Bradshaw's bloody ghost, affright her there,
Her, who shall never fear?

Thou may'st Whitehall for Charles's seat be fit,
If Justice shall endure at Westminster to sit.

Of all, methinks we least should see
The cheerful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell, which does hardly still
The curses of so many sufferers fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous let her still remain
Lest, as a tempest carried him away,
Some hurricane should bring him back again.

* The star that appeared at noon, the day of the
king's birth, just as the king his father was riding
to St. Paul's, to give thanks to God for that
blessing.

Or, the night juffler be afraid
Left that great serpent, which was all a tail
(And in his poisonous folds whole nations pri-
soners made)

Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again and with worse fting arife,
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye facred Four!
And dread your peris'd enemies no more.
Your fears are caufeless all, and vain,
Whilst you return in Charles's train;
For God does him, that he might you, restore,
Nor shall the world him only call
Defender of the faith, but of you all.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to every port they flow,
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country
blow.

Honor does as ye march her trumpet found,
The Arts encompass you around,
And, against all alarms of Fear,
Safety itself brings up the rear;
And, in the head of this angelic band,
Lo! how the goodly Prince at last does stand
(O righteous God!) on his own happy land:
'Tis happy now, which could with so much ease
Recover from so desperate a disease;

A various complicated ill,
Whose every symptom was enough to kill;
In which one part of three frenzy possell,
And lethargy the rest.

'Tis happy, which no bleeding does endure,
A surfeit of such blood to cure:

'Tis happy, which holds the flame
In which by hostile hands it ought to burn.

Or that when, if from Heaven it came,
It did but well deserve, all into fire to turn.
We fear'd, and almost could the black degree
Of their expiation.

Of those, who'd dr all that we,
Of hume, of wounds and plague, should here cla-

(God's great instrument of salvation)
To freeze and to destroy the sinful nation.
Jelly was in Heaven's presence such as those
And last, Commendations for their safety, impos-

We fear'd that the fanatic war,
Which men against God's house did declare,
Would from th' Almighty enemy bring down
A sure destruction on our own.

We read th' instructive histories which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befall
The sacred town which God had lov'd so well,
After that fatal curse had once been fall,
"His blood be upon ours and on our children's
head."

We know, though there a greater blood was
spilt,

'Twas fearfully done with greater guilt.
We know those mischiefs that befall
Whilst they rebell'd against that Prince, whom
all

The rest of mankind did love and joy in man-
kind sell.

Already was the shaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was hasting on (we thought)
Even to the last of ills—annihilation:
When, in the midst of this confused night,
Lo! the blest Spirit mov'd, and there was light;
For, in the glorious General's previous ray,
We saw a new created day:

We by it saw, though yet in mists it shone,
The beauteous work of Order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did
blefs,

And with the marks of good success
Sign his allowance of their wickedness?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to
find

In the fierce thunder and the violent wind.

God came not till the storm was past;
In the still voice of Peace he came at last!
The cruel business of destruction
May by the claws of the great fiend be done:
Here, here we see th' Almighty's hand indeed,
Both by the beauty of the work we see't, and by
the speed.

He who had seen the noble British heir,
Even in that ill, disadvantageous light
With which misfortune strives t' abate our sight—
He who had seen him in his cloud so bright—

He who had seen the double pair
Of brother, heavenly good! and sisters, heavenly
fair!

Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with ease
(But wicked men see only what they please)

That God had no intent t' extinguish quite

The pious king's eclipsed right.

He who had seen how by the Power Divine
All the young branches of this royal line
Did in their fire, without consuming, shine—

How through a rough Red Sea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders led—

How many years of trouble and distress

They'd wander'd in their fond wilderness,

And yet did never murmur, or repine;—

Might, methinks, reply, and affirm,

That, after all these compass'd trials past,

Th' Almighty mercy would at last

Conduct them with a strong guiding hand

To their own Promis'd Land:

For all the glories of the earth

Ought to be crown'd by right of birth;

And all Heaven's blessings to come down

Upon his race, to whom alone was given

The double royalty of earth and heaven;

Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs'
crown.

The martyrs' blood was seed of old to be
The seed from whence the Church did grow,
The royal blood which dying Charles did sow
Becomes no less the seed of royalty:

'Twas in dishonour sown;

We find it now in glory grown,

The grave could but the dress of it devour;

'Twas sown in weakness, and 'tis rais'd in
"power."

We now the question well decided see,
Which eastern Wits did once contrive,
At the great Monarch's feast,
"Of all on earth what things the strongest be?"
And some for women, some for wine, did plead;
That is, for Folly and for Rage,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter age;
But, as 'tis prov'd by Heaven, at length,
The King and Truth have greatest strength,
When they their sacred force unite,
And twine into one right:
No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies;
No cheats, and perjuries, and lies;
No nets of human policies;
No stores of arms or gold (though you could join
Those of Peru to the great London mine);
No towns; no fleets by sea, or troops by land;
No deeply-entrench'd islands, can withstand,
Or any small resistance bring
Against the naked Truth and the unarmed King.

The foolish lights which travellers beguile
End the same night when they begin;
No art so far can upon nature win
As e'er to put-out stars, or long keep meteors in.
Where 's now that *Quintus Fabius*, which ere-while
Milded our wandering ill?
Where 's the impetuous Cromwell gone?
Where 's now that *Paulus* star his son?
Where 's the large Comet now, whose raging
flame
So fatal to our monarchy became;
Which o'er our heads in such proud horror stood,
Insatiate with our ruin and our blood?
The fiery tail did to vast length extend;
And twice for want of fuel did expire,
And twice renew'd the dismal fire:
Though long the tail, we saw at last its end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which, like an anti-comet here,
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away:
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
First strike our ravish'd sight;
Which malice or which art no more could stay,
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the resurrection of the day,
Or resurrection of the spring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Elate the preceding winter, and the night!

Man ought his future happiness to fear,
If he be always happy here—
He wants the bleeding marks of grace,
The circumcision of the chosen race.
If no one part of him supplies
The duty of a sacrifice,
He is, we doubt, reserv'd intire
As a whole victim for the fire.
Besides, ev'n in this world below,
To those who never did ill-fortune know,
The good does nauseous or insipid grow.
Consider man's whole life, and you'll confess
The sharp ingredient of some bad success
Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness.

But the true method of felicity
Is, when the worst
Of human life is plac'd the first,
And when the child's correction proves to be
The cause of perfecting the man:
Let our weak days lead up the van;
Let the brave Second and Triarian band
Firm against all impression stand:
The first we may defeated see;
The virtue of the force of these are sure of Victory.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now
we see
Begin their glorious march with thee:
Long may their march to heaven, and still tri-
umphant, be!

Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-fortune never shall o'ertake thee more.
To see't again, and pleasure in it find,
Cast a disdainful look behind;
Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory well-painted move delight.
Enjoy then all thy afflictions now—
Thy royal father's came at last:
Thy martyrdom's already past:
And different crowns to both ye owe.
No gold did e'er the kindly temples bind,
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.
As a choice medal for Heaven's treasury
God did stamp first upon one side of thee
The image of his suffering humanity:
On th' other side, turn'd now to light, does shine
The glorious image of his power divine!

So, when the wisest poets seek
In all their liveliest colours to set forth
A picture of heroic worth
(The pious Trojan or the prudent Greek);
They chuse some comely prince of heavenly birth
(No proud gigantic son of earth,
Who strives to usurp the gods' forbidden seat);
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be eat;
But in the cold of want, and storms of adverse
chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees.
The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,
And into solid crystal next advance.
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,
And from his flaming country flee:
Much is he toil at sea, and much at land;
Does long the force of angry gods withstand:
He does long troubles and long wars sustain,
Ere he his fatal birth-right gain.
With no less time or labour can
Destiny build up such a man,
Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd
His ruin'd country to rebuild.
Nor without cause are arms from Heaven,
To such a hero by the poets given:
No human metal is of force to oppose
So many and so violent blows.
Such was the helmet, breast-plate, shield,
Which Charles in all attacks did wield:
And all the weapons malice e'er could try,
Of all the several makes of wicked policy,

Against this armour struck, but at the stroke,
Like swords of ice, in thousand pieces broke.
To angels and their brethren spirits above,
No show on earth can sure so pleasant prove,
As when they great misfortunes see
With courage borne, and decency.
So were they borne when Worcester's dismal day
Did all the terrors of black Fate display!
So were they borne when no disguises' cloud
His inward royalty could shroud;
And one of th' angels whom just God did send
To guard him in his noble flight
(A troop of angels did him then attend!)
Assur'd me in a vision th' other night,
That he (and who could better judge than he?)
Did then more greatness in him see,
More lustre and more majesty,
Than all his coronation-pomp can shew to human eye.

Him and his royal brothers when I saw
New marks of honour and of glory
From their affronts and sufferings draw,
And look like heavenly saints e'en in their purgatory;
Methoughts I saw the three Judean Youths
(Three unhurt martyrs for the noblest truths!)
In the Chaldean furnace walk;
How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No hair is sing'd, no smallest beauty blasted!
Like painted lamps they shine unwaited!
The greedy fire itself dares not be fed
With the black oil of an anointed head.
The honourable flame
(Which rather light we ought to name)
Does like a glory compass them around,
And their whole body's crown'd.
What are those two bright creatures which
we see
Walk with the royal Three
In the same ordeal fire,
And mutual joys inspire?
Sure they the beauteous sisters are,
Who, whilst they seek to bear their share,
Will suffer no affliction to be there!
Let favour to those Three of old was shown,
To solace with their company
The fiery trials of adversity!
Two Angels join with these, the others had but one.

Come forth, come forth, ye men of God belov'd!
And let the power now of that flame,
Which against you so impotent became,
On all your enemies be prov'd.
Come, mighty Charles! desire of nations! come;
Come, you triumphant exile; home.
He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
Of a whole land which does at once rejoice,
I hear th' united people's sacred voice. }
The sea, which circles us around,
Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound;
The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,
And swells up every sail:
The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all;
The artificial joy's drown'd by the natural.

VOL. II.

All England but one bonfire seems to be,
One Ætna shooting flames into the sea:
The starry worlds, which shine to us afar,
Take ours at this time for a star.
With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits,
flow;
And we, the priests of a poetic rage,
Wonder that in this golden age
The rivers too should not do so.
There is no Stoic, sure, who would not now
Even some excess allow;
And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly
Should end our twenty years of dismal melancholy.

Where's now the royal mother, where,
To take her mighty share
In this so ravishing sight
And, with the part she takes, to add to the delight?
Ah! why art thou not here,
Thou always best, and now the happiest Queen!
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?
God has a bright example made of thee,
To shew that woman-kind may be
Above that sex which her superior seems,
In wisely managing the wide extremes
Of great affliction, great felicity.
How well those different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs, wife of martyrdom!
Thy princely mind with so much courage bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With so much goodness us'd felicity
That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee; }
'Tis come, and seen to-day in all its bravery!

Who's that heroic person leads it on,
And gives it like a glorious bride
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
Into the hands now of thy son?
'Tis the good General, the man of praise,
Whom God at last, in gracious pity,
Did to th' enthralled nation raise,
Their great Zerubbabel to be;
To loose the bonds of long captivity,
And to rebuild their temple and their city!
For ever blest may he and his remain,
Who, with a vast, though less-appearing, gain,
Preferr'd the solid Great above the Vain,
And to the world this princely truth has shown—
That more 'tis to restore, than to usurp a crown!
Thou worthiest person of the British story!
(Though 'tis not small the British glory)
Did I not know my humble verse must be
But ill proportion'd to the height of thee,
Thou and the world should see
How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,
Does make true praise her labour and design;
An Iliad or an Æneid should be thine.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, great patriots of the two
Most truly Other Houses now;
Who have redeem'd from hatred and from shame
A Parliament's once venerable name;
And now the title of a House restore,
To that which was but Slaughter-house before.

H

If my advice, ye worthies! might be ta'en,
 Within those reverend places,
 Which now your living presence graces,
 Your marble-statues always should remain,
 To keep alive your useful memory,
 And to your successors th' example be
 Of truth, religion, reason, loyalty:
 For, though a firmly-settled peace
 May shortly make your public labours cease,
 The grateful nation will with joy consent
 That in this sense you should be said,
 (Though yet the name sounds with some
 dread)
 To be the Long, the Endless, Parliament.

ON THE QUEEN'S REPAIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE.

WHEN God (the cause to me and men un-
 known)
 Forsook the royal houses, and his own,
 And both abandon'd to the common foe;
 How near to ruin did my glories go!
 Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place
 Which covetous hands could take, or rude deface.
 In all my rooms and galleries I found
 The richest figures torn, and all around
 Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay;
 Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day!
 And me, when nought for robbery was left,
 They starv'd to death: the gasping walls were cleft,
 The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept,
 No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept;
 Nothing was seen which could content the eye,
 Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.

See how my face is chang'd! and what I am
 Since my true mistress, and now foundress, came!
 It does not fill her bounty to restore
 Me as I was (nor was I small before):
 She imitates the kindness to her shown;
 She does, like Heaven (which the dejected throne
 At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)
 Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.
 And now I dare (though proud I must not be,
 Whilst my great mistress I so humbly see
 In all her various glories) now I dare
 Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare.
 My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,
 So just a boast with modesty endure;
 And all must to me yield, when I shall tell
 How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.

Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
 Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
 And every day there passes by my side,
 Up to its western reach, the London tide,
 The spring-tides of the term: my front looks
 down

On all the pride and business of the town;
 My other front (for, as in kings we see
 The liveliest image of the Deity,
 We in their houses should heaven's likeness find,
 Where nothing can be said to be Behind)
 My other fair and more majestic face
 (Who can the fair to more advantage place?)

For ever gazes on itself below,
 In the best mirror that the world can show.
 And here behold, in a long bending row,
 How two joint-cities make one glorious bow
 The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,
 Best to be seen by all, and all observ'd!
 Which way so'er I turn my joyful eye,
 Here the great court, there the rich town, I spy:
 On either side dwells safety and delight;
 Wealth on the left, and power upon the right.
 T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,
 Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand
 Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er
 Man's liberal piety of old did rear;
 Where the two princes of th' Apostles' band,
 My neighbours and my guards, watch and com-
 mand.

My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie,
 Might be my object too, were not the eye
 Stept by the houses of that wondrous street
 Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
 The stream's eternal siege th' y sixt abide,
 And the swollen stream's auxiliary tide,
 Though both their ruin with joint power conspire;
 Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but fire.
 And here my Thames, though it more gentle be
 Than any flood so strengthen'd by the sea,
 Finding by art his natural forces broke,
 And bearing, captive-like, the arch'd yoke,
 Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,
 But re-composes straight, and calms his face;
 Is into reverence and submission brook,
 As soon as from afar he does but look
 Tow'rs the white palace, where that king does
 reign

Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.

Amidst these louder honours of my seat,
 And two vast cities, troublefomely great,
 In a large various plain the country too
 Opens her gentler blessings to my view:
 In me the active and the quiet mind,
 By different ways, equal content may find.
 If any prouder virtuoso's sense

At that part of my prospect take offence,
 By which the meaner cabins are deserv'd,
 Of my imperial river's humbler side—
 If they call that a blemish—let them know,
 God, and my godlike mistress think not so;
 For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
 Most in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair river! who still pay'st to me
 Just homage, in thy passage to the sea,
 Take here this one instruction as thou go'st—
 When thy mixt waves shall visit every coast,
 When round the world their voyage they shall
 make,

And back to thee some secret channels take;
 Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,
 Except thy mighty master's sovereign fleet,
 Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
 The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.

From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last,
 (Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past!)
 From hence may omens take of that success
 Which both their future wars and peace shall
 bless.

The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build;
With her son's fabrics the rough sea is fill'd.

THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay:
And lo! a Muse appear'd to 's closed sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.
A golden harp with silver strings she bore;
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That nature or that fancy can create,
That art can never imitate;
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloath'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Minus's stream,
Pindar, her Eubœan favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on
her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from
the ground;

The shaken strings melodiously resound.

"Art thou return'd at last," said she,

"To this forsaken place and me?"

"Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste

"Of all thy youthful years the good estate;

"Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,

"And gather husks of learning up at last,

"Now the rich harvest time of life is past,

"And winter marches on so fast?"

"But, when I meant to adopt thee for my son,

"And did as learn'd a portion assign,

"As ever any of the mighty Nine

"Had to their dearest children done;

"When I resolv'd to exalt thy anointed name,

"Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;

"Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise

"and show,

"Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;

"Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share

"In all the follies and the tumults there:

"Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,

"And busiaest thou wouldst find, and wouldst

"create:

"Business! the frivolous pretence

"Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;

"Business! the grave impertinence;

"Business! the thing which I of all things hate;

"Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

"Go, renegado! cast up thy account

"And see to what amount

"Thy foolish gains by quitting me:

"The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,

"The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.

"Thou thought'st, if once the public storm
"were past,

"All thy remaining life should sun-shine be:

"Behold! the public storm is spent at last,

"The sovereign's tost at sea no more,

"And thou, with all the noble company,

"Art got at last to shore,

"But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see

"All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,

"Thou still alone, alas! does gaping stand

"Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand!

"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,

"After a tedious stormy night,

"Such was the glorious entry of our king;

"Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing;

"Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light!

"But then, alas! to thee alone,

"One of old Gideon's miracles was shown;

"For every tree and every herb around

"With pearly dew was crown'd,

"And upon all the quicken'd ground

"The fruitful seed of heaven did breeding lie,

"And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.

"It did all other threats surpass,

"When God to his own people said

"(The men whom through long wanderings he

"led)

"That he would give them ev'n a heaven

"of brass:

"They look'd up to that heaven in vain,

"That bounteous heaven, which God did not

"restrain

"Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and

"more

"Thou didst with faith and labour serve,

"And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,

"Though she contracted was to thee,

"Given to another who had store

"Of fairer and of richer wives before,

"And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be!

"Go on; twice seven years more thy fortune try;

"Twice seven years more God in his bounty may

"Give thee, to fling away

"Into the court's deceitful lottery:

"But think how likely 'tis that thou,

"With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,

"Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,

"Should even able be to live;

"Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,

"In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,

That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,

The melancholy Cowley said—

"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid

"The ills which thou thyself hast made?"

"When in the cradle innocent I lay,

"Thou, wicked spirit! fleest me away,

"And my abused soul didst bear

"Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,"

"Thy golden Indies in the air;

And ever since I strive in vain

"My ravish'd freedom to regain;

" Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
 " Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.
 " There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
 " Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;
 " No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
 " No useful plant can keep alive:
 " The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
 " Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
 " Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth
 " ever grow.

" When my new mind had no infusion known,
 " Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
 " That ever since I vainly try
 " To wash away th' inherent dye:
 " Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,
 " But never will reduce the native white:
 " To all the ports of honour and of gain,
 " I often steer my course in vain;
 " Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back
 " again.

" Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
 " The tinkling strings of thy loose melody.
 " Whoever this world's happiness would see,
 " Must as entirely cast-off thee,
 " As they who only heaven desire
 " Do from the world retire.

" This was my error, this my gross mistake,
 " Myself a demy-votary to make.
 " Thus, with Supplina and her husband's fate
 " (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),
 " For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
 " And perish for the part which I retain.

" Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
 " The court, and better king, t' accuse:
 " The heaven under which I live is fair,
 " The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
 " Thine, thine is all the barrenness; if thou
 " Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should
 plough.

" When I but think how many a tedious year
 " Our patient sovereign did attend
 " His long misfortunes' fatal end;
 " How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
 " On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend;
 " I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuse
 " To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
 " Kings have long hands, they say; and, though
 " I be
 " So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 " However, of all princes, thou
 " Should'st not reproach rewards for being small
 " or slow;
 " Thou! who reward'st but with popular breath
 " And that too after death."

ON COLONEL TUKE'S TRAGI-COMEDY,
THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

AS when our kings (lords of the spacious main)
 Take in just wars a rich plate-fleet of Spain,
 The rude unshapen ingots they reduce
 Into a form of beauty and of use;

On which the conqueror's image now does shine,
 Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine:
 So, in the mild contentions of the Muse
 (The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)
 So have you home to us in triumph brought
 This Cargazon of Spain with treasures fraught.
 You have not basely gotten it by stealth.
 Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth;
 But by a powerful spirit made it your own;
 Metal before, money by you 'tis grown.
 'Tis current now, by your adorning it
 With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.

But, though we praise this voyage of your mind,
 And though ourselves enrich'd by it we find;
 We're not contented yet, because we know
 What greater stores at home within it grow.
 We've seen how well you foreign ores refine;
 Produce the gold of your own nobler mine:
 The world shall then our native plenty view,
 And fetch materials for their wit from you;
 They all shall watch the travails of your pen,
 And Spain on you shall make reprisals then.

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. KATHARINE PHILIPS.

CRUEL Disease! ah, could not it suffice
 Thy old and constant spite to exercise
 Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
 Which still thy depredations most do vex?
 Where still thy malice most of all
 (Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?
 And in them most assault the fairest place,
 The throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the face?
 There was enough of that here to assuage,
 (One would have thought) either thy lust or rage.
 Was't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease!
 Didst on this glorious temple seize?

Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,
 All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
 Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
 Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
 But thou must quite destroy, the goodly pile?
 And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
 On th' inward holiest hely of her wit?
 Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy power;
 No mine of death can that devour;
 On her enshrin'd name it will abide
 An everlasting pyramid,
 As high as heaven the top, as earth the basis
 wide.

All ages past record, all countries now
 In various kinds such equal beauties show,
 That ev'n judge Paris would not know
 On whom the golden apple to bestow;
 Though Goddesses t' his sentence did submit,
 Women and lovers would appeal from it:
 Nor durst he say, of all the female race,
 This is the sovereign face.

And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,
 That's much, ah, much less frequent than the
 fair)
 So equally renown'd for virtue are,

That it the mother of the Gods might pose,
 When the best woman for her guide she chose.
 But if Apollo should design
 A woman Laureat to make,
 Without dispute he would Orinda take,
 Though Sappho and the famous Nine
 Stood by, and did repine.
 To be a princess, or a queen,
 Is great; but 'tis a greatness always seen:
 The world did never but two women know,
 Who, one by fraud, the other by wit, did rise
 To the two tops of spiritual dignities;
 One female pope of old, one female poet now.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
 Nothing is shown, but only told,
 And all we hear of them perhaps may be
 Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.
 Few minutes did their beauty's lightning waste,
 The thunder of their voice did longer last,
 But that too soon was past.
 The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
 In her own lasting characters are writ,
 And they will long my praise of them survive,
 Though long perhaps, too, that may live.
 The trade of glory, manag'd by the pen,
 Though great it be, and every where is found,
 Does bring in but small profit to us men;
 'Tis, by the number of the sharers, drown'd.
 Orinda, on the female coasts of Fame,
 Ingrosses all the goods of a poetic name;
 She does no partner with her fee;
 Does all the business there alone, which we
 Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine;
 Unless to virtue's prop it join,
 Firm and erect towards heaven bound;
 Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant
 fruit be crown'd,
 It lies, deform'd and rotting, on the ground.
 Now shame and blushes on us all,
 Who our own sex superior call!
 Orinda does our boasting sex out-do,
 Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
 She does above our best examples rise,
 In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.
 Never did spirit of the manly make,
 And dip'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,
 A temper more invulnerable take.
 No violent passion could an entrance find
 Into the tender goodness of her mind:
 Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
 Force their impetuous way;
 When her soft breast they hit, powerles and dead
 they lay!

The fame of Friendship, which so long had told
 Of three or four illustrious names of old,
 Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,
 Rejoices now to have got a new,
 A new and more surprizing story,
 Of fair Lucina's and Orinda's glory.
 As when a prudent man does once perceive
 That in some foreign country he must live,
 The language and the manners he does strive

To understand and practice here,
 That he may come no stranger there;
 So well Orinda did herself prepare,
 In this much different clime, for her remove
 To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old negro's darksome womb!
 Which, when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mase put on kind looks and smil'd;
 Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow!
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth
 make love!
 Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
 Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
 Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee!
 Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lussy bride-
 groom he!
 Say from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly?
 Swiftnefs and power by birth are thine:
 From thy great fire they came, thy fire the Word
 Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
 That so much cost in colour thou,
 And skill in painting, dost bestow,
 Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.
 Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
 Thy race is finish'd when begun;
 Let a post-angel start with thee,
 And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.
 Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
 And all the year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal
 spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
 Thy sun's gilt tents for ever move,
 And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.
 Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble glow-worms to adorn,
 And with those living spangles gild
 (O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.
 Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
 Alham'd, and fearful to appear,
 They ikreen their horrid shapes with the black
 hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
 Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
 At the first opening of thine eye
 The various clusters break, the anticatoms fly.
 The guilty serpents, and obscene beasts,
 Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:

Nature to thee does reverence pay,
 Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.
 At thy appearance, Grief itself is laid
 To shake his wings and renounce his head;
 And cloudy Care has often took
 A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.
 At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
 Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.
 Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
 To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the
 knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
 Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
 To Darkness' curtains he retires;
 In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.
 When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
 Out of the morning's purple bed,
 Thy quire of birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.
 The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume
 A body's privilege to assume,
 Vanish again invisibly,
 And bodies gain again their visibility.
 All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
 Is but thy several liveries;
 Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
 Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou
 go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
 A crown of fludded gold thou bear'st;
 The virgin-lilies, in their white,
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.
 The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
 On the fair tulip thou dost doat;
 Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.
 With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,
 And solid colours in it mix:
 Flora herself envies to see
 Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.
 Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand
 withhold,
 And be less liberal to gold!
 Didst thou less value to be give,
 Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man
 relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
 And all fair days much fairer are.
 But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
 Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! ev'n to thee.
 Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
 Which open all their pores to thee,
 Like a clear river thou dost glide,
 And with thy living stream through the close
 channels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
 Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
 Takes there possession, and does make,
 Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
 In th' empyrean heaven does stay.
 Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
 From thence took first their rise, thither at last
 must flow.

TO THE
 ROYAL SOCIETY.

PHILOSOPHY, the great and only heir
 Of all that human knowledge which has been
 Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
 Though full of years he do appear
 (Philosophy, I say, and call it He;
 For, whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,
 It a male-virtue seems to me)
 Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
 Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.
 Three or four thousand years, one would have
 thought,
 To ripeness and perfection might have brought
 A science so well bred and nurs'd,
 And of such hopeful parts too at the first:
 But, oh! the guardians and the tutors, then
 (Some negligent and some ambitious men)
 Would ne'er consent to set him free,
 Or his own natural powers to let him see
 Left that should put an end to their authority,

That his own business he might quite forget,
 They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton wit;
 With the desserts of poetry they fed him,
 Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
 Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
 Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse:
 Instead of carrying him to see
 The riches which do hoarded for him lie
 In Nature's endless treasury,
 They chose his eye to entertain
 (His curious but not covetous eye)
 With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
 Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown,
 That labour'd to assert the liberty
 (From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
 Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
 But 't was rebellion call'd, to fight
 For such a long-oppressed right.
 Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
 (Whom a wise king, and Nature, chose,
 Lord chancellor of both their laws)
 And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority—which did a body boast,
 Though 'twas but air condens'd, and fusk'd
 about,
 Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
 To terrify the learned rout
 With the plain magic of true Reason's light—
 He chac'd out of our fight;
 Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
 By the vain shadows of the dead:
 To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd
 phantom fled.

He broke that monstrous God which stood
 In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim;
 Which with a useless scythe of wood,
 And something else not worth a name
 (Both vast for fiew, yet neither fit
 Or to defend, or to beget;
 Ridiculous and senseless terrors!) made
 Children and superstitious men afraid.
 The orchard's open now, and free,
 Bacon has broke the scare-crow deity:
 Come, enter, all that will,
 Behold the ripen'd fruit, come gather now your
 fill!
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the forbidden tree—
 We would be like the Deity—
 When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we,
 Without the senses' aid, within ourselves would see;
 For 'tis God only who can find
 All Nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought
 (Though we our thoughts from them perversely
 drew)

To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:
 Like foolish birds, to painted grapes we flew;
 He sought and gather'd for our use the true;
 And, when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
 He press'd them wisely the mechanic way,
 Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
 Ferment into a nourishment divine,
 The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
 Who to the life an exact piece would make,
 Must not from others' work a copy take;
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyke;
 Much less content himself to make it like
 Th' ideas and the images which lie
 In his own fancy or his memory.
 No, he before his sight must place
 The natural and living face;
 The real object must command
 Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

From these and all long errors of the way,
 In which our wandering predecessors went,
 And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray,
 In deserts but of small extent,
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last:
 The barren wilderness he pass'd;
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the blest promis'd land;
 And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.

But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover worlds and conquer too;
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.
 The work he did we ought to admire;
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
 Of low affliction and high happiness:
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That's always in a triumph or a fight?

From you, great champions! we expect to get
 These spacious countries, but discover'd yet;

Countries, where yet, instead of Nature, we
 Her images and idols worship'd see:
 These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
 Though Learning has whole armies at command,
 Quarter'd about in every land,
 A better troop she ne'er together drew:
 Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
 God with design has pick'd out you,
 To do these noble wonders by a few:
 When the whole host he saw, "They are"
 (said he)

"Too many to overcome for me;"
 And now he chooses out his men,
 Much in the way that he did then;
 Not those many whom he found
 Idly extended on the ground,
 To drink with their dejected head
 The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled:
 No; but those few who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
 Their wondrous pattern too you take;
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.

To! found too the trumpets here!
 Already your victorious lights appear;
 New scenes of heaven already we espy,
 And crowds of golden worlds on high,
 Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
 Could never yet discover'd be,
 By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.
 Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
 No smallness her near objects can secure;
 Y' have taught the curious sight to press
 Into the privatest recess
 Of her imperceptible littleness!
 Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
 And well begun her deepest sense to understand!

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
 So virtuous and so noble a design,
 So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
 The things which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,
 Those smallest things of nature let me know,
 Rather than all their greatest actions do!
 Whoever would depose Truth advance
 Into the throne usurp'd from it,
 Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,
 And the sharp points of envious Wit.
 So, when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
 In many thousand years

A star, so long unknown, appears,
 Though heaven itself more beautiful by it
 grow,
 It troubles and alarms the world below;
 Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show.

With courage and success you the bold work
 begin;

Your cradle has not idle been:
 None e'er, but Hercules and you would be
 At five years age worthy a history.
 And ne'er did Fortune better yet
 Th' historian to the story fit:

As you from all old errors free
 And purge the body of Philosophy;
 So from all modern follies he
 Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
 His candid style like a clear stream does glide,
 And his bright fancy, all the way,
 Does like the sun-shine in it play;
 It does, like Thames, the best of rivers! glide.
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,
 But gently pour, the crystal urn,
 And with judicious hand does the whole current
 guide:
 'T has all the beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely dress, without the paint, of
 Art.

UPON THE
 CHAIR MADE OUT OF
 SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP,
 PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
 OF OXFORD, BY JOHN DAVIS, OF
 DEPTFORD, ESQUIRE.

TO this great ship, which round the globe
 has run,
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim
 Without presumption so deserv'd a name,
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)
 In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
 Drake and his ship could not have with'd from Fate
 A more blest station, or more blest estate;
 For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
 To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.

PROLOGUE
 TO THE CUTTER OF COLMAN STREET.

AS, when the midland sea is no where clear
 From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier—
 Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,
 And upon which nought can be got but blows—
 The merchant-ships so much their passage doubt,
 That, though full-freighted, none dares venture
 out,
 And trade decays, and scarcity ensues:
 Just so the timorous wits of late refuse,
 Though laded, to put forth upon the stage,
 Affrighted by the critics of this age.
 It is a party numerous, watchful, bold;
 They can from nought, which fails in sight,
 with-hold;
 Nor do their cheap, though mortal, thunder spare;
 They shoot, alas! with wind-guns charg'd with air.
 But yet, gentlemen-critics of Argier,
 For your own interest I'd advise ye here,
 To let this little forlorn-hope go by
 Safe and untouch'd, "That must not be"
 (you'll cry.)
 If ye be wise, it must; I'll tell you why.

There are seven, eight, nine—stay—there are
 behind

Ten plays at least, which wait but for a wind,
 And the glad news that we the enemy miss;
 And those are all your own, if you spare this.
 Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new;
 Some by known shipwrights built, and others too
 By that great author made, whoe'er he be,
 That styles himself "Person of Quality;"
 All these, if we miscarry here to-day,
 Will rather till they rot in th' harbour stay;
 Nay, they will back again, though they were
 come

Ev'n to their last safe road, the tiring-room.
 Therefore again I say, if you be wise,
 Let this for once pass free; let it suffice
 That we, your sovereign power here to avow,
 Thus humbly, ere we pass, strike fail to you.

ADDED AT COURT.

STAY, gentlemen; what I have said was all
 But forc'd submission, which I now recall
 Ye're all but pirates now again; for here
 Does the true sovereign of the seas appear,
 The sovereign of these narrow seas of wit;
 'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
 'Tis his dominion and domain; as he
 Pleases, 'tis either shut to us, or free.
 Not only, if his passport we obtain,
 We fear no little rovers of the main;
 But, if our Neptune his calm visage show,
 No wave shall dare to rise or wind to blow.

THE MISTRESS,

OR
 SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

"*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*"—VIRG.

THE REQUEST.

I'VE often wish'd to love; what shall I do?
 Me still the cruel boy does spare;
 And I a double task must bear,
 First to woo him, and then a mistress too.
 Come at last and strike, for shame,
 If thou art any thing besides a name;
 I'll think thee else no God to be,
 But poets rather Gods, who first created thee.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow;
 Let me but love, whate'er she be,
 She cannot seem deform'd to me;
 And I would have her seem to others so.
 Desire takes wings and fruit does fly,
 It stays not dully to enquire the Why.
 That happy thing, a lover, grown,
 I shall not see with others' eyes, scarce with mine
 own.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble fire;
 If her chill heart I cannot move;
 Why I'll enjoy the very love,
 And make a mistress of my own desire.

Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
And purest light, if compass'd round with cold:
So, when sharp winter means most harm,
The springing pian ~~are~~ by the snow itself kept warm.

But do not touch my heart, and so begone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in!
Lukewarmness I account a sin,
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames; for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
'Th' excess of heat is but a fable;
We know the torrid zone is now found habitable.

Among the woods and forests thou art found,
There boars and lions thou dost tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let Venus, men; and beasts Diana wound!
Thou dost the birds thy subjects make;
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
Thou all the spring their songs dost hear;
Make me love too, I'll sing to' thee all the year!

What service can mute fishes do to thee?
Yet against them thy dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their scales;
And still thy sea-born mother lives i' th' sea.
Dost thou deny only to me
The no-great privilege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;
Either thy pity to me, or else thine anger, show.
Come! or I'll teach the world to scorn that bow:
I'll teach them thousand wholesome arts
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More than thy skillful Ovid e'er did know.
Music of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's tasteful tear:
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My verses shall not only wound, but murder, thee.

THE THRALDOM.

I COME, I saw, and was undone;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;
A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;
A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The poison that was enter'd there.
So a destroying angel's breath
Blows in the plague, and with it hasty death:
Such was the pain, did so begin,
To the poor wretch, when Legion enter'd in.
"Forgive me, God!" I cry'd; "for I
"Flatter'd myself I was to die."
But quickly to my cost I found,
'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound;
Death a more generous rage does use;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuse:
Whilst Love with barbarous mercy lives
The vanquish'd live, to make them slaves.
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I am thy slave then; I t me know,
Hard master! the great task I have to do:
Who pride and scorn do undergo.
In tempests and rough seas thy galleys row;
They pant, and groan, and sigh; but find
Their sighs increase the angry wind.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, some
Thou weariest out in building but a tomb;
Others, with sad and tedious art,
Labour i' th' quarries of a stony heart.
Of all the works thou dost assign,
To all the several slaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine. }

THE GIVEN LOVE.

ILL on; for what should hinder me
From loving and enjoying thee?
Thou canst not those exceptions make,
Which vulgar, sordid mortals take—
That my fate's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I should love thee so,
If that dull cause could hinder me
In loving and enjoying thee.

It does not me a whit displease,
That the rich all honours seize:
That you all titles make your own,
Are valiant, learned, wise, alone:
But, if you claim o'er women too
The power which over men ye do;
If you alone must lovers be;
For that, Sirs, you must pardon me.
Rather than lose what does so near
Concern my life and being here,
I'll some such crooked ways invent,
As you, or your forefathers, went:
I'll flatter or oppose the king,
Turn Puritan, or any thing;
I'll force my mind to arts so new:
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in paradise did reign;
When perfect love did so agree
With innocence and poverty,
Adam did no jointure give;
Himself was jointure to his Eve:
Untouch'd with avarice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back to his side.

A curse upon the man who taught
Women, that love was to be bought;
Rather dear only of your gold,
And that with greedy avarice hold,
For, if woman too submit
To that, and sell herself for it,
Fond lover! you a misser have
Of her that's but your fellow-slave.

What should those wars mean of old,
That made their call to war in gold?
Of all men, sure, that had no cause
To bind love to such earthly laws,

And yet I scarcely blame them now;
For who, alas! would not allow,
That women should such gifts receive,
Could they, as he, be what they give.

If thou, my dear, thyself shouldst prize,
Alas! what value would suffice?
The Spaniard could not do 't, though he
Should to both Indies jointure thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou shouldst any bargain make;
To give all, will besit thee well;
But not at under-rates to sell.

Bestow thy beauty then on me,
Freely, as nature gave 't to thee;
'Tis an exploded popish thought
To think that heaven may be bought.
Prayers, hymns, and praises, are the way,
And those my thankful Muse shall pay:
Thy body, in my verse enshrined,
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To Sacherissa's well-sung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when, at the last great assize,
All women shall together rise,
Men strait shall cast their eyes on thee,
And know at first that thou art she.

THE SPRING.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must
say

The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and as free,
As if they sung to pleasure you:
I saw a rose-bud ope this morn—I'll swear
The blushing morning open'd not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?
Could they remember but last year,
How you did them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the fight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade,
Is 't possible they should not know,
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull creatures! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the God of Wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;

In vain did Nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun—
They call'd their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.

How would those learned trees have follow'd you?
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're
gone,

They're here the only fair, and shine alone:

You did their natural rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it:
The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

Where'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.

The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear;
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are:

'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring.

WRITTEN IN

JUICE OF LEMON.

WHILST what I write I do not see,
I dare thus, ev'n to you, write poetry.
Ah, foolish Muse! which dost so high aspire,
And know'st her judgment well,
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'st be read by, thy just doom, the fire.

Alas! thou think'st thyself secure,
Because thy form is innocent and pure:
Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here;
But, when they sadly come to die,
And the last fire their truth must try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, since thou needs must sin, confess it too
Confess 't, and with humility clothe thy shame;
For thou, who else must burned be
An heretic, if she pardon thee,
May'st like a martyr then enjoy the flame.

But, if her wisdom grow severe,
And suffer not her goodness to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly 't restrain;
Be not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

Strange power of heat! thou yet dost show
Like winter-earth, naked or cloath'd with snow;
But as, the quickening sun approaching near,
The plants arise up by degrees;
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind Nature's characters appear.

So, nothing yet in thee is seen;
But, when a genial heat warms thee within,

A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

Still, silly paper! thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with ink:
Oh, no; there's sense in this, and mystery—
Thou now may'st change thy author's name,
And to her hand lay noble claim;
For, as she reads, she makes the words in thee.

Yet—if thine own unworthiness
Will still that thou art mine, not her's, confess—
Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,
And so her grace or pity move:
The gods, though beasts they do not love,
Yet like them when they're burnt in sacrifice.

INCONSTANCY.

FIVE years ago (says Story) I lov'd you,
For which you call me most inconstant now;
Pardon me, Madam! you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then;
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me;
And that my mind is chang'd, yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most frangely' inconstant prove,
If from one subject they t' another move;
My members then the father-members were
From whence these take their birth which now
are here.

If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconstant name,
Because the weather is not still the same
That it was yesterday—or blame the year,
'Cause the spring flowers, and autumn fruit, does
bear.

The world's a scene of changes; and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy;
For 'twere to break the laws herself has made:
Our substances themselves do fleet and fade;
The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of time 'tis measur'd by.
T' imagine then that Love should never cease
(Love, which is but the ornament of these)
Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and colour stays not when we die.

NOT FAIR.

TIS very true, I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are;
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then, methoughts, there something shin'd
within,
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin;
Nor could I chuse but count it the sun's light,
Which made this cloud appear so bright.

But, since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside,
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
Whire as his teeth would seem to be.
So men (they say) by hell's delusions led,
Have ta'en a succubus to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
'Till the cleft foot discovers all:
Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves
with fear;
And devil, as 'tis, it does appear.
So, since against my will I found thee foul,
Defam'd and crooked in thy soul,
My reason strait did to my senses shew,
That they might be mistaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair;
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
They'll call their eyes as false as thee.
Be what thou wilt, hate will present thee so
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do.

PLATONIC LOVE.

INDEED I must confess,
When souls mix 'tis an happiness;
But not compleat till bodies too combine,
And closely as our minds together join:
But half of heaven the souls in glory taste,
Till by love in heaven, at last,
Their bodies too are plac'd.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art;
But something 'tis that differs thee and me:
And we must one even in that difference be.
I thee, both as a man and woman, prize;
For a perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love pass,
When a fair woman courts her glass?
Something unlike must in love's likeness be;
His wonder is, one, and variety:
For he, whose soul nought but a soul can move,
Does a new Narcissus prove,
And his own image love.

That souls do beauty know,
'Tis to the bodies' help they owe;
If, when they know 't, they straight abuse that trust,
And shut the body from 't, 'tis as unjust
As if I brought my dearest friend to see
My mistress, and at th' instant he
Should steal her quite from me.

THE CHANGE.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there,

In all her outward part Love's always seen;
But oh! he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride:
So, the earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do
drefs,
With other beauties numberless;
But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
There wicked spirits, and there the damned,
dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Despair and peleness in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll
prove
Within too stor'd enough of love:
Give me but your's, I'll by that change so thrive,
That love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

FAIREST thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Would'st thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than winter when 'tis clad with snow.

'Tis not the linen shews so fair;
Her skin shines through, and makes it bright:
So clouds themselves like suns appear,
When the sun pierces them with light:
So, lilies in a glass inclose,
The glass will seem as white as those.

Thou now one heap of beauty art;
Nought outwards, or within, is foul:
Condensed beams make every part;
Thy body's cloathed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which does itself display,
Like a star, plac'd i' th' milky-way.

Such robes the saints departed wear,
Woven all with light divine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with such full glory shine:
But they regard not mortals' pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

Yet, seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still;
Thou would'st not take this garment, fare,
When thou hadst an intent to kill!
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
When the white flag he sees hung out?

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

SO men, who once have cast the truth away,
Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more:
Their zeal was senseless fruit, and boundless,
grown;

They worship'd many a beast and many a stone.
Ah, fair apostate! couldst thou think to flee
From Truth and Goodness, yet keep unity?
I reign'd alone; and my blest self could call
The universal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine, her fair East-Indies were above,
Where those suns rise that cheer the world of
Love?

Where beauties shine like gems of richest price:
Where coral grows, and every breath is spice:
Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endless treasures grow.
But, as when the Persian conqueror dy'd,
Many small princes did his crown divide;
So, since my love his vanquish'd world forsook,
Murder'd by poisons from her falsehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

HER body is so gently bright,
Clear and transparent to the sight
(Clear as fair crystal to the view,
Yet soft as that, ere stone it grew)
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
The brighter soul that dwells within:
Our eyes the subtle covering pass,
And see that lily through its glass.
I through her breast her heart espy,
As souls in hearts do souls descry:
I see 't with gentle motions beat;
I see light in 't, but find no heat.
Within, like angels in the sky,
A thousand gilded thoughts do fly;
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
Fair and chaste as mother-mind.
But oh! what other heart is there,
Which sighs and crouds to her's so near
'Tis all on flame, and does, like fire,
To that, as to its heaven, aspire!
The wounds are many in't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and still does weep!
Whose ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot choose but grieve to see:
What pity in my breast does reign!
Methinks I feel too all its pain.
So torn, and so defac'd, it lies,
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
But oh! at last I heard it groan,
And knew by th' voice that 'twas mine own.
So poor Alcione, when she saw
A shipwreck'd body towards her draw,

Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear:
But, when the corpse on shore were cast,
Which the her husband found at last,
What should the wretched widow do?
Grief chang'd her fruit; away she flew,
Turn'd to a bird: and so at last shall I
Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICS.

SO angels love; so let them love for me;
When I'm all soul, such shall my love too be:
Who nothing here but like a spirit would do,
In a short time, believe 't, will be one too.
But, shall our love do what in beasts we see?
Ev'n beasts eat too, but not so well as we:
And you as justly might in thirst refuse
The use of wine, because beasts water use:
They taste those pleasures as they do their food;
Undress'd they take 't, devour it raw and crude:
But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant sauce of sharp desire.
Beasts do the same: 'tis true; but ancient Fame
Says, Gods themselves turn'd beasts to do the same.
The Thunderer, who, without the female bed,
Could Goddesses bring forth from out his head,
Chose rather mortals this way to create;
So much he esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.
Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn;
In this cold world they'll hardly serve our turn;
As useless to despairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men in th' frigid zone.
The sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below,
Such is Love's noblest and divinest heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Just you call this; a name to your's more just,
If an inordinate desire be lust:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More lustful was, than the hot youth of Troy.

THE VAIN LOVE.

LOVING ONE FIRST BECAUSE SHE COULD LOVE
NOBODY, AFTERWARDS LOVING HER
WITH DESIRE.

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to hide me?
Stranger art like him that should devise
To make a burning glass of ice:
When winter so, the plants would harm,
Her snow itself does keep them warm.
Fool that I was! who, having found
A rich and sunny diamond,
Admir'd the hardness of the stone,
But not the light which it shon on:
Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately and monarchical.

All gentleness, with that esteem'd,
A dull and slavish virtue seem'd;
Should'st thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;
For who would serve one, whom he sees
That he can conquer if he please?
It far'd with me, as if a slave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majestic pride
His conqueror through the streets does ride,
Should be contented with his woe,
Which makes up such a comely show.
I fought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn;
My covetous passion did approve
The hoarding-up, not use, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A foolish, but a pleasant one:
From which I'm waken'd now; but, oh!
Prisoners to die are waken'd so;
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings, with despair:
Despair, whose torments no men, sure,
But lovers and the damn'd, endure.
Her scorn I doated once upon,
Ill object for affection;
But since, alas! too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas something that I lov'd;
Now my desires are worse, and fly
At an impossibility:
Desires which, whilst so high they soar,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.
What lover can like me complain,
Who first lov'd vainly, next in vain!

THE SOUL.

IF mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that's fair;
Or ears, that they have music found
Besides thy voice, in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet,
After thy kiss, with aught that's sweet,
If my abused touch allow
Aught to be smooth, or soft, but you;
If what reasonable springs,
Or the Eastern summer, brings,
Do my flesh persuade at all
Aught perfume, but thy breath, to call;
If all my senses' objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And so through thee more powerful pass,
As beams do through a burning glass;
If all things that in nature are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in thee so epitom'd,
That nought material's not compris'd;
May I as worthless seem to thee
As all, but thou, appears to me!
If I ever anger know,
If foul wrong be done to you;
If Gods or Kings my envy move,
Without their crowns crown'd in my love.

If ever I an hope admit,
 Without thy image stamp'd on it;
 Or any fear, till I begin
 To find that you're concern'd therein;
 If a joy e'er come to me,
 That tastes of any thing but thee;
 If any sorrow touch my mind,
 Whilst you are well, and not unkind;
 If I a minute's space debate,
 Whether I shall curse and hate
 The things beneath thy hatred fall,
 Though all the world, myself and all;
 And for love—if ever I
 Approach to it again so nigh,
 As to allow a toleration
 To the least glimmering inclination:
 If thou alone dost not controul
 All those tyrants of my soul,
 And to thy beauties ty'st them so,
 That constant they as habits grow;
 If any passion of my heart,
 By any force, or any art,
 Be brought to move one step from thee,
 May'st thou no passion have for me!

If my busy Imagination,
 Do not thee in all things fashion;
 So that all fair species be
 Hieroglyphic marks of thee;
 If when she her sports does keep
 (The lower soul being all asleep)
 She play one dream, with all her art,
 Where thou hast not the longest part;
 If aught get place in my remembrance,
 Without some badge of thy resemblance—
 So that thy parts become to me
 A kind of art of memory;—
 If my Understanding do
 Seek any knowledge but of you;
 If she do near thy body prize
 Her bodies of philosophies;
 If she to the Will do shew
 Aught desirable but you;
 Or, if that would not rebel,
 Should she another doctrine tell;
 If my Will do not resign
 All her liberty to thine;
 If she would not follow thee,
 Though Fate and thou should'st disagree;
 And if (for I a curse will give,
 Such as shall force thee to believe)
 My soul be not entirely thine;
 May thy dear body ne'er be mine!

THE PASSIONS.

FROM Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy, free
 And all the passions else that be,
 In vain I boast of liberty,
 In vain this state a freedom call;
 Since I have Love, and Love is all:
 Not that I am, who think it fit to brag
 That I have no disease besides the plague!

So in a zeal the sons of Israel
 Sometimes upon their idols fell,
 And they depos'd the powers of hell;
 Baal and Astarte down they threw,
 And Acharon and Moloch too:
 All this imperfect piety did no good,
 Whilst yet, alas! the calf of Bethel stood.

Fondly I boast, that I have dress'd my vine
 With painful art, and that the wine
 Is of a taste rich and divine;
 Since Love, by mixing poison there,
 Has made it worse than vinegar.

Love ev'n the taste of Nectar changes so,
 That Gods chuse rather water here below.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all passions else that be,
 Drive this one tyrant out of me,
 And practise all your tyranny!
 The change of its some good will do:
 Th' oppress'd wretched Indians so,
 Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,
 Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

WISDOM.

TIS mighty wife that you would now be
 thought,
 With your grave rules from musty morals brought;
 Through which some streaks too of divinity ran,
 Partly of Monk and partly Puritan;
 With tedious repetitions too you've ta'en
 Often the name of vanity in vain.
 Things which, I take it, friend, you'd ne'er recite,
 Should she I love but say t' you, "Come at
 "night"

The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
 'Till Wisdom from above did him enlight;
 But, when that gift his ignorance did remove,
 Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.
 And, if by event the counsels may be seen,
 This Wisdom 'was that brought the southern
 queen:

She came not, like a good old wife, to know
 The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
 Nor did so far from her own country roam,
 To cure scald-heads and broken-shins at home;
 She came for that, which more befits all wives,
 The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

THE DESPAIR.

BENEATH this gloomy shade,
 By Nature only for my sorrows made,
 I'll spend this voice in cries;
 In tears I'll waste these eyes,
 By Love so vainly fed.
 So Lust, of old, the Deluge punished.
 "Ah, wretched youth!" said I;
 "Ah, wretched youth!" twice did I sadly cry;
 "Ah, wretched youth!" the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but "Never," and "In vain."
"Never," alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the internal flame:
"Never" my time to come must waste;
"In vain" torments the present and the past.
"In vain, in vain," said I;
"In vain, in vain!" twice did I sadly cry;
"In vain, in vain!" the fields and floods reply.

No more shall fields or floods do so;
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this world's noise appears to me
A dull, ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the sun's busy and impertinent light.
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; and for a while was
dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

"Ah, foolish Soul!" said I,
When back to 'its cage again I saw it fly;
"Fool, to resume her broken chain,
"And row her galley here again!
"Fool, to that body to return
"Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn!
"Once dead, how can it be,
"Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
"That thou should'st come to live it o'er again
"in me?"

THE WISH.

WELL then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy:
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wife, and both delightful too!
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only lov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, cas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that the
Has coin'd and heap'd for good.

Pride and ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurstle murmurs
scatter,
And nought but echo flatter.

The Gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear—
Left men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

MY DIET.

NOW, by my Love, the greatest oath that is.
None loves you half so well as I:
I do not ask your love for this;
But for Heaven's sake believe me, or I die.
No servant e'er but did deserve
His master should believe that he does serve;
And I'll ask no more wages, though I starve.
'Tis no luxurious diet this, and sure
I shall not by 't too lusty prove;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together life and love.
Being your prisoner and your slave,
I do not feasts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water's all I crave.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty, at least;
Fifty, a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feast:
A thousand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vast eternity!

THE THIEF.

THOU robb'st my days of business and de-
lights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights;
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of heaven too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me;
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus,
Like an ill conscience, torture us?
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltless e'er was haunted so!)
Still, still, methinks, thy face I view,
And still thy shape does me pursue,
As if, not you me, but I had murder'd you.

From books I strive some remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 'tis writ, I find that there,
Like points and compass, every where.

Me blest for this let no man hold ;
For I, as Midas did of old,
Perish by turning every thing to gold.

What do I seek, alas ! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly ?
For making thee my deity,
I gave thee then ubiquity.
My pains resemble hell in this ;
The divine presence there too is,
But to torment men, not to give them bliss.

ALL-OVER LOVE.

TIS well, 'tis well with them, say I,
Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves
can die ;

For none can be unhappy, who,
'Midst all his ills, a time does know
(Though ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

Whatever parts of me remain,
Those parts will still the love of thee retain ;
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But, like a God, by powerful art
'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

My affection no more perish can
Than the first matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter, if one dust of me
Mix'd with another's substance be,
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
My atoms over all the universe :
At the least they easily shall
Themselves know, and together call :
For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all.

LOVE AND LIFE.

NOW, sure, within this twelvemonth past,
I've lov'd at least some twenty years or
more :

Th'account of Love runs much more fast
Than that with which our life does score :
So, though my life be short, yet I may prove
The great Methusalem of Love.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than those our being's measur'd by ;
But they're more close compacted far,
And so in lesser room do lie :
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
Things solid take up little place.

Yet Love, alas ! and Life, in me,
Are not two several things, but purely one ;
At once how can there in it be
A double, different motion ?

O yes, there may ; for so the self-same sun
At once does flow and swiftly run :

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
But treads his annual with a stacher pace ;
And does three hundred rounds enclose
Within one yearly circle's space ;
At once, with double course in the same sphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

When Soul does to myself refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move :
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is Love.
Love's my diurnal course, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear—my day and night.

THE BARGAIN.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd :
Thyself for money ! oh, let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n so low !
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When love, that's blind, is by blind Fortune led ?

The foolish Indian, that sells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffic hold,
Than thou, who sell'st thyself for gold.
What gains in such a bargain are ?
He'll in thy mines dig better treasures far.

Can gold, alas ! with thee compare ?
The sun, that makes it, 's not so fair ;
The sun, which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea serv'd him for a looking-glass.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee ;
Since Magus, none so bold as he :
Thou'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted simony ;
Too dear he'll find his sordid price
Has forfeited that and the Benefice.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There's none can pay that rate but I ;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth's most like to thee :
And that my heart does only bear ;
For there thyself, thy very self is there.

So much thyself does in me live
That, when it for thyself I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whose stamp and value equal is ;
And, that full weight too may be had,
My soul and body, two grains more, I'll add.

THE LONG LIFE.

LOVE from Time's wings hath stol'n the sea-
ther, sure
He has, and put them to his own ;
For hours of late as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.

The various motions of the turning year
 Belong not now at all to me:
 Each summer's night does Lucy's new appear,
 Each winter's day St. Barnaby.
 How long a space since first I lov'd it is!
 To look into a glass I fear:
 And am surpriz'd with wonder when I miss
 Grey hairs and wrinkles there.
 Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happiness
 too,
 Why does hard Fate to us restore?
 Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew,
 What the Flood wash'd away before?
 Sure those are happy people that complain
 O' th' shortness of the days of man:
 Contract mine, Heaven! and bring them back
 again
 To th' ordinary span.
 If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
 I too ingrateful seem to be;
 Punish me justly, Heaven; make her to love,
 And then 'twill be too short for me.

C O U N S E L.

GENTLY, ah gently, madam, touch
 The wound which you yourself have made;
 That pain must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of your hand afraid.
 Cordial of pity give me now,
 For I too weak for purgings grow.
 Do but awhile with patience stay
 (For counsel yet will do no good)
 Till time, and rest, and Heaven, allay
 The violent burnings of my blood;
 For what effect from this can flow,
 To chide men drunk, for being so?
 Perhaps the physic's good you give,
 But ne'er to me can useful prove;
 Medicines may cure, but not revive;
 And I'm not sick, but dead in love.
 In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
 At once I live, am dead, and die.
 What new-found rhetoric is thine!
 Ev'n thy dissuasions me persuade,
 And thy great power does clearest shine,
 When thy commands are disobey'd.
 In vain thou bid'st me to forbear;
 Obedience were rebellion here.
 Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
 Against thine eyes t' assist my heart;
 But different far was his intent,
 For strait the traitor took their part:
 And by this new foe I'm bereft
 Of all that little which was left.
 The act, I must confess, was wise,
 As a dishonest act could be:
 Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
 Would be too strong for that and me;
 Vol. II.

And part o' th' triumph chose to get,
 Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED.

IS true I've lov'd already three or four,
 And shall three or four hundred more;
 I'll love each fair-one that I see,
 Till I find one at last that shall love me.
 That shall my Canaan be, the fatal soil
 That ends my wanderings and my toil:
 I'll settle there, and happy grow;
 The country does with milk and honey flow.
 The needle trembles so, and turns about,
 Till it the northern point find out;
 But constant then and fix'd does prove,
 Fix'd, that his dearest pole as soon may move.
 Then may my vessel torn and shipwreck'd be,
 If it put forth again to sea!
 It never more abroad shall roam,
 Though 't could next voyage bring the Indies
 home.
 But I must sweat in love, and labour yet,
 Till I a competency get;
 They're slothful fools who leave a trade,
 Till they a moderate fortune by 't have made.
 Variety I ask not; give me one
 To live perpetually upon;
 The person Love does to us fit,
 Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

THE SAME.

FOR Heaven's sake, what d' you mean to do?
 Keep me, or let me go, one of the two;
 Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,
 The little time that Love does chuse:
 If always here I must not stay,
 Let me begone whilst yet 'tis day;
 Left I, faint and benighted, lose my way.

'Tis dismal, one so long to love
 In vain; till to love more as vain must prove;
 To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we
 Too weary to take others be:
 Alas! 'tis folly to remain,
 And waste our army thus in vain,
 Before a city which will ne'er be taken.

At several hopes wisely to fly,
 Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy;
 'Tis more inconstant always to pursue
 A thing that always flies from you;
 For that at last may meet a bound,
 But no end can to this be found,
 'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless round.

When it does hardness meet, and pride,
 My love does then rebound t' another side;

But, if it aught that's soft and yielding hit,
It lodges there, and stays in it.
Whatever 'tis shall first love me,
That it my heaven may truly be;
I shall be sure to give 't eternity.

THE DISCOVERY.

BY Heaven, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she;
Why should she abash'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their altars o'er;
They'll smooke but seldom any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.
The lightning, which tall oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble furzes of the plain,
She being so high; and I so low,
Her power by this does greater flow,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.
Compar'd with her, all things so worthils prove,
That nought on earth can towards her move,
Till 't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas! there's none;
She like a Deity is grown;
That must create, or else must be alone.
If there be man who think himself so high,
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his relief;
And one would give, with lesser grief,
T' an undeserving beggar than a thief.

AGAINST FRUITION.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e'er thou grant:
Much of my veneration thou must want,
When once thy kindness puts my ignorance out;
For a learn'd age is always least devout.
Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
Goddeſs and woman too thou canst not be:
Thou'rt queen of all that sees thee, and as such
Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much;
Such freedoms give as may admit command,
But keep the forts and magazines in hand.
Thou'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dangerous still,
Lest like the Pellean prince should be,
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee:
When Love has taken all thou hast away,
His strength by too much riches will decay,
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee.
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That, should'st thou nectar give, 'twould spoil
the taste.
Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight.

We' admire it whilst unknown; but after, more
Admire ourselves for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does over-gerge himself with his own prey;
Of every hopes a forfeit he'll sustain,
Unless by fears he cast them up again:
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
If once he lose his sting, he grows a drone.

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

SOME others may with safety tell
The moderate flames which in them dwell;
And either find some medicine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair;
My love's so great, that it might prove
Dangerous to tell her that I love:
So tender is my wound, it must not bear
Any salute, though of the kindest air.

I would not have her know the pain,
The torments, for her I sustain;
Lest too much goodness make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low,
Forbidden it, Heaven! my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
No, let me perish rather with my grief,
Than, to her disadvantage, find relief!

Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all:
Like covetous men, who ne'er desery
Their dear hid-treasures till they die.
Ah, fairest maid! how will it cheer
My ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for if me thou pitiest then,
Twenty to one but I shall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I WONDER what these lovers mean, who say
They have given their hearts away:
Some good kind lover, tell me how;
For mine is but a torment to me now.

If so it be the place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courtesy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were before?

Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room;
'I will tear and blow up all within,
Like a granado shot into a magazine.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken-hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's th' alloy, from mine the metal, take.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No dross was there, to perish in the fire.

THE PROPHECY.

TEACH me to love! go teach thyself more wit;

I chief professor am of it.

Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews,

Teach boldness to the Jews;

In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery;

Teach Jesuits, that have travel'd far, to lye;

Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,

Teach restless fountains how to flow,

Teach the dull earth fixt to abide,

Teach woman-kind inconstancy and pride:

See if your diligence here will useful prove;

But, prithee, teach not me to love.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,

May learn to love from me;

He who does boast that he has been

In every heart since Adam's sin;

I'll lay my life, my mistress, on't, that's more,

I'll teach him things he never knew before;

I'll teach him a receipt, to make

Words that weep, and tears that speak;

I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,

At which the souls go out too with the breath:

Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run,

As light and heat does with the sun.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 'tis I

Who must new worlds in it descry;

Rich worlds, that yield of treasure more

Than all that has been known before.

And yet like his, I fear, my fate must be,

To find them out for others, not for me.

Me times to come, I know it, shall

Love's last and greatest prophet call;

But, ah! what's that, if she refuse,

To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse;

If to my share the prophet's fate must come—

Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

THE RESOLUTION.

THE devil take those foolish men

Who gave you first such powers;

We stood on even grounds till then;

If any odds creation made it ours.

For shame, let these weak chains be broke;

Let's our slight bonds, like Samson, tear;

And nobly cast away that yoke,

Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

French laws forbid the female reign;

Yet Love does them to slavery draw:

Alas! if we'll our rights maintain,

'Tis all mankind must make a Salue law.

CALLED INCONSTANT.

HA! ha! you think you've kill'd my fame,
By this not understood, yet common, name:

A name that's full and proper, when assign'd
To woman kind;

But, when you call us so,

It can at best but for a metaphor go.

Can you the shore inconstant call,

Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all;

That had as lief the same waves always love,

Did they not from him move?

Or can you fault with pilots find

For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

Since, drunk with vanity, you sell,

The things turn round to you that steadfast dwell;

And you yourself, who from us take your flight,

Wonder to find us out of sight.

So the same error seizes you,

As men in motion think the trees move too.

THE WELCOME.

GO, let the fatted calf be kill'd;

My prodigal's come home at last,

With noble resolutions fill'd,

And fill'd with sorrow for the past:

No more will I haun with love or wine;

But quite has left his women and his swine.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor heart!

Welcome! I little thought, I'll swear

('Tis now so long since we did part)

Ever again to see thee here;

Dear wanderer! since from me you fled,

How often have I heard that thou wert dead!

Hast thou not found each woman's breast

(The lands where thou hast travel'd)

Fisher by savages possit,

Or wild and uninhabited?

What joy could it take, or what repose,

In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

Last, the scorching dog-star, here

Rages with immoderate heat;

Whilst pride, the rugged Northern bear,

In others makes the cold too great:

And, where these are temperate known,

The soil's all barren sand or rocky stone.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view

A rich, well-govern'd heart,

Like China, it admitted you

But to the frontier-part.

From Paradise shut for evermore,

What good is 't that an angel kept the door?

Well fare the pride, and the disdain,

And vanities, with beauty join'd;

I ne'er had seen this heart again,

If any fair-one had been kind:

My dove, but once let loose, I doubt

Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out.

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

FALSE. foolish heart! didst thou not say,
That thou would'st never leave me more?

Behold! again 'tis fled away,

Fled as far from me as before.

I strove to bring it back again;

I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

Ev'n so the gentle Tyrian dame,

When neither grief nor love prevail,

Saw the dear object of her flame,

The ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail:

Alas! she call'd for him to stay;

The wind bore him and her lost words away.

The doleful Ariadne so.

On the wretched forsaken flood:

"False! Thee! whither dost thou go?"

Afar false Thee! on the flood.

But Bacchus came to her relief;

Bacchus himself's too weak to ease my grief.

Ah! fool's heart, to take no rest,

Travel thus eternally!

Thou'rt beset in every breast!

And thou'rt beset in every eye!

What's wrong about like wretched Cain,

Thrust-out, not slay'd, by all, but by none slain!

Well since thou wilt not here remain,

I'll often to thee visit thee try;

My head shall take the greater pain,

And all thy duties shall supply:

I can more easily live, I know,

Without thee, than without a mistress thou.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

OR I'm a very dance, or woman-kind
Is a most unintelligible thing:

I can no sense nor no contexture find,

Nor their loose parts to method bring:

I know not what the learn'd may see,

But they're strange Hebrew things to me.

By customs and traditions they live,

And foolish ceremonies of antique date;

We lovers, new and better doctrines give,

Yet they continue obdurate:

Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,

Like Jews, they keep their old law still.

Before their mothers' Gods they fondly fall,

Vain idol-gods, that have no sense nor mind:

Honour's their Ashtaroth, and pride their Baal,

The thundering Baal of woman-kind:

With twenty other devils more,

Which they, as we do them, adore.

But then, like men both covetous and devout,

Their costly superstition loth t' omit—

And yet more loth to issue monies out,

At their own charge to furnish it—

To these expensive Deities

The hearts of men they sacrifice.

THE SOUL.

SOME dull philosopher—when he hears me say
My soul is from me fled away,

Nor has of late inform'd my body here,

But in another's breast does lie,

That neither is, nor will be, I,

As a form servient and assisting there—

Will cry, "Absurd!" and ask me how I live;

And syllogisms against it give.

A curse on all your vain philosophies,

Which on weak Nature's law depend,

And know not how to comprehend

Love and Religion, these great mysteries!

Her body is my soul; laugh not at this,

For by my life I swear it is.

'Tis that preserves my being and my breath;

It is that proceeds all that I do,

Nay all my thoughts and feelings too;

And separation from it is my death.

ECHO.

THIRD with the rough details of my prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey;

I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,

That gives consent to all I say.

Ah, gentle nymph! who lik'st so well

In hollow, solitary caves to dwell;

Her heart being such, into it go,

And do but once from thence answer me so!

Complaisant nymph! who dost thus kindly share

In griefs whose cause thou dost not know;

Hadst thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,

How much compassion wouldst thou show!

Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,

Was of less beauty, and less ravishing power.

Alas! I might as easily

Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

By repercussion beams engender fire;

Shapes by reflection shapes beget;

The voice itself, when stop'd, does back retire,

And a new voice is made by it.

Thus things by opposition

The gainers grow; my barren love alone

Does from her stony breast rebound,

Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

THE RICH RIVAL.

THEY say you're angry, and rant mightily,
Because I love the same as you:

Alas! you're very rich, 'tis true;

But, prithee, fool! what's that to Love and me?

You 'ave land and money, let that serve;

And know you 'ave more by that than you deserve.

When next I see my fair-one, she shall know

How worthless thou art of her bed;

And, wretch! I'll strike thee dumb and dead.

With noble verse not understood by you.

Whilst thy sole rhetoric shall be
 "Jointure" and "jewels," and "our friends
 "agree."

Pox o' your friends, that doat and domineer;
 Lovers are better friends than they;
 Let's those in other things obey;
 The Fates, and Stars, and Gods, must govern here.
 Vain names of blood! in love let none
 Advise with any blood, but with their own.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore;
 No other thought has had access!
 Did she now beg, I'd love no less,
 And, were she an empress, I should love no more;
 Were she as just and true to me,
 Ah, simple soul! what would become of thee?

AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is,
 Able, if it succeed, and if it miss;
 Whom good or ill does equally confound,
 And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:
 Vain shadow! which doth vanish quite,
 Both at full noon and perfect night!
 The stars have not a possibility
 Of blessing thee;

If things then from their end we happy call,
 'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
 Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it
 quite:

Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
 By clogging it with legacies before!

The joys which we entire should wed,
 Come desflower'd virgins to our bed;
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty custom's paid to thee.
 For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
 If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
 Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
 That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
 Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
 With shapes that our own fancy gives!
 A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears
 When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
 By Ignes Fatui for North-stars we fail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
 The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
 Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!
 That blow'st the chemics', and the lover's, fire,
 Leading them still insensibly on
 By the strange witchcraft of "anon!"
 By thee the one does changing Nature, through
 Her endless labyrinths, pursue;
 And th' other chases Woman, whilst she goes
 More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

FOR HOPE.

HOPE! of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure!
 Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's
 health!

Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
 Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
 To every taste a several meat!
 Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,
 Which nought has power to alienate!
 Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
 Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
 Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
 Thou good preparative, without which our joy
 Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!
 Who out of Fortune's reach doth stand,
 And art a blessing still in hand!
 Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
 We certain are to gain,
 Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfil;
 Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
 The joys of heaven and earth divided be!
 Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
 Thy portion yet in moveables is great.

Happiness itself's all one
 In thee, or in possession!
 Only the future's thine, the present his!
 Thine's the more hard and noble bliss:
 Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
 So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lovers' only friend!
 Thou Way, that may'st dispute it with the End!
 For Love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
 The taste itself less than the smell and sight.

Fruition more deceitful is
 Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee
 Some other way again to thee;
 And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,
 To which all soon return that travel out.

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.

I LITTLE thought, thou fond ingrateful sin!
 When first I let thee in,
 And gave thee but a part
 In my unwary heart,
 That thou would'st e'er have grown
 So false or strong to make it all thine own.

At mine own breast with care I fed thee still,
 Letting thee suck thy fill;
 And daintily I nourish'd thee
 With idle thoughts and poetry!
 What ill returns dost thou allow!—
 I fed thee then, and thou dost starve me now.
 There was a time when thou wast cold and
 chill,
 Nor hadst the power of doing ill;

Into my bosom did I take
This frozen and benumbed snake,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it stings that breast which made it
warm.

What curd weed 's this Love! but one grain
few,

And the whole field 'twill overgrow;
Strait will it cheak up and devour
Each wholesome herb and beauteous flower!
Nay, unless something soon I do,
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

But now all 's gone—I now, alas! complain,
Declare, protest, and threat, in vain;
Since, by my own unforc'd consent,
The traitor has my government,
And is so settled in the throne,
That 'twere rebellion now to claim mine own.

THE FRAILTY.

KNOW 'tis ferdid, and 'tis low
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue
(I know all this as well as you);
But, whilst this curd'd flesh I bear,
And all the weakness and the baseness there,
Alas! alas! it will be always so.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage sometimes, and bite my chain;
Yet to what purpose do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?
For, if the chafest Christian Head
Was by this sturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be slain?

COLDNESS.

AS water fluid is till it do grow
Solid and fixt by cold;
So in warm seasons Love does loosely flow;
Frost only can it hold:
A woman's rigour and disdain
Does his swift course restrain.

Though constant and consistent now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the sea,
And loses itself there.
So the sun's amorous play
Kisses the ice away.

You may in vulgar loves find always this;
But my substantial love
Of a more firm and perfect nature is;
No weathers can it move:
Though heat dissolve the ice again,
The crystal solid does remain.

ENJOYMENT.

THEN like some wealthy island thou shalt lie,
And like the sea about it, I;
Thou, like fair Albion to the sailors' sight,
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white;
Like the kind Ocean I will be,
With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

But I'll embrace thee gentlier far than so;
As their fresh banks soft rivers do:
Nor shall the proudest planet boast a power
Of making my full love to ebb one hour;
It never dry or low can prove,
Whilst thy unwaisted fountain feeds my love.

Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
As if like doves we 'engender'd there:
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,
In love there 's none too much an Epicure:
Nought shall my hands or lips control;
I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very soul.

Yet nothing but the night our sports shall know;
Night, that 's both blind and silent too!
Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd Sicilian fountain to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the sea,
Than I will do 't enjoy and feast on thee.

Men, out of wisdom; women, out of pride,
The pleasant thefts of love do hide:
That may seduce thee; but thou 'ast yet from me
A more infallible security;
For there 's no danger I should tell
The joys which are to me unspeakable.

SLEEP.

IN vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;
For thou, who dost from fumes arise—
Thou, who man's soul dost overshadow
With a thick cloud by vapours made—
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his spirits to cheke,
Whose flame 's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?
Tears, that bewinter all my year?
The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

Thou, who dost men (as nights to colours do)
Bring all to an equality!
Come, thou just God! and equal me
Awhile to my disdainful She:
In that condition let me lie,
Till Love does me the favour shew;
Love equals all a better way than you.

Then never more shalt thou b' invoc'd by me;
 Watchful as spirits and Gods I'll prove;
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy kinsman Death defy;
 For, betwixt thee and them that love,
 Never will an agreement be;
 Thou scorn'st th' unhappy, and the happy, thee!

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY! thou wild fantastic ape,
 Who dost in every country change thy shape!
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there
 white;
 Thou flatterer! which comply'st with every sight!
 Thou Babel, which confound'st the eye
 With unintelligible variety!
 Who hast no certain What, nor Where;
 But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
 Inconstant, as thy she-proteectors are.

Beauty! Love's false and masquerade,
 So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made;
 False coin, with which th' impostor cheats us still;
 The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!
 Which light or false we find, when we
 Weigh by enjoyment, and examine the ill!
 For, though thy being be but show,
 'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow:
 And chuse to enjoy thee, when thou least art Thou.

Beauty! thou active, passive, ill!
 Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill!
 Thou tulip, who thy flock in paint dost waste,
 Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste.

Beauty! when flames but meteors are,
 Short-liv'd and low, though thou would'st seem
 a star;

Who dar'st not thine own home desire,
 Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
 When thou, alas! dost in the fancy lie.

Beauty! whose conquests still are made
 O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd;
 Weak victor! who thyself destroy'st must be
 When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee!

Thou unwholesome thaw to frozen age!
 Thou strong wine, which youth's fever dost
 enrage!

Thou tyrant, which leav'st no man free!
 Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be!
 Thou murderer, which hast kill'd, and devil, which
 would'st damn me!

THE PARTING.

AS men in Greenland left beheld the sun
 From their horizon run,
 And thought upon the sad half-year
 Of cold and darkness they must suffer there:
 So on my parting mistress did I look;
 With such swollen eyes my farewell took;

Ah, my fair star! said I;
 Ah, those blest lands to which bright Thou dost
 fly!

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
 And say I'm in a warm degree;
 Say what they please, I say and swear
 'Tis beyond eighty at least, if you're not here.

It is, it is; I tremble with the frost,
 And know that I the day have lost;
 And those wild things which men they call,
 I find to be but bears or foxes all.

Return, return, gay planet of mine East,
 Of all that shines thou much the best!
 And, as thou now descend'st to sea,
 More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me!

Thou, who in many a propriety,
 So truly art the sun to me,
 Add one more likeness (which I'm sure
 you can)
 And let me and my sun beget a man!

MY PICTURE.

THERE, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so;
 For, when from hence you go,
 The next sun's rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old:
 The man who did this picture draw,
 Will swear next day my face he never saw.

I really believe, within a while,
 If you upon this shadow smile,
 Your presence will such vigour give
 (Your presence, which makes all things live!)
 And absence so much alter me,
 This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
 And your bright looks awake it,
 Ah! be not frightened if you see
 The new-found picture gaze on thee,
 And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
 For those are the first things that it will do.

My rival image will be then thought blest,
 And laugh at me as dispossess'd;
 But thou, who, (if I know thee right)
 I th' substance dost not much delight,
 Wilt rather send again for me,
 Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

THE CONCEALMENT.

NO; to what purpose should I speak?
 No, wretched heart! swell till you break.
 She cannot love me if she would;
 And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should;
 Not to the grave thy sorrows bear;
 As silent as they will be there:

Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
 So handsomely the thing contrive,
 That she may guiltless of it live;
 So perish, that her killing thee
 May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
 By her beauty, not her anger, die:
 This will look justly, and become
 An execution; that, a martyrdom
 The censuring world will ne'er refrain
 From judging men by thunder slain.
 She must be angry, sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me,
 By being her's happier than she!
 I will not; 'tis a milder fate
 To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
 Will ominous to her appear;
 When, found in every other part,
 Her sacrifice is found without an heart;
 For the last tempest of my death
 Shall sigh out that too with my breath.
 Then shall the world my noble ruin see,
 Some pity and some envy me;
 Then she herself, the mighty she,
 Shall grace my funerals with this truth:
 " 'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle youth."

THE MONOPOLY.

WHAT mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,
 That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart!
 Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,
 The foundling shop of Vulcan's smoky art:
 Vulcan his shop has placed there,
 And Cupid's forge is set-up here.

Here all these arrows' mortal heads are made,
 That fly so thick unseen through yielding air;
 The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
 Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
 Ah, cruel God! and why to me
 Gave you this curst monopoly?

I have the trouble, not the gain, of it:—
 Give me but the disposal of one dart,
 And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
 Heat as you please your furnace in my heart:
 So sweet 's revenge to me, that I
 Upon my foe would gladly die.

Deep into her bosom would I strike the dart,
 Deeper than woman e'er was struck by thee:
 Then giv'st them small wounds, and so far from
 th' heart,
 They flutter still about, inconstantly:
 Curse on thy goodness, whom we find
 Civil to none but woman-kind!

Vain God! who women dost thyself adore!
 Their wounded hearts do still retain the powers
 To travel and to wander, as before:
 Thy broken arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
 So 'unjustly are distributed,
 They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I'VE followed thee a year, at least,
 And never stopp'd myself to rest;
 But yet can thee o'er take no more
 Than this day can the day that went before.

In this our fortunes equal prove
 To stars, which govern them above;
 Our stars, that move for ever round,
 With the same distance still betwixt them found.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
 The wheel of Fate faster to drive;
 Since, if around it swifter fly,
 She in it mends her pace as much as I.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
 That there can never meet a pair!
 Tam'd less than worms are lovers slain;
 The wounded heart ne'er turns, to wound again.

THE INCREASE.

I THOUGHT, I'll swear, I could have lov'd
 no more
 Than I had done before;
 But you as easily might account
 Till to the top of numbers you amount,
 As cast up my love's score.
 Ten thousand millions was the sum:
 Millions of endless millions are to come.

I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow;
 Why should my love do so?
 A real cause at first did move;
 But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
 With shadows from itself that flow.
 My love, as we in numbers see,
 By cyphers is increas'd eternally.
 So the new-made and untry'd spheres above
 Took their first turn from th' hand of Jove:
 But are, since that beginning, found
 By their own forms to move for ever round.
 All violent motions short do prove;
 But, by the length, 'tis plain to see
 That Love's a motion natural to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

WITH much of pain, and all the art I knew,
 Have I endeavour'd hitherto
 To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, she;
 Though so discreet and good she be,
 By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown,
 That something like it they have shown;
 But none who had it ever seem'd t' have none.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
 Can no arts or disguise find,
 But thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward smart;
 Love of himself left there a part,
 When thorough it he past into the heart.
 Or if by chance the face betray not it,
 But keep the secret wifely, yet,
 Like drunkenness, into the tongue 'twill get.

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH, HIS MISTRESS.

THESE full two hours now have I gazing been,
 What comfort by it can I gain?
 To look on heaven with mighty gulfs between
 Was the great miser's greatest pain;
 So near was he to heaven's delight,
 As with the blest converse he might,
 Yet could not get one drop of water by 't.
 Ah wretch! I seem to touch her now; but oh,
 What boundless spaces do us part!
 Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty show,
 My lowness, and her high desert:
 But these might conquerable prove;
 Nothing does me so far remove,
 As her hard soul's aversion from my love.
 So travellers, that lose their way by night,
 If from afar they chance t' espy
 Th' uncertain glimmerings of a taper's light,
 Take flattering hopes, and think it nigh;
 Till, wearied with the fruitless pain,
 They sit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in darkness and despair remain.

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I WONDER what the grave and wife
 Think of all us that love;
 Whether our pretty fooleries
 Their mirth or anger move;
 They understand not breath that words does want;
 Our sighs to them are insignificant.
 One of them saw me, th' other day,
 Touch the dear hand which I admire;
 My soul was melting strait away,
 And dropt before the fire:
 This silly wife-man, who pretends to know,
 Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?
 Another, from my mistress' door
 Saw me with eyes all watery come;
 Nor could the hidden cause explore,
 But thought some smoke was in the room:
 Such ignorance from unwounded learning came;
 He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.
 If learn'd in other things you be,
 And have in love no skill,
 For God's sake keep your arts from me,
 For I'll be ignorant still.

VOL. II.

Study or action others may embrace;
 My love's my business, and my books her face.
 These are but trifles, I confess,
 Which me, weak mortal! move;
 Nor is your busy-seriousness
 Less trifling than my love:
 The wisest king, who from his sacred breast
 Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

MY FATE.

GO bid the needle his dear North forsake,
 To which with trembling reverence it does
 bend;
 Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
 Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend:
 And, when these false to their o'd motions prove,
 Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.
 The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
 Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
 My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
 But will be still the same, whate'er you do:
 You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
 Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.
 Me, mine example, let the Stoics use,
 Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain;
 Let all predestinators me produce,
 Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain:
 This fire I'm born to—but 'tis she must tell,
 Whether 't be beams of heaven or flames of hell.
 You, who men's fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
 But mark her face, and all the features heed;
 For only there is writ my destiny:
 Or, if stars shew it, gaze not on the skies;
 But study the astrology of her eyes.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
 What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
 I well believe the fate of mortal days
 Is writ in heaven; but oh, my heaven is there.
 What can men learn from stars they scarce can see?
 Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

THE HEART-BREAKING.

IT gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
 In vain it something would have spoke:
 The love within too strong for 't was,
 Like poison put into a Venice-glass.
 I thought that this some remedy might prove;
 But oh, the mighty serpent Love,
 Cut by this chance in pieces small,
 In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.
 And now, alas! each little broken part
 Feels the whole pain of all my heart;
 And every smallest corner still
 Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

I.

Even so rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into several quarters get;
Each troop does spoil and ruin more
Than all join'd in one body did before.

How many Loves reign in my bosom now!
How many loves, yet all of you!
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My Menarch-Love into a Tyrant-State.

THE USURPATION.

THOU'adst to my soul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had given myself to thee;
But thou hast kept me slave and prisoner since
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
Fond tyrant! I'll depose thee from thy throne;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my best
Acquaintance, were to share the rest;
But thou, their covetous neighbour, drav'st out all:
Nay more; thou mak'st me worship thee,
And would'st the rule of my religion be:
Did ever tyrant claim such power as you,
To be both emperor and pope too?

The public miseries, and my private fate,
Deserve some tears; but greedy thou
(Insatiate maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should alienate:
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim;
Thou rag'st like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Naught can resist, or not encrease the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear:
Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,
All other serpents puts to death.

As men in hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known formality.
But all pains eminently lie in thee!
Alas, alas! I hope in vain
My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain;
Since all the natives there thou'ast overthrown,
And planted garrisons of thine own.

MAIDENHEAD.

THOU worst estate ev'n of the sex that's
worst;
Therefore by Nature made at first

T' attend the weakness of our birth!
Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
Thou case to buildings not yet finished!
Who, like the centre of the earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though thou a point imaginary be.

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
That his first blessing ruin'd it.
Cold, frozen nurse of fiercest fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand
(A sterile, and a wild unlovely land!)
Art always scorched with hot desires,
Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and serpents forth thyself to fling!

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost
dwell

Like a close conjurer in his cell,
And fear'st the day's discovering eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou should'st be
Such tedious and unpleasant company,
Who liv'st so melancholly!
Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,
Which women lose, and yet no man can find!

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains:
So, though the chemic his great secret miss
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains:
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unfought experiments by the way.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with ramparts and with
walls;
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so hated, and so lov'd without.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

IMPOSSIBILITIES! oh no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy heart captive home,
As easily other dangers were o'erthrown,
As Caesar, after vanquish'd Rome,
His little Asian foes did overcome.

True lovers oft by Fortune are envied;
Oft earth and hell against them strive;
But Providence engages on their side,
And a good end at last does give.
At last, just men and lovers always thrive

As stars (not powerful else) when they conjoin,
Charge, as they please, the world's estate;
So thy heart in conjunction with mine
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold romance,

That should two kind examples shew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;

Not that I thought that story true,
But none should Fancy more, than I would Do.

Through spite of our worst enemies, thy friends;
Through local banishment from thee;
Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning ends,

As easy shall my passage be,
As was the amorous youth's o'er Helle's sea:

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar;
In vain the stars their aid deny'd;
He saw the Scyllian tower on th' other shore:
Shall th' Hellepont our loves divide?
No, not the Atlantic ocean's boundless tide.

Such seas betwixt us easily conquer'd are;
But, gentle maid! do not deny
To let thy beams shine on me from afar;
And still the taper let me spy:
For, when thy light goes out, I sink and die.

SILENCE.

CURSE on this tongue, that has my heart
betray'd,

And his great secret open laid!
For, of all persons, chiefly she
Should not the ill I suffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dangerous grow,
Only in her to pity me:

Since 'tis for me to lose my life more fit,
Than 'tis for her to save and ransom it.

Ah! never more shall thy unwilling ear
My helpless story hear;
Discourse and talk awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain
That in my breast does reign;
Silence perhaps may make it sleep:

I'll bind that sore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal

No 'twill ne'er heal; my love will never die,
Though it should speechless lie.
A river, ere it meet the sea,
As well might say its source,
As my love can his course,
Unless it join and mix with thee:
If any end or stop of it be found,
We know the flood runs still, though under ground.

THE DISSEMBLER.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain:

But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there's no fooling with the devil!
So, wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
Themselves have met a real sprite.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome lye
Had been no sin at all in poetry;
But now I suffer an arrest,
For words were spoke by me in jest.
Dull, sottish God of love! and can it be
Thou understand'st not raillery?

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and hear,
I nam'd but for the rhyme, or the conceit;
Nor meant my verse should raised be
To this sad fame of prophecy:
Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,
And all the metaphors does spoil.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign;
The play at last a truth does grow,
And C: from into Nature go:
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

My lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 'twas a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the fight:
But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I,
My burning Eul the first do try.

THE INCONSTANT.

I NEVER yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
They all victorious be.
Love, thou'rt a devil, if I may call thee one.
For sure in me thy name is Legion.

Coleur, or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind;
And I'm so weak, the pistol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

If tall, the name of proper slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love makes me too so:
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow:
Nay, age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-landed Love's become;
And, judg'd aright, is Constancy,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves always one, why should they
call,
More constant than the man loves always all?

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all Love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wise, industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

My soul at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a dart,
Till I this habit got of love;
But my consum'd and wasted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire.
Since that, by every spark is set on fire.

THE CONSTANT.

GREAT and wise conqueror, who, where'er
Thou com'st, dost fortify, and settle there!
Who canst defend as well as get,
And never hadst one quarter beat-up yet;
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
With one inch of my vanquish'd heart;
For, since thou took'st it by assault from me,
'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of thee,
It fears no beauteous enemy.

Had thy charming strength been less,
I had serv'd ere this an hundred mistresses:
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my prison to be a vagabond:
A prison in which I still would be,
Though every door stood ope to me.
In spite both of thy coldness and thy pride,
All love is marriage on thy lover's side,
For only death can them divide.

Close, narrow chain, yet soft and kind
As that which spirits above to good does bind,
Gentle and sweet Necessity,
Which does not force, but guide our liberty!
Your love on me were spent in vain,
Since my love still could but remain
Just as it is; for what, alas! can be
Added to that which hath infinity
Both in extent and quality?

HER NAME.

WITH more than Jewish reverence as yet
Do I the sacred name conceal;
When, ye kind stars, ah when will it be fit
This gentle mystery to reveal?
When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
That christening as a badge of happiness?
So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,
To wear that gem on any line;
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muse be seen,
Shall any stanza with it shine.
Rest, mighty name! till then; for thou must be
Laid down by her, ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
Then Echo's burden it shall be;
Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,
And all the rivers murmur, thee;
Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.

Then shall thy name through all my verse be
spread,

Thick as the flowers in meadows lie,
And, when in future times they shall be read
(As sure, I think, they will not die)
If any critic doubt that they be mine,
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a name
To represent thee by;
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough should signify:
Astraea or Celia as unfit would prove
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

WEEPING.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah, charming maid! let not ill-fortune see
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears;
For she'll still come to dress herself in thee.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In every drop, methinks, her eye.
The baby, which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this sun-shine and rain together.
Pray Heaven her forehead, that pure hill of snow
(For some such fountain we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below!

Ah, mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck sweat!
But what, alas! ah, what does it avail,
That she weeps tears so wondrous cold,
As scarce the ass's hoof can hold,
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail.

DISCRETION.

DISCREET! what means this word discreet:
A curse on all discretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's lexicon.

Jointure, portion, gold, estate,
Houses, household-stuff, or land,
(The low conveniencies of Fate)
Are Greek no lovers understand

Believe me, beauteous one! when love
Enters into a breast,
The two first things it does remove
Are friends and interest.

Passion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, scrupulous eyes;
Or else I could not love, I'm sure,
One who in love were wise.

Men, in such tempests tost about,
Will, without grief or pain,
Cast all their goods and riches out,
Themselves their port to gain.

As well might martyrs, who do choose
That sacred death to take,
Mourn for the cloaths which they must lose,
When they're bound naked to the stake.

THE WAITING-MAID.

THY Maid! ah! find some nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place;
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent;
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill.

The ministering angels none can see;
'Tis not their beauty' or face,
For which by men they worship'd be;
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my Goddess, my Saint she;
I pray to her, only to pray to thee.

COUNSEL.

AH! what advice can I receive!
No, satisfy me first;
For who would physic-potions give
To one that dies with thirst?

A little puff of breath, we find,
Small fires can quench and kill;
But, when they're great, the adverse wind
Does make them greater still.

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
But strait I'm just the same;
Alas! th' effect must needs be such
Of cutting through a flame.

THE CURE.

COME, doctor! use thy roughest art,
Thou canst not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
To heal me of my love.

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to a fever bring;
Compar'd with heats I now sustain,
A fever is so cool a thing
(Like drink which feverish men desire)
That I should hope 'twould almost quench my fire.

THE SEPARATION.

ASK me not what my love shall do or be
(Love, which is foul to body, and foul of
me!)

When I am separated from thee;
Alas! I might as easily show
What after death the soul will do;
'Twill last, I'm sure, and that is all we know.

The thing call'd soul will never stir nor move,
But all that while a lifeless carcase prove;
For 'tis the body of my love:
Not that my love will fly away,
But still continue; as, they say,
Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray.

THE TREE.

I CHOSE the flourishing't tree in all the park,
With freshest boughs and fairest head;
I cut my love into his gentle bark,
And in three days, behold! 'tis dead:
My very written flames so violent be,
They've burnt and wither'd up the tree.

How should I live myself, whose heart is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large history of many a wound,
Larger than thy trunk can bear?
With art as strange as Homer in the nut,
Love in my heart has volumes put.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The leaves and beauties all,
As a strong poison with one drop does make
The nails and hairs to fall:
Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

Pardon, ye birds and nymphs, who lov'd this
shade;
And pardon me, thou gentle tree;
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And blessed omens hop'd from thee;
"Notes of my love, thrive here," said I, "and
"grow;
"And with ye let my love do so."

Alas, poor youth! thy love will never thrive!
 This blasted tree predestines it;
 Go, tie the dismal knot (why should'st thou live?)
 And, by the lines thou there hast writ,
 Deform'dly hanging, the sad picture be
 To that unlucky history.

HER UNBELIEF.

TIS a strange kind of ignorance this in you!
 That you your victories should not spy,
 Victories gotten by your eye!
 That your bright beams, as those of comets do,
 Should kill, but not know how, nor who!
 That truly you my idol might appear,
 Whilst all the people smell and see
 The odorous flames I offer thee,
 Thou sitt'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear,
 Thy constant, zealous worshiper.
 They see't too well who at my fires repine;
 Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
 Quick-eyed enough to spy my love;
 Nor does the cause in thy face clearer shine,
 Than the effect appears in mine
 Fair infidel! by what unjust decree
 Must I, who with such restless care
 Would make this truth to thee appear,
 Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
 Damn'd by thy incredulity?
 I, by thy unbelief, am guiltless slain:
 Oh, have but faith, and then, that you
 May know that faith for to be true,
 It shall itself by a miracle maintain,
 And raise me from the dead again!
 Meanwhile my hopes may seem to be o'erthrown;
 But lovers' hopes are full of art,
 And thus dispute—That, since my heart,
 Though in thy breast, yet is not by thee known,
 Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

COME, let's go on, where love and youth does
 call;
 I've seen too much, if this be all.
 Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
 With a contented ignorant poverty!
 To shew such stores, and nothing grant,
 Is to enrage and vex my want.
 For love to die an infant's lesser ill,
 Than to live long, yet live in childhood still
 We have both sat gazing only hitherto,
 As man and wife in picture do;
 The richest crop of joy is still behind,
 And he who only sees, in love, is blind.
 So, at first, Pygmalion lov'd;
 But th' amour at last improv'd;
 The statue itself at last a woman grew,
 And so at last, my dear, should you do too.

Beauty to man the greatest torture is,
 Unless it lead to farther bliss,
 Beyond the tyrannous pleasures of the eye;
 It grows too serious a cruelty,
 Unless it heal, as well as strike;
 I would not, salamander-like,
 In scorching heats always to live desire,
 But, like a martyr, pass to heaven through fire.

Mark how the lusty sun salutes the spring,
 And gently kisses every thing!
 His loving beams unlock each maiden flower,
 Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour:
 Then on the earth, with bridegroom-heat,
 He does still new flowers beget.
 The sun himself, although all eye he be,
 Can find in love more pleasure than to see.

THE INCURABLE.

I TRY'D if books would cure my love, but
 found
 Love made them nonsense all;
 I 'apply'd receipts of business to my wound,
 But stirring did the pain recall.
 As well might men who in a fever fry,
 Mathematic doubts debate;
 As well might men who mad in darkness lie,
 Write the dispatches of a state.
 I try'd devotion, sermons, frequent prayer,
 But those did worse than useless prove:
 For prayers are turn'd to sin, in those who are
 Out of charity, or in love.
 I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care;
 But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire:
 Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
 Did double the desire.
 I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
 And mix'd with pleasant companies;
 My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,
 And 'love a clinch it could not rise.
 Nay, God forgive me for't! at last I try'd,
 'Gainst this some new desire to stir,
 And lov'd again, but 'twas where I esp'd
 Some faint resemblances of her.
 The physick made me worse, with which I strove
 This mortal ill to expel:
 As wholesome medicines the disease improve,
 There where they work not well.

HONOUR.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;
 There's then, at last no more to do;
 The happy work's entirely done;
 Enter the town which thou hast won;
 The fruits of conquest now begin;
 To triumph! Enter in.

What 's this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy!
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men t' fright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL

THOUGH all thy gestures and discourses be
Coin'd and stamp'd by modesty;
Though from thy tongue ne'er clipp'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not say;
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace,
In all thy speech appear,
That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue is to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It strikes such heat through every part,
That thou a tempter worse than Satan art.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have
been

So much as of original sin,
Such charms thy beauty wears as might
Desires in dying confessions excite:
Thou with strange adultery,
Dost in each breast a brothel keep;
Awake all men do lust for thee,
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.
Ne'er before did woman live,
Who to such multitudes did give
The root and cause of sin, but only Eve.

Though in thy breast so quick a pity be,
That a fly's death 's a wound to thee;
Though savage and rock-hearted those
Appear, that weep not ev'n Romance's woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known,
Whose rage was of so large extent;
The ills thou dost are whole thine own;
Thou 'rt principal and instrument:
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of torturer, and of weapon too.

Thou lovely instrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create!
Thou pleasant, universal ill,
Which, sweet as health, yet like a plague dost kill!

Thou kind, well-natur'd tyranny!
Thou chaste committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary destiny,
Which no man can, or would, escape!
So gentle, and so glad to spare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the destroying-angels are.

DIALOGUE.

She. **W**HAT have we done? what cruel pas-
sion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou'lt robb'd; but what art thou
Thyself the richer now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure;
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy ill-gotten
treasure!

He. We have done no harm; nor was it theft
in me,
But noblest charity in thee.
I'll the well-gotten pleasure
Safe in my memory treasure:
What though the flower itself do waste,
The essence from it drawn does long and sweeter
last.

She. No! I'm undone; my honour thou hast slain,
And nothing can restore 't again.
Art and labour to bestow,
Upon the carcase of it now,
Is but t' embalm a body dead:
The figure may remain, the life and beauty's
fled.

He. Never, my dear, was honour yet undone
By Love, but Indiscretion.
To th' wife it all things does allow;
And care's not What we do, but How.
Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
Unless it let in air, for ever shines and burns.

She. Thou first, perhaps, who didst the fault
commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it;
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conquest do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect victory gain'd,
Unless they through the streets their captive
lead chain'd.

He. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made;
Beside, what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth 's a gift from thee?
'Tis you the conqueror are, 'tis you
Who have not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd
me too.

She. Though public punishment we escape, the sin
Will rack and torture us within:
Guilt and sin our bosom bears;
And, though fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waste,
When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the
skin at last.

He. That thirsty drink, that hungry food, I
fought,
That wounded balm is all my fault;
And thou in pity didst apply,
The kind and only remedy:
The cause absolves the crime; since me
So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness
thou.

She. Curse on thine arts! methinks I hate thee
now;
And yet I'm sure I love thee too!
I'm angry; but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou hast this day undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come
at night.

VERSES UPON A LOST WAGER.

AS soon hereafter will I wagers lay
'Gainst what an oracle shall say;
Fool that I was, to venture to deny
A tongue so us'd to victory!
A tongue so blest by nature and by art,
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart:
Though what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you;
Your speech will govern destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you should lye.

'Tis true, if human Reason were the guide,
Reason, methinks, was on my side;
But that's a guide, alas! we must resign,
When th' authority's divine.
She said, she said herself it would be so;
And I, bold unbeliever! answer'd no:
Never so justly, sure, before,
Error the name of blindness bore;
For, whatso'er the question be,
There's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

If Truth itself (as other angels do
When they descend to human view)
In a material form would deign to shine,
'T would imitate or borrow thine:
So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well-proportion'd would the parts appear!
Happy the eye which Truth could see
Cloath'd in a shape like thee;
But happier far the eye
Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy!

Yet this lost wager costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before:
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
If Nature gave me power to write in verse,
She gave it me thy praises to rehearse:
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has such a sovereign right to it,
That no man's Muse for public vent is free,
Till she has paid her customs first to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

THE fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers
shew,

And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the sun himself set there.

Why to mute fish should'st thou thyself discover,
And not to me, thy no less silent lover?

As some from men their buried gold commit
To ghosts, that have no use of it;
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury; and, for aught we know,
(Poor ignorants!) they're mermaids all below.

The amorous waves would fain about her stay,
But still new amorous waves drive them away,
And with swift current to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste:

I laugh'd the wanton play to view;
But 'tis, alas! at land so too,
And still old lovers yield the place to new.

Kiss her, and as you part, you amorous waves
(My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves)
Point to your flowery banks, and to her shew
The good your bounties do;
Then tell her what your pride doth cost,
And how your use and beauty's lost,
When rigorous winter binds you up with frost.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haste without stop to a devouring sea;
Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie
With all the meanest things that die;

As in the ocean thou
No privilege dost know
Above th' impurest streams that thither flow.

Tell her, kind flood! when this has made her sad,
Tell her there's yet one remedy to be had:
Shew her how thou, though long since past, dost
find

Thyself yet still behind:
Marriage (say to her) will bring
About the self same thing,
But she, fond maid, shuts and seals-up the spring.

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

IT is enough; enough of time and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyself with shadows to deceive;
Think that already lost which thou must never
gain.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years
(Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)
Like helpless ships that be
Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd
in tears.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky heart ;
Since Fate does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one star in heaven offers to take thy
part.

If e'er I clear my heart from this desire,
If e'er it home to its breast retire,
It ne'er shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call it out :
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

The pox, the plague, and every small disease,
May come as oft as ill fate please ;
But death and love are never found
To give a second wound,
We're by these serpents bit, but we're devour'd
by these.

Alas ! what comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of being again o'erthrown ?
Since such an enemy needs not fear
Left any else should quarter there,
Who has not only sick'd, but quite burnt down,
the town.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

PRESERVED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still ;
Roll it down, it never stops
Till within the vale it drops :
So are all things prone to Love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame ;
Smoke and vapour mount the skies ;
All preserve their unities ;
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averse, but prone to Love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light ;
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline :
'Tis as vain, below, above,
To impede the course of Love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the skies aspire,
Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the sea supply :
Thus appears, below, above,
A propensity to Love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luscious grapes upon the vine ;
Still the needle marks the pole ;
Parts are equal to the whole :
'Tis a truth as clear, that Love
Quickens all, below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly ;
Fishes in the waters swim,
Doves are mild, and lions grim :
Nature thus, below, above,
Pushes all things on to Love.

Does the cedar love the mountain ?
Or the thirsty deer the fountain ?
Does the shepherd love his crook ?
Or the willow court the brook ?
Thus by Nature all things move,
Like a running stream, to Love.

Is the valiant hero bold ?
Does the miser doat on gold ?
Seek the birds in spring to pair ?
Breathes the rose-bud scented air ?
Should you this deny, you'll prove
Nature is averse to Love.

As the wench loves a lass,
As the toper loves his glass,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the miller loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the moon outshines the sun,
When the tigers lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall Nature cease to Love.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE POWER OF LOVE.

N. B. This is delivered down by tradition as a production of Cowley ; and was spoken at the Westminster-School election, on the following subject :

" Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis."—OVID.

SOL. Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires :
Had any remedy for Love been known,
The god of Physic, sure, had cur'd his own.

PINDARIC ODES.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE
STYLE AND MANNER OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

"Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus."—HOR. I. EP. III. 3.

P R E F A C E.

IF a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one mad-man had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry (*"quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum"*) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider in Pindar the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries; and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet; for though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet in effect they are little better than prose to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poetry could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in some measure to be applied to all translations; and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poetry, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original: which indeed cannot be otherwise; for, men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of translating, or imitating (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words; as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of

David (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy,) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which (even Mr. Sandys himself; for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion no less short of David, than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of antiquity. This essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit: for which experiment, I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemean Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron, prince of Agrigentum (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympic, won the chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race (whose story is often toucht on); from his great riches (an ordinary common-place in Pindar); from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in digressions, than in the main subject: and the Reader must not be choqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words, and speaking strings!
What God, what Hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Pisa does to Jove belong;
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,
Alcides offer'd-up to Jove;
Alcides too thy strings may move;
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthily prove!
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no man gives place,
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race;
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone.
They thro' rough ways, o'er many stops they pass,
Till on the fatal bank at last

They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
Of fair-fac'd Sicily;
Which does itself i' th' river by
With pride and joy espy.
Then cheerful notes their painted years did sing,
And Wealth was one, and Honour th' other,
wing;
Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear,
In Fortune's graceful dress appear.
To which, great son of Rhea! say
The firm word which forbids things to decay!
If in Olympus' top, where thou
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show;
If in Alpheus' silver flight;
If in my verse, thou dost delight,
My verse, O Rhea's son! which is
Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

For the past sufferings of this noble race
(Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand,
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let present joys fill up their place,
And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illustrious line
Do these happy changes shine
More brightly, Than in' than in thine.
So, in the crystal palaces
Of the blue-eyed Nereides,
Ino her cradle's youth does please,
And thanks her fall into the seas.
Beauteous Semele does no less
Per cruel midwife, Thunder, blest;
Whilst, sporting with the Gods on high,
She enjoys secure their company;
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.

But death did them from future dangers free;
What God, alas! will caution be

For living man's security,
Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?
Never did the sun as yet
So healthful a fair-day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But fortune's favour and her spite
Roll with alternate wave like day and night:
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
E'er since the fatal son his father slew,
And did old oracles fulfil
Of Gods that cannot lye, for they foretell but
their own will.

Erynnis saw 't, and made in her own seed
The innocent Parricide to bleed;
She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows:
But better things did then succeed,
And brave Therfander, in amends for what was
past, arose.

Brave Therfander was by none,
In war, or warlike sports, out-done.
Thou, Theron, his great virtues dost revive:
He in my verse and thee again does live.

Loud Olympus happy thee,
Ikonus and Nemra does twice happy see;

For the well natur'd honour there,
Which with thy brother thou didst share,
Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

Greatness of mind and fortune too
Th' Olympic trophies shew:
Both their several parts must do
In the noble chase of fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is
dumb.

Nor is the world's picture seen aright
Without the golden light.

Pride is a way of uncertain dare,
And short man long cannot wait;
The various make of them the best,
And put them out to Fame for interest;
With a frail good they wisely buy
The solid purchase of eternity:

They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well,
and know

Th' account they must hereafter give below;
Whereas th' unjust and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

Whilst in the hands of unexhausted light,
O'er which the god-like sun's unwearied light
Ne'er winks in clouds, or sleeps in night,
An endless spring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy:
There neither earth nor sea they plow,

Nor ought to labour owe
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
And in the lamp of life consumes away.
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies past,
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little drops was purg'd at last,
The furnace had no more to do.

Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,
The Muse-discovered world of Islands Fortunate.

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd air;
There silver rivers through enamel'd meadows
glide,

And golden trees enrich their side;
Th' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
And jewels for their fruit they bear,
Which by the blest are gathered

For bracelets to the arm, and gartards to the head.

Here all the Heroes, and their Poets, live;
Wife Rhadamanthus did the sentence give,

Who for his justice was thought fit

With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.

Peleus here, and Cadmus reign;

Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,

Since his blest mother (who before,

Had try'd it on his body in vain)

Dipt now his soul in Stygian lake,

Which did from thence a divine hardness take,

That does from passion and from vice invulnera-
ble make.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wandering
song,

Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;

And may they do so long!

How, noble archer! do thy wanton arrows fly

At all the game that does but cross thine eye;

Shoot, and spare not, for I see

Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be.

Let Art use method and good-husbandry,

Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;

Nature herself has unexhausted store,

Willows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,

That no vulgar eye can trace.

Art, instead of mounting high,

About her humble food does hovering fly;

Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love;

Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,

Now bears loud thunder; and anon with silent joy

The beauteous Phrygian boy

Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,

And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day;

And sometimes too he throws

His soaring wings among the clouds.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight;

To thy loud string the well-flecht arrow put;

Let Agrigentum be the Butt,

And Theron be the White.

And, lest the name of verse should give

Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,

By the Castalian waters swear

(A sacred oath no poets dare

To take in vain,

No more than Gods do that of Styx prophane

Swear, in no city e'er before,

A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born;

Swear, that Theron sure has sworn

No man near him should be poor;

Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art

Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,

With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

But in this thankless world the givers
 Are envied ev'n by the receivers :
 'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion,
 Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation :
 Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
 It now an artifice does grow,
 Wrongs and outrages to do,
 Lest men should think we owe.
 Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found :
 But all the malice they profess,
 Thy secure honour cannot wound;
 For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
 That them or to conceal, or else to tell,
 Is equally impossible!

THE FIRST NEMÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

Chromius, the son of Agefidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius's person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

BEAUTEOUS Ortygia! the first breathing-place
 Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race!
 Fair Delos' sister, the child-bed
 Of bright Latona, where she bred
 Th' original new-moon!
 Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns
 were grown!
 Who like a gentle scion newly started out,
 From Syracuse's side dost sprout!
 Thee first my song does greet,
 With numbers smooth and fleet
 As thine own horses' airy feet,
 When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
 And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
 Jove will approve my song and me;
 Jove is concern'd in Nemea, and in thee.

With Jove my song; this happy man,
 Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
 From hence came his success,
 Nor ought he therefore like it less,
 Since the best fame is that of happiness;
 For whom should we esteem above
 The men whom Gods do love?
 'Tis them alone the Muse too does approve.
 Lo! how it makes this victory shine
 O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
 The torches which the mother brought
 When the ravish'd maid she sought,
 Appear'd not half so bright,
 But cast a weaker light,
 Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to th'
 heavenly vault.

"To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,"
 Said Jove, and, as he said,
 Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.
 "And thou, O isle!" said he, "for ever thrive,
 "And keep the value of our gift alive!
 "As Heaven with stars, so let
 "The country thick with towns be set,
 "And numberless as stars!
 "Let all the towns be then
 "Replenish'd thick with men,
 "Wife in peace, and bold in wars!
 "Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
 "Of thousand glorious men each town a constel-
 "lation!
 "Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
 "With the Olympic olive to be worn,
 "Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of
 peace adorn!"

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse, and wait
 At Chromius' hospitable gate;
 'Twill open wide to let thee in,
 When thy lyre's voice shall but begin:
 Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.
 The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready drest,
 The ivory table crowded with a feast:
 The table which is free for every guest,
 No doubt will thee admit,
 And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.
 Chromius and thou art met aright,
 For, as by nature thou dost write,
 So he by nature loves, and does by nature fight.
 Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,
 Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming
 mafs;
 They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
 And carv'd the members out with wondrous art.
 She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,
 And a vast bounty, apt and fit
 For the great dower which Fortune made to it.
 'Tis madness sure treasures to hoard,
 And make them useless, as in mines, remain,
 To lose th' occasion Fortune does afford
 Fame and public love to gain:
 Ev'n for self-concerning ends.
 'Tis wiser much to hoard-up friends.
 Though happy men the present goods possess,
 Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,
And borne the noble prize away,
Whilst other youths yet at the barriers stay!
None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he:
The God, his father's, blood nought could restrain,
'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain
The slow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurser's hands,
Wrapt in purple swadling-bands;
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
Two dreadful serpents come,
Rolling and hissing loud, into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;
Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings
went,
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues, like
thunder-bolts, present.

Some of th' amazed women dropt down dead
With fear, some wildly fled
About the room, some into corners crept,
Where silently they shook and wept:
All naked from her bed the passionate mother
leap'd,
To save or perish with her child;
She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant
smil'd:

The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded toes;
And, as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,
With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
In vain their armed tails they twist,
And angry circles cast about;
Black blood, and fiery breath, and poisonous soul,
he squeezes out!

With their drawn swords
In ran Amphytrio and the Theban lords;
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
They saw the conquering boy
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where, in death's pangs and their own gore, they
folding lay.

When wife Tiresias this beginning knew,
He told with ease the things t' ensue;
From what monsters he should free
The earth, the air, and sea;
What mighty tyrants he should slay,
Greater monsters far than they;
How much at Phlegra's field the direst Gods
should owe
To their great offspring here below;
And how his club should there outdo
Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder
too.

And that the grateful Gods, at last,
The race of his laborious virtue past,
Heaven, which he sav'd, should to him give;
Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he should for
ever live;
Drink nectar with the Gods, and all his senses
please
In their harmonious, golden palaces;

Walk with ineffable delight
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
And, as he walks, affright
The lion and the bear,
Bull, centaur, scorpion, all the radiant monsters
there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S SECOND ODE, B. IV.

"Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari, &c."

PINDAR is imitable by none;
The Phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
Who e'er but Dædalus with waxy wings could fly,
And neither sink too low nor soar too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a sea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable song
Like a swollen flood from some steep mountain
pours along;
The ocean meets with such a voice,
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's
noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dykes control:
Whether th' immortal Gods he sings,
In a no less immortal strain,
Or the great acts of God-descended kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and reign;
Each rich-embroider'd line,
Which their triumphant brows around,
By his sacred hand is bound,
Does all their starry diadems outline.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
To carve in polish'd verse the conqueror's images;
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crown'd in his mirable, artful, vigorous song;
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate—
Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
As joy t' his mother's and his mistress' grief
affords—

He bids him live and grow in fame;
Among the stars he sticks his name;
The grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is Death's, so great the Poet's power!

Lo, how th' obsequious wind, and swelling air,
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings open his liquid way!
Whilst, alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious tracks pursues;
Does with weak, unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,

About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

NOT winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor showers to earth more necessary be
(Heaven's vital seed cast on the womb of earth
To give the fruitful year a birth)
Than Virtue to Virtue; which can do
The midwife's office and the nurse's too;
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
And, when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.
Begin the song, and strike the living lyre;
Lo! how the years to come, a numerous and well-
fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures
dance!
Whilst the dance lasts, how long so'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound:
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string:
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work, shall die:
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by
hands divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise;
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years!
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home:
Some from birds, from fishes some;
Some from earth, and some from seas;
Some from beasts, and some from trees;
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And, where th' attending soul naked and shivering
stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands;
As dispers'd soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new set, to be new-rack'd again,

To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less con-
fus'd than they.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vigorous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great;
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent
course;

'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
Confident and proud of his own natural force.
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But sing, writer and reader too, that sits not sure.

THE MUSE.

GO, the rich chariot instantly prepare;
The Queen, my Muse, will take the air:
Unruly Fancy with strong judgment trace;
Pet in nimble-footed Wit,
Smooth-pa'd Eloquence join with it;
Sound Memory with young Invention place;
Harness all the winged race.
Let the postillion Nature mount, and let
The coachman Art be set;
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,
Make a long row of goodly pride,
Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
In a well-worded dress;
And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and
useful Lyes,
In all their gaudy liveries.
Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne,
And bid it to put on;
For long, though cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.
Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,
The passage press'd;
Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air;
Where never yet did pry
The busy morning's curious eye;
The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,
And all's an open road to thee!
Whatever God did Say.
's all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way!
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are
known,
Thou hast thousand worlds too of thine own.
Thou speak'st, great Queen! in the same style
as He:
And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st,
"Let it be."
Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,
And canst pluck up with ease
The years which thou dost please;
Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests cast

Long since into the sea,
 Brought up again to light and public use by thee,
 Nor dost thou only dive so low,
 But fly
 With an unwearied wing the other way on high,
 Where Fates among the stars do grow;
 There into the close nests of Time dost peep,
 And there, with piercing eye,
 Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost spy
 Years to come a-forming lie,
 Close in their sacred fecundine asleep,
 Till, hatch'd by the sun's vital heat,
 Which o'er them yet does brooding set,
 The life and motion get,
 And, ripe at last, with vigorous might
 Break through the shell, and take their everlast-
 ing flight!

And sure we may
 The same too of the present say,
 If past and future times do thee obey.
 Thou stop'st this current, and dost make
 This running river settle like a lake;
 Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake!
 The fruit which does so quickly waste,
 Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
 Thou com'stest in sweets to make it last.
 This shining piece of ice,
 Which melts so soon away
 With the sun's ray,
 Thy verse does solidate and crystallize.
 'Till it a lasting mirror be!
 Nay, thy immortal rhyme
 Makes this one short point of time
 To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBS.

VAST bodies of philosophy
 I oft have seen and read;
 But all are bodies dead,
 Or bodies by art fashioned;
 I never yet the living soul could see,
 But in thy books and thee!
 'Tis only God can know
 Whether the fair idea thou dost show
 Agree entirely with his own or no.
 This I dare boldly tell,
 'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.
 Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
 As full of concord their variety,
 As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
 And all so solid are, that they, at least
 As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagyrite retain
 The universal intellectual reign,
 Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain;
 The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
 Oftener renew'd his age, and saw that die.
 Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet, possest,
 And, chac'd by a wild deluge from the East,
 His monarchy new planted in the West.

But, as in time each great imperial race
 Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
 So did this noble empire waste,
 Sunk by degrees from glories past,
 And in the school-men's hands it perish'd quite
 at last:
 Then nought but words it grew,
 And those all barbarous too:
 It perish'd, and it vanish'd there,
 The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty
 air!

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients'
 plough,
 Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now;
 In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
 And boast of past fertility,
 The poor relief of present poverty.
 Food and fruit we now must want,
 Unless new lands we plant.
 We break-up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
 Old rubbish we remove;
 To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
 And with fond divining wands
 We search among the dead
 For treasures buried:
 Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
 So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
 And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,
 Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
 For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit:
 Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
 And nothing fees but seas and skies,
 Till unknown regions it descries,
 Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new
 philosophies!
 Thy task was harder much than his;
 For thy learn'd America is
 Not only found-out first by thee,
 And rudely left to future industry,
 But thy eloquence and thy wit,
 Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd, it.

I little thought before
 (Nor, being my own self so poor,
 Could comprehend so vast a store)
 That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
 Could have afforded half enough,
 Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
 To cloathe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.
 Thy solid reason, like the shield from heaven
 To the Trojan hero given,
 Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
 Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
 And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of
 Art!
 A shield that gives delight
 Ev'n to the enemies' fight,
 Then, when they're sure to lose the combat by't.
 Nor can the snow, which cold Age does shed
 Upon thy reverend head,
 Quench or allay the noble fires within:
 But all which thou hast been,

And all that Youth can be, thou'rt yet !
 So fully still dost thou
 Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,
 And all the natural heat, but not the fever too !
 So contraries on *Ætna's* top conspire ;
 Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks-out fire !
 A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep ;
 Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep !
 And, if we weigh, like thee,
 Nature and Causes, we shall see
 That thus it needs must be—
 To things immortal, Time can do no wrong.
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be
 young.

DESTINY.

"Hoc quoque Fatale est. Ne ipsum expendere Fatum."
 MANTU.

STRANGE and unnatural! let's stay and see
 This pageant of a prodigy.
 Lo, of themselves th' enliven'd Chess-men move!
 Lo, the unbred, ill organ'd pieces prove
 As full of art and industry,
 Of courage and of policy,
 As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wild
 but we!

Here a proud Pawn I admire,
 That, still advancing higher,
 At top of all became
 Another thing and name;
 Here I'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,
 That does bold wonders in the fight;
 Here I the losing party blame,
 For those false Moves that break the Game,
 That to their Grave, the Bag, the conquer'd
 Pieces bring,
 And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated King.

"What'er these seem, what'er philosophy
 "And sense or reason tell," said I,
 "These things have life, election, liberty;
 "'Tis their own wisdom moulds their fate,
 "Their faults and virtues make their fate.
 "They do, they do," said I; but straight
 Lo! from my enlighten'd eyes the mists and sha-
 dows fell,

That hinder spirits from being visible;
 And lo! I saw two angels play'd the Mate.
 With man, alas! no otherwise it proves;
 An unseen hand makes all their Moves;
 And some are great, and some are small,
 Some climb to good, some from good-fortune fall;
 Some wise-men, and some fools, we call;
 Figures, alas! of speech, for Destiny play, to all.

Me from the womb the midwife stuff did take:
 She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
 With her own hand she fashion'd;
 She did a covenant with me make,
 And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake:
 "Thou of my church shalt be;
 "Hate and renounce," said she,
 "Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me.

VOL. II.

"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
 "Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrang-
 "ling bar:

"Content thyself with the small barren praise,
 "That neglected verse does raise."
 She spake, and all my years to come
 Took their unlucky doom.
 Their several ways of life let others chuse,
 Their several pleasures let them use,
 But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
 Such I began, such am, and so must end.
 The star that did my being frame,
 Was but a lambent flame,
 And some small light it did dispense,
 But neither heat nor influence.
 No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see,
 That thou canst her despise no less than she does
 thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
 Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
 Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
 Murder, Inidelity,
 Rebellion and Hypocrisy;
 Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,
 As all th' inspir'd tuneful men,
 And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer
 down to Ben.

BRUTUS.

THE EXCELLENT Brutus! of all human race
 The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;
 Till men above themselves Faith raised more
 Than Reason above beasts before.
 Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
 Did silently and constantly dispense
 The gentle, vigorous influence
 To all the wide and fair circumference;
 And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
 Obey'd the right force so willingly,
 That none could discord or disorder see
 In all their contrariety:
 Each had his portion natural and free,
 And the whole no more mov'd than the whole
 world could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst
 deserve
 (Mistaken, honest man!) in Caesar's blood;
 What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve,
 From him who kill'd himself, rather than serve?
 Th' heroic exaltations of Good
 Are so far from understood,
 We count them Vice: alas! our sight's so ill,
 That things, which swiftest move seem to stand
 still:

We look not upon Virtue in her height,
 On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
 In the original light;
 But as her beams reflected pass
 Through our own Nature or ill-custom's glais:

N

As 'tis no wonder, so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ra-
visher?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancell'd name of friend be here?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Caesar, who could Rome embroil!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In the exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his successor Nero's parricide!
There's none but Brutus could deserve
That all men else should wish to serve,
And Caesar's usurp'd place to him should proffer;
None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the
offer.

I'll Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrap'd itself i' th' terrors of the night:
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sprite;
"I'll meet thee there," saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't heard the morning
crow,

Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the Eastern hill afar.
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
But unseen attack'd thee there:
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou should'st have forc'd it back upon thy
feet:

Or slain 't, like Caesar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd events,
All men, and wretched accidents,
The best cause and best man that ever drew a sword?

When we see
The false Octavius and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus! conquer thou?
What can we say, but thine own magic word—
That virtue, which had worshipp'd been by thee
As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name.

Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:
These mighty gulphs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's set forth already which shall quell
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;
Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal:
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,
And shew'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

HOW long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic scene,
When slaughter all the while
Seem'd like its sea, embracing round the isle,
With tempests, and red waves, noise and affright!
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white!
What province or what city did it spare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air,
Sore the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had God's all-mighty hand
At the same time let loose Diseases' rage
Their civil wars in man to wage.
But thou by Heaven wert sent
This desolation to prevent,
A medicine, and a counter-poison to the age.
Scarce could the sword dispart more to the grave
Than thou didst save;
By wondrous art, and by successful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair!

The inundations of all liquid Pain,
And deluge Dropsy, thou dost drain.
Fever, so hot that one would say
Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay
(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)
Thou dost so temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful dross behind.
The subtle Ague, that for sureness' sake
Takes its own times th' assault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does shake,
When thy strong guards, and works, it spies,
Trembles for itself, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that resists pain,
That's sometimes roll'd away in vain,
But still, like Syphilus's stone returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd juices' force
(A greater work though short the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)
Oppress'd Nature's necessary course
It stops in vain; like Moses thou
Strik'st but the rock, and strait the waters freely
flow.

The Indian son of Lust (that soul disease
Which did on this new-found world but lately
seize,

Yet since a tyranny has planted here,
As wild and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is to quite rooted-out by thee,
That thy patients seem to be
Restor'd not to health only, but virginity.
The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill,
Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,
If thou but succour the besieged heart,
Calls all its poisons forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy art,
Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy strong charms it must be gone
Tho' a disease, as well as devil, were called Legion.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou
Dost all the powers and several portions know,
Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,
On their green infants here bestow:
Canst all those magic virtues from them draw,
That keep Disease and Death in awe;
Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,
Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by thee.
And thy well-travel'd knowledge, too, does give
No less account of th' empire sensitive;
Chiefly of man, whose body is
That active soul's metropolis.
As the great artist in his sphere of glass
Saw the whole scene of heavenly motions pass;
So thou know'st all so well that's done within,
As if some living crystal man thou'dst seen.
Nor does this science make thy crown alone,
But whole Apollo is thine own;
His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou'rt by this noble mixture free
From the physicians' frequent malady,
Fantastic incivility:
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worse potions than
they gave.
And this great race of learning thou hast run,
Ere that of life be half yet done;
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
And like t' enjoy thy conquests long.
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of man report;
For thou dost make Life long, and Art but short.
Ah, learn'd friend! it grieves me, when I think
That thou with all thy art must die,
As certainly as I;
And all thy noble reparations sink
Into the sure-wrought mine of treacherous
mortality.
Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,
Thou hold'st out towns that must at last be ta'en,
And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.
Let's e'en compound, and for the present live,
'Tis all the ready-money Fate can give;
Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
And let thy friends so happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:
Some hours, at least to thine own pleasures spare:
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
Bestow 't not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
When all's done, Life is an incurable disease.

LIFE AND FAME.

OH, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What's somebody, or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
We no such nice distinction woven see,
As 'tis "to be," or "not to be."
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made

From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is a more solid thing than thou.
Vain, weak-built ifhimus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities!
Yet canst not wave nor wind sustain.
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless ocean
meet again.

And with what rare inventions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive?
Wife, subtle arts, and such as well besit
That Nothing Man's no wit!—
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
"Here lies the great"—false marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.—
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
Till fools and architects to please;
A lasting life in well hewn stone they rear:
So he, who on th' Egyptian shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still (oh Life! most happy and most dear!
Oh Life! that epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.
His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the seraphic entity of fame;
He, since that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's
breath.
'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain;
But oh, ye learned men! explain
What essence, what existence, this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
In six poor letters is!
In those alone does the great Caesar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We Poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantastic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give, eternity.
Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would bestow,
For all old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd till now!

THE EXTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste
Farewell to' ye all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears-up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title
show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck esp'y,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' th' sand!
For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I pass by th' arch'd magazines which hold
 Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
 Dry and secure I go,
 Nor shake with fear or cold:
 Without alight or wonder
 I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
 And lightning in my way.
 Like beams of flambent fires about my temples play.
 Now find a gentle sea of rolling flames
 I am plung'd, and still mount by their flames;
 As flames mount up through air:
 So perfect, yet so tame.
 So great, so pure, so bright a fire,
 Was that unfortunate desire,
 My faithful breath did cover,
 Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
 Where I behold distinctly, as I pass
 The hints of Galileo's lens,
 I touch at last the fringed sphere:
 Here all th' extended sky
 Is but one galaxy,
 'Tis all so bright and gay,
 And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
 An unshuffled ocean of delight
 Swallows my senses quite,
 And drowns all What, or How, or Where!
 Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
 And this great world's Columbus was,
 The tyrannous pleasure could express.
 Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less!

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
 That second man who leapt the ditch where all
 The rest of mankind fall,
 And went not downwards to the sky!
 With much of pomp and show
 (As conquering kings in triumph go)
 Did he to heaven approach,
 And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was
 his coach.

'Twas fairly all; and rich in every part
 Of essences, of gems, and spirit of gold
 Was its substantial mould,
 Drawn forth by chemic angel's art.
 Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,
 There double gilt with the sun's light;
 And myrtle shapes cut round in it.
 Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
 Of all that in Heaven's beautiful pastures feed
 The noblest, sprightliest breed;
 And flaming man's their necks array'd.
 They all were shod with diamond,
 Not such as here are found,
 But such light solid ones as shine
 On the transparent rocks of th' Heaven's crystalline.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the skies;
 Autom'd men, who oft had seen this fall,
 Or that which so they call,
 Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.

The soft clouds melted him away;
 The snow and frosts which in it lay
 Awhile the sacred footsteps bore;
 The wheels and horses' hoofs hizz'd as they pass'd
 them o'er!
 He pass'd by th' moon and planets, and did fright
 All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,
 And their astrologers amaz'd
 With th' unexampled sight.
 But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
 Till Phoenix Nature, aged grown,
 To a better thing do aspire,
 And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

GREAT Janus! (who dost sure my mistress
 view
 With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few)
 If thy fore-face do see
 No better things prepar'd for me,
 Than did thy face behind:
 If still her breast must shut against me be
 (For 'tis not Peace that temple's gate does blind),
 Oh, let my life, if thou so many deaths a coming
 find,
 With thine old year its voyage take,
 Borne down that stream of Time which no return
 can make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
 Th' old avaricious year,
 Whether I would or no, will bear
 At least a part of me away:
 His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and
 hours,
 Though never any-where they stay,
 Make in their passage all their prey;
 The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear can
 find
 Nought of value left behind.
 All the good wine of life our drunken youth
 devours;
 Sourness and leas, which to the bottom sink,
 Remain for later years to drink;
 Until, some one offended with the taste,
 The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run
 at last.

If then, young Year! thou needst must come
 (For in Time's fruitful womb
 The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
 Nor ever can miscarry);
 Chuse thy attendants well; for 'tis not thee
 We fear, but 'tis thy company:
 Let neither Foes of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,
 Nor pining Sickness, nor tormenting Pain,
 Nor Scurfies, nor uncleanly Poverty,
 Be seen among thy train:
 Nor let thy livery be
 Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:
 Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
 Let not so much as I love be there:

Vain fruitless Love, I mean; for gentle Year!
 Although I fear,
 There's of this caution little need,
 Yet, gentle Year! take heed
 How thou dost make
 Such a mistake:
 Such Love I mean, alone,
 As by thy cruel predecessor has been shown:
 For though I have too much cause to doubt it,
 I fain would try for once if Life can live without it.
 Into the future times why do we pry,
 And seek to antedate our misery?
 Like jealous men, why are we longing still
 To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
 'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 'twere a sight
 That would ev'n happiest men affright;
 And something still they'd spy that would destroy
 The past and present joy.
 In whatsoever character
 The book of Fate is writ,
 'Tis well we understand not it:
 We should grow mad with little learning there;
 Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
 Undecently and foolishly
 We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
 The fatal flood to enter.
 Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it,
 They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once
 into it.

L I F E.

"*Neglectus Mortuus*."—MANN.

WE'RE ill by these grammarians us'd:
 We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd.
 From the maternal tomb,
 To the grave's fruitful womb,
 We call here Life; but Life's a name
 That nothing here can truly claim:
 This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
 We call our dwelling-place;
 We call one step a race:
 But angels, in their full enlighten'd state,
 Angels, who Live, and know what 'tis to Be;
 Who all the nonsense of our language see;
 Who speak Things, and our words, their ill-drawn
 pictures, scorn;
 When, we, by a foolish figure, say,
 "Behold an old man dead!" then they
 Speak properly, and cry, "Behold a man-child
 born!"
 My eyes are open'd, and I see
 Through the transparent fallacy:
 Because we seem wisely to talk
 Like men of business; and for business walk
 From place to place,
 And mighty voyages we take,
 And mighty journeys seem to make,
 O'er sea and land, the little point that has no space:
 Because we fight, and battles gain;
 Some captives call, and say, "the rest are slain!"

Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
 Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow;
 Because we draw a long nobility
 From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
 And impudently talk of a posterity,
 And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
 Who write of twenty thousand years,
 With maravedies make th' account,
 That single time might to a sum amount:
 We grow at last by custom to believe,
 That really we Live:
 Whilst all these Shadows, that for Things we take,
 Are but the empty Dreams which in Death's sleep
 we make.

But these fantastic errors of our dream
 Lead us to solid wrong:
 We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
 And wish uncharitably for them
 To be as long a dying as Methusalem.
 The ripen'd soul longs from his prison to come;
 But we would seal, and sew up, if we could, the
 wound:
 We seek to close and plaister up by art
 The cracks and breaches of th' extended shell,
 And in that narrow cell
 Would rudely force to dwell
 The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER OF
THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

AWAKE, and with attention hear,
 Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee
 near;
 Awake, I say, and listen well,
 To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.
 Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,
 And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
 Be still, thou sea; be still, thou air and earth,
 Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
 A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
 In strength and number more
 Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
 To scourge the rebel world, and march it round
 about.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
 And from it streams a dismal ray;
 I see the scabbard cast away;
 How red anon with slaughter will it prove!
 How will it sweat and reek in blood!
 How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorg'd with
 his food,
 And devour all the mighty feast!
 Nothing soon but bones will rest.
 God does a solemn sacrifice prepare;
 But not of oxen, nor of rams,
 Not of kids, nor of their dams,
 Not of heifers, nor of lambs:
 The altar all the land, and all men in 't the victim
 are.
 Since, wicked men, more guilty blood to sp

The beasts so long have sacrificed been :
 Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin ;
 'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
 And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
 Such will the creatures wild distraction be,
 When at the final doom,
 Nature and Time shall both be slain,
 Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
 And the whole world their funeral pile become.
 The wide stretch'd ferell of heaven, which we
 Immortal as the Deity think,
 With all the beauteous characters that in it
 With such deep sense by God's own hand were
 writ

(Whose eloquence, though we understand not, we
 admire)

Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink

Like parchment in a fire :

Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend ;
 But truly then headlong into the sea descend :
 The glittering host, now in such fair array,
 So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
 Like fearful troops in some strong ambush taken,
 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
 Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn fall,
 With such a violent storm as blows down tree
 and all.

And thou, O cursed land !

Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost
 stand

(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)

Th' of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt
 drink.

Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so

With human blood o'erflow,

That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
 Which in the fields around unburied lay,
 And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their
 prey :

The rotting corpse shall so infect the air,
 Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,

That by thine own dead shall be slain
 All thy few living that remain.

As one who buys, surveys, a ground,
 So the destroying-angel measures it around ;
 So careful and so strict he is,

Left any nook or corner he should miss.

He walks about the perishing nation,
 Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
 Be cheak'd with brambles and o'ergrown with
 grass :

The serpents through thy streets shall roll,
 And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
 And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
 And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
 Though no new ills can be foreboded there :

In then shall to the leopard thy,

"Brother leopard, come away ;

Behold a land which God has given us in prey !
 Behold a land from whence we see

behind expuls'd, his and our common enemy !"

Brother leopard shakes himself, and does not

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The glutt'd vultures shall expect in vain

New armies to be slain :

Shall find at last the business done,

Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone :

Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,

The satyrs laugh to hear them groan :

The evil spirits, that delight

To dance and revel in the mask of night,

The moon, and stars, their sole spectators, shall
 affright :

And, if of lost mankind

Aught happen to be left behind ;

If any relics but remain ;

They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces
 shall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

IS this thy bravery, Man, is this thy pride ?

Rebel to God, and slave to all beside !

Captiv'd by every thing ! and only free

To fly from thine own liberty !

All creatures, the Creator said, were thine ;

No creature but might since say, Man is mine."

In black Egyptian slavery we lie ;

And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery

Of tyrant Sin ;

To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our
 breath

In building up the monuments of Death ;

We, the choice race, to God and angels kin !

In vain the prophets and apostles come

To call us home,

Home to the promis'd Canaan above,

Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant
 honey flow ;

And even i' th' way to which we should be led

With angels' tasteful bread :

But we, alas ! the flesh-pots love,

We love the very leeks and fordid roots below.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see !

In vain did God to descend hither deign ;

He was his own ambassador in vain,

Our Moses and our guide himself to be !

We will not let ourselves to go,

And with worse harden'd hearts do our own
 Pharaohs grow.

Ah ! left at last we perish so,

Think, stubborn Man, think of th' Egyptian
 Prince

(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou) ;

Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince

The feeble arguments that human power could
 show ;

Think what plagues attend on thee,

Who Moses' God dost now revere, more oft than
 Moses he.

"If from some god you come" (said the proud king
 With half a smile and half a frown ;

"But what god can to Egypt be unknown ?)

"What sign, what powers, what credence, do you
 bring !"

"Behold his seal! behold his hand!"
 Cries Moses, and casts down th' all-mighty wand.
 Th' all-mighty wand scarce touch'd the earth,
 When, with an undiscerned birth,
 Th' all-mighty wand a serpent grew,
 And his long half in painted folds behind him
 drew:

Upwards his threatening tail he threw;
 Upwards he cast his threatening head:
 He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
 With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
 And, like a basilisk, almost look'd th' assembly dead;
 Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him
 fled.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight,
 And with proud words alay'd th' asright.
 "The God of slaves," said they, "how can he be
 "More powerful than their masters' deity?"
 And down they cast their rods,
 And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile
 gods.

The evil spirits their charms obey,
 And in a fustle cloud they snatch the rods away.
 And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
 Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
 Were ready still at hand,
 And all at the Old Serpent's first command.
 And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,
 And they their threatening tails did twist;
 But first on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,
 Broke both their active backs, and both it flew,
 And both almost at once devour'd;
 So much was over-power'd,
 By God's miraculous creation,
 His servant's, Nature's, slightly-wrought and feeble
 generation!

On the fam'd bank the prophets stood,
 Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the
 flood;
 Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.
 The helpless fish were found
 In their strange current drown'd:
 The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide
 About it blub'd and dy'd:
 Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground;
 From their vast trunks the dropping gore they
 spied,
 Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they
 cried.
 Nor all thy priests, nor thou
 Oh king! could'st ever show
 From whence thy wandering Nile begins his
 course—

Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source;
 And, as thy land that does o'erflow,
 Take heed lest this do so!
 What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
 The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all:
 The kind, instructing punishment enjoy;
 Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-sea
 shall destroy.

The river yet gave one instruction more;
 And, from the rotting fish and unconcocted gore
 (Which was but water just before),

A loathsome host was quickly made,
 That seal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all
 the country invade.

As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed
 (But like a friend he visits all the land
 With welcome presents in his hand)
 So did this Living Tide the fields o'erspread:
 In vain th' alarmed country tries
 To kill their noisome enemies;
 From th' unexhausted source still new recruits
 arise.

Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice,
 The towns and houses they possess,
 The temples and the palaces,
 Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear;
 Both their importune croakings hear.
 Unsatiate yet, they mount up higher,
 Where never sun-born Frog durst to aspire,
 And in the filken beds their slimy members place;
 A luxury unknown before to all the watery race!

The water thus her wonders did produce;
 But both were to no use;
 As yet the forceers' mimic power serv'd for excuse,
 "Try what the earth will do," said God, and lo!
 They strook the earth a fertile blow,
 And all the dust did strain to stir begin;
 One would have thought some sudden wind't had
 been;

But lo! 'twas nimble life was got within!
 And all the little springs did move,
 And every dust did an arm'd vermin prove,
 Of an unknown and new-created kind,
 Such as the magic-gods could neither make nor
 find.

The wretched shameful Foe allow'd no rest
 Either to man or beast
 Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
 With all his change of raiments, free;
 The devils themselves confess'd
 This was God's hand; and 'twas but just,
 To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with
 dust.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
 And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;
 With fullen noise they take their flight,
 And march in bodies infinite;
 In vain 'tis day above, 'tis still beneath them night.
 Of harmful Flies the nations numberless
 Compos'd this mighty army's spacious boast;
 Of different manners, different languages;
 And different habits, too, they wore,
 And different arms they bore;
 And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
 And some on green, and some on flowery food;
 And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various
 host.

Houses secure not men, the populous ill
 Did all the houses fill:
 The country all around
 Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound;
 About the fields enrag'd they flew,
 And wish'd the plague that was t' ensue.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came
 (The mingled malice of their flame);

A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,
 And with just hands the sad compofure make,
 And over all the land did the full vial flake.
 Thirst, giddinefs, faintnefs, and putrid heats,
 And pining pains, and shivering fweats,
 On all the cattle, all the beafts, did fall;
 With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
 The labouring ox drops down before the plow;
 The crowned victims to the altar led
 Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:
 The generous horfe from the full manger turns
 his head,
 Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
 Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
 Nor can his lifelefs noftril please
 With the once ravifhing fmell of all his dappled
 miftreffes:
 The ftarving fheep refuse to feed,
 They bleat their innocent fouls out into air;
 The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
 Th' astonish'd fhepherd weeps, and breaks his
 tuneful reed.
 Thus did the beafts for man's rebellion die;
 God did on man a gentler medicine try,
 And a Difcufe, for Phyfic, did apply.
 Warm affies from the furnace Moses took;
 The forcerers did with wonder on him look,
 And fmail'd at th' unaccount'd fpell,
 Which no Egyptian rituals tell:
 He flings the pregnant affies through the air,
 And fpeaks a mighty prayer;
 Both which the miniftering winds around all Egypt
 bear.
 As gentle weftern blafes with downy wings,
 Hatching the tender fprings,
 To th' unborn buds with vital whifpers fay,
 "Ye living buds, why do ye ftay?"
 The paffionate buds break through the bark their
 way:
 So, where'er this tainted wind but blew,
 Swelling pains and ulcers grew;
 It from the body call'd all fleeping poifons out,
 And to them added new;
 A noifome fpring of fores, as thick as leaves, did
 fprout.
 Heaven itfelf is angry next;
 (Wee to man, when Heaven is vex'd)
 With fullen brow it frown'd,
 And murmur'd firft in an imperfect found:
 Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
 Waves the expected fignal of his wand;
 And all the full-charg'd clouds in rang'd fqua-
 drons move,
 And fill the fpacious plains above;
 Through which the rolling thunder firft does play,
 And opens wide the tempeft's noify way.
 And frait a ftevy fhower
 Of monftrous Hail does downwards pour,
 Such as ne'er winter yet brought forth,
 From all her ftormy magazines of the north.
 It all the beafts and men abroad did flay,
 O'er the defaced corple, like monuments, lay;
 The houfes and ftrong-bod'd trees it broke,
 Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's froke:

The thunder but for terror through it flew,
 The hail alone the work could do.
 The awful lightnings all around,
 Some flying through the air, fome running on the
 ground,
 Some fwimming o'er the water's face,
 Fill'd with bright horror every place;
 One would have thought, their dreadful day
 have feen,
 The very hail, and rain itfelf had kindled been.
 The infant corn, which yet did fcarce appear,
 Escap'd this general maffacre
 Of every thing that grew,
 And the well-ftor'd Egyptian year
 Began to clothe her fields and trees anew.
 When lo! a fcorching wind from the burnt coun-
 tries blew,
 And endless legions with it drew
 Of greedy Locusts; who, where'er
 With founding wings they flew.
 Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
 As if Winter itfelf had march'd by there.
 What'er the Sun and Nile
 Gave with large bounty to the thankful foil,
 The wretched pillagers bore away,
 And the whole Summer was their prey;
 Till Moses with a prayer
 Breath'd forth a violent weftern wind,
 Which all thefe living clouds did headlong bear
 (No ftagglers left behind)
 Into the purple fea, and there beftow
 On the luxurious fifh a feaft they ne'er did know.
 With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
 And little thinks their fate attends on him and
 his fo near.
 What blindnefs or what darknefs did there e'er
 Like this undocile king's appear!
 What, e'er, but that which now does represent
 And paint the crime out in the punifhment?
 From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
 Where the old mother Night does grow—
 Subftantial Night, that does difclaim
 Privation's empty name—
 Through fecret conduits monftrous fhapecrofe,
 Such as the fun's whole force could not oppofe:
 They with a folid cloud
 All heaven's eclipsed face did fhroud;
 Seem'd, with large wings fpread o'er the fea and
 earth,
 To breed up a new Chaos's deformed birth.
 And every lamp and every fire,
 Did at the dreadful fight wink and expire,
 To all Emphyrean fource all ftreams of light
 feem'd to retire.
 The living men were in their ftanding houfes
 buried;
 But the long Night no flumber knows,
 But the fhort Death finds no repofe!
 Ten thoufand terrors through the darknefs fed,
 And ghefts complain'd, and fpirits murmur'd;
 And Fancy's multiplying fight
 View'd all the fcenes invifible of Night.
 Of God's dreadful anger thefe
 Were but the firft light fkimifhes;

The flock and bloody battle now begins,
 The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.
 It was the time when the still moon
 Was mounted softly to her noon,
 And dewy Sleep, which from Night's secret springs
 arose,
 Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
 When lo! from the high countries of refined day,
 The golden heaven without alloy—
 Whose drops, in the creation purg'd away,
 Made up the sun's adulterate ray—
 Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
 Swift as the journeys of the light,
 Swift as the race of light,
 And with his winged will cuts through the yield-
 ing sky.
 He pass'd through many a star, and, as he past,
 Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
 Than they did in their sphere.
 On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,
 And a mild look of sacred pity cast
 Down on the sinful land where he was sent,
 'T' inflict the tardy punishment.
 "Ah! yet," said he, "yet, stubborn king! repent.
 "Whilst thou unarm'd stand,
 "Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded
 "hand;
 "Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live:
 "Who would, alas! believe
 "That it for man," said he,
 "So hard to be forgiven should be,
 "And yet for God so easy to forgive!"
 He spoke, and downwards flew,
 And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,
 Made of the blackest fleece of Night,
 And close-wrought to keep in the powerful light,
 Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his sight;
 But thro' the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
 And thro' the narrow walks of crooked pores,
 He past more swift and free,
 Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
 He took a pointed Pestilence in his hand;
 The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
 The strongly-temper'd blade,
 The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
 Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked
 Land.
 Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
 And as he march'd the sacred first-born brook
 Of every womb; none did he spare,
 None, from the meaneat beast to Cenchre's purple
 heir.
 The swift approach of endless night
 Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes;
 They awake the rest with dying cries,
 And darkness doubles the alight;
 The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,
 And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.
 Louder than all the shrieking women's voice
 Pierces this chaos of confused noise;
 As brighter lightning cuts a way
 Clear and distinguish'd through the day.
 With less complaints the Zoa temples sound,
 When the adored heifer's drown'd,
 And no true-mark'd sacrifice to be found.

Whilst health and strength, and gladness, does possess
 The festal Hebrew cottages;
 The blest Destroyer comes not there,
 To interrupt the sacred cheer
 That new begins their well-reformed year:
 Upon their doors he read and understood
 God's protection, writ in blood;
 Well was he skill'd i' th' character Divine;
 And, though he pass'd by it in haste,
 He bow'd and worship'd, as he past,
 The mighty mystery through its humble sign.
 The sword strikes now too deep and near,
 Longer with its edge to play;
 No diligence or cost they spare
 To haste the Hebrews now away,
 Pharaoh himself chides their delay;
 So kind and bountiful is Fear!
 But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
 Is but like fire druck out of stone;
 So hardly got, and quickly gone,
 That it scarce out-lives the blow.
 Sorrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast;
 Rage and revenge their place possess'd;
 With a vast host of chariots and of horse,
 And all his powerful kingdom's ready force,
 The travelling nation he pursues;
 Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war renews.
 Fill'd with proud hopes, "At least," said he,
 "Th' Egyptian Gods, from Syrian magic free,
 "Will now revenge themselves and me;
 "Behold what possels rocks on either hand,
 "Like prison-walls, about them stand,
 "Whilst the sea bounds their flight before!
 "And in our injur'd justice they must find
 "A far worse stop than rocks and seas behind;
 "Which shall with crimson gore
 "New paint the water's name, and double dye
 the shore."
 He spoke; and all his host
 Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast;
 A hidden wind bore his vain words away,
 And drown'd them in the neighbouring sea.
 No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy,
 And, with degenerate fear to die,
 Curse their new-gotten liberty.
 But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
 And saw a path hid yet from human sight:
 He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either
 side
 Unclasp their close embraces, and divide;
 And backward press, as in some solemn show
 The crowding people do
 (Though just before no space was seen)
 To let the admired triumph pass between.
 The wondering army saw on either hand
 The no less-wondering waves like rocks of crystal
 stand:
 They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
 The secret paths of God.
 And here and there all scatter'd in their way
 The sea's old spoils, and gaping fishes, lay
 Deserted on the sandy plain:
 The sun did with astonishment behold
 The inmost chambers of the open'd main;
 For, what wonder of all

By his own priests the poets has been said,
 He never sunk till then into the ocean's bed.
 Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
 To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,
 And saw behind th' unguided foe
 March disorderly and slow.
 The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand
 Shakes his imperious wand :
 The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
 The beckoning wand espy ;
 Strait their first right-hand files begin to move,
 And, with a murmuring wind,
 Give the word " March " to all behind.
 The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove,
 But, with a joyful, louder noise,
 Answer their distant fellows' voice,
 And haste to meet them make,
 As several troops do all at once a common signal
 take.
 What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
 Which on the Chamian army fell,
 When on both sides they saw the roaring main
 Broke loose from his invisible chain !
 They saw the monstrous death and watery war
 Come rolling down loud ruin from afar !
 In vain some backward and some forwards fly
 With helpless haste ; in vain they cry
 To their celestial Beasts for aid ;
 In vain their guilty king they upbraid ;
 In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,
 With a repentance true too late ;
 They're compass'd round with a devouring fate,
 That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon
 them all.

DAVIDEIS,

A SACRED POEM

OF THE TROUBLES OF DAVID.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

" *Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Mæse,
 " Quarum sacra ferro ingenti percussas amore,
 " Accipiant, Cælique vias ac Sidera monstrent.*"

VIRG. GEORG. II.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Proposition. The Invocation. The entrance into
 the history from a new agreement betwixt Saul and
 David. A description of hell. The Devil's speech.
 Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the
 shape of Benjamin. Her speech, and Saul's to himself
 after she was vanished. A description of heaven.
 God's speech : he sends an Angel to David : the Angel's
 message to him. David sent for, to play before Saul.
 A digression concerning music. David's psalm. Saul
 attempts to kill him. His escape to his own house,
 from whence being pursued by the king's guard, by the
 artifice of his wife Michal he escapes and flies to*

*Naioth, the Prophets' college at Ramah. Saul's
 speech, and rage at his escape. A long digression de-
 scribing the Prophets' college, and their manner of
 life there, and the ordinary subjects of their Poetry.
 Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophesy.
 Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam,
 whose song concludes the book.*

I SING the man who Judah's sceptre bore
 In that right-hand which held the crook before ;
 Who from best poet, best of kings did grow ;
 The two chief gifts Heaven could on man bestow.
 Much danger first, much toil, did he sustain, 5
 Whilst Saul and Hell cross'd his strong fate in vain.
 Nor did his crown less painful work afford,
 Less exercise his patience, or his sword ;
 So long her conqueror, Fortune's spite pursued ;
 Till with unwearied virtue he subdued 10
 All home-bred malice, and all foreign boasts ;
 Their strength was Armies, his the Lord of Hosts.
 Thou, who didst David's royal stem adorn,
 And gav'st him birth from whom thyself wast born ;
 Who didst in triumph at Death's court appear, 15
 And flew'st him with thy nails, thy cross, and spear,
 Whilst Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
 The glorious light he forfeited of old ;
 Who, heaven's glad burden now, and justest pride,
 Sitt'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's side
 (Where hallow'd flames help to adorn that head 25
 Which once the blushing thorns environed,
 Till crimson drops of precious blood hung down
 Like rubies to enrich thine humble crown)
 Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,
 As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre ; 26
 Guide my bold steps with thine own travelling
 flame,
 In these untrodden paths to sacred fame !
 I, with pure hands thy heavenly fire to take,
 My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste Vestal make ! 30
 From Earth's vain joys, and Love's soft witchcraft,
 free,
 I consecrate my Magdalene to thee !
 I, this great work, a temple to thy praise,
 On polish'd pillars of strong verse I raise !
 A temple, where, if thou vouchsafe to dwell, 35
 It Solomon's and Herod's shall excel.
 Too long the Muses' land hath heathen been ;
 Their gods too long were Devils, and virtues Sin ;
 But thou, Eternal Word ! hast call'd forth me,
 Th' apostle to convert that world to thee ; 40
 T' unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,
 And teach, that Truth is truest poetry.
 The malice now of jealous Saul grew less,
 O'ercome by constant virtue and success ;
 He grew at last more weary to command 45
 New dangers, than young David to withstand
 Or conquer them ; he fear'd his mastering fate,
 And envy'd him a king's unpowerful hate.
 Well did he know how palms by ' oppression speed,
 Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed ! 50
 The burden lifts them higher. Well did he know
 How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow
 By unjust force ; he now with wanton play
 Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away ;
 But, his known channel stopp'd, begins to roar, 55
 And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore ;

His mutinous waters hurry to the war, ?
And troops of waves come rolling from afar :
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent
course. 60

This knew the tyrant, and this useful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to David did renew,
Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd, 65
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve ;
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
And quiet here, does there new business make. 70

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth—
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Cold, which above more influence has than he;—
Beneath the dens where unfleht tempests lie, 75
And infant winds their tender voices try ;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves ;
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moans, in silence sleep ; 80
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep, below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow ;
No bound controls th' unwearied space, but hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face 85
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place ;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display ;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the
day :

No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd night. 90
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns ;
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains ;
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights ;
But down like lightning, which him struck, he
came ; 95

And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame :
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there ;
With dropping lights thick shone the sing'd air ;
Since when, the dismal solace of their woe
Has only been weak mankind to undo ; 100
Themselves at first against themselves they excite,
(Their dearest conquest and most proud delight)
And, if those mines of secret treason fail,
With open force man's virtue they assail ;
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy, 105
And, where their poisons miss, the sword employ.
Thus fought the tyrant-fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainst him arm'd the powerful rage of Saul :
He saw the beauties of his shape and face,
His female sweetness, and his manly grace : 110
He saw the nobler wonders of his mind,
Great gifts ! which for great works he knew de-
sign'd :

He saw (t' a shame the strength of man and hell)
How by's young hands their Gathite champion fell :
He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed 115
The royal drops round his enlarged head ;
And well he knew what legacy did place
The sacred sceptre in blest Judah's race,

From which th' eternal Shilo was to spring ;
A knowledge which new hells to hell did bring !
And, tho' no less he knew himself too weak 121
The smallest link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain ;
Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 'twas in vain.
And, now it broke his form'd design, to find 125
The gentle change of Saul's recovering mind ;
He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd, and griev'd
(The great Deceiver !) to be himself deceiv'd.
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll ; 130
His eyes dart forth red flames, which scare the
night,

And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright ;
A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips' fear'd sound.

"Are we such Nothings then !" said he, "our
will 135

"Croft by a shepherd's boy! and you yet still
"Play with your idle serpents here? dares none
"Attempt what becomes Furies? are ye grown
"Benumb'd with fear, or Virtue's spiritless cold,
"You, who were once (I'm sure) so brave and
"bold? 140

"Oh! my ill-chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
"Did I lose heaven for this?"

With that, with his long tail he lash'd his breast,
And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.

The quaking powers of night stood in amaze, 145
And at each other first could only gaze ;

A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face ;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore ; 150
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfullest; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin 155
Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within ;
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left fresh poisons there. 160
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim ;
With which, when she was drunk, she furious
grew, 165

And lash'd herself: thus from th' accursed crew
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
Envy, good only when she 'herself torments.

"Spend not, great king! thy precious rage,"
said she,

"Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we 170
"The glory of our wrath to him afford?"

"Are we not Furies still, and you our lord?"

"At thy dread anger the fix'd world shall shake

"And frighted Nature her own laws forsake :

"Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make
reply, 175

"And thunder echo't to the trembling sky,

"Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height

"As shall the fire's proud element affright :

"Th' old drudging fun from his long-beaten way
 "Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day; (180
 "The jaund orb shall break their measure'd pace;
 "And stubborn poles change their allotted place;
 "Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and
 "there,
 "Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere;
 "Nay, their God too—for fear he did, when we
 "Took noble arms against his tyranny. 186
 "So noble arms, and in a cause so great,
 "That triumphs they deserve for their defeat,
 "There was a day! oh might I see 't again,
 "Though he had fiercer flames to thrust us in! 190
 "And can such powers be by a child withstood?
 "Will flings, alas! or pebbles, do him good?
 "What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,
 "And giants, could not, that my word shall do:
 "I'll soon dissolve this peace; were Saul's new
 "love 195
 "(But Saul we know) great as my hate shall
 "prove,
 "Before their fun twice more be gone about,
 "I and my faithful snakes would drive it out.
 "By me, Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,
 "A sacrifice far worse than that before; 200
 "I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant
 "At once his murder and his monument,
 "And laugh'd to see (for 'twas a goodly show)
 "The earth by her first tiller flatten'd so:
 "I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea; 205
 "He and his host drank up cold death by me:
 "By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,
 "And Moses (curse upon that name!) forsook;
 "Hither ye know) almost alive he came
 "Through the cleft earth; ours was his funeral
 "flame: 210
 "By me—but I left time 'neathinks, and should
 "Perform new acts whilst I relate the old.
 "David's the next our fury must enjoy:
 "'Tis not thy God himself shall save thee, boy!
 "No, if he do, may the whole world have peace;
 "May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease, 216
 "And, banish'd from this potent court below,
 "May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow!"
 She spoke; all start'd at first, and made a pause;
 But first the general murmur of applause 220
 Ran through Death's court; she frown'd still and
 began
 "To envy at the praise herself had won.
 Great Beelzebub starts from his burning throne
 "To embrace the Fiend, but the now furious grown
 "To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled:
 The snakes a hiss'd, the fiends all murmured.
 It was the time when silent night began
 "To enchain with sleep the busy spirits of man;
 And Saul himself, though in his troubled breast
 "The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest: 226
 So did not Envy; but with hate arose;
 And, as through Israel's flately towns she goes,
 She frowns, and shakes her head; "Chine on,"
 says she,
 "Ruins ere long shall your sole monuments be."
 The silver moon with terror pale grew, 230
 And neighbouring Hermon sweated flowery dew;
 Swift Jordan started, and flait backward fled,
 Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:

I.e., at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook:
 And nimbly there the reverend shape she took 234
 Of Father Benjamin: so long her beard,
 So large her limbs, so grave her looks, appear'd,
 Just like his statue, which befri'd Saul's gate,
 And seem'd to guard the race it did create.
 In this known form she approach'd the tyrant-
 face; 237
 And thus her words the fier'd firm belly'd:
 "Arise, old king of Israel! canst thou lie
 "Dead in the sleep, and yet thy fall to high?
 "Hiking thou be'st, if Jeth's race as y?
 "Sit not on Israel's throne! and fling he? 240
 "Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
 "From the mild brickkiln's milder slavery?
 "For this, did leave your powerful rod away?
 "Did wonders guide, and feed you on your way?
 "Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage
 "bear, 245
 "You who can serve a boy, and mislead, here?
 "Forbid it, God! if thou be'st just; this shame
 "Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's, name!
 "Why was I left from Canaan's family led?
 "Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead, 250
 "From my full loins discharg'd this numerous race,
 "This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their dis-
 "grace!
 "Ah, Saul! thy servant's vassal must then live?
 "Place to his harp-mell thy dread. Dost thou give?
 "What wants he now but that? canst thou longer
 "(if thou be'st man thou canst not) how they meet
 "The youth with fangs? alas! poor monarch!
 "you
 "Your standard only, he ten thousand, flew!
 "Thou Israel loves, him neighbouring countries
 "fear; 255
 "You but the name and empty title bear.
 "And yet the trader lives, lives in thy court;
 "The court that must be his; where he shall sport
 "Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold;
 "Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not
 told
 "This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he 260
 "With bold falls threat from God affronted thee?
 "The dotard ly'd; God said it not, I know;
 "Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee so.
 "Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
 "Erect the royal bar, and call it forth? 266
 "Hast thou not since (my best and greatest son)
 "To him, and to his perishing nation, done
 "Such lasting benefits as may justly claim
 "A sceptre as eternal as thy fame?
 "Poor prince! whom madmen, priests, and boy-
 "murder; 270
 "By thine own flesh, thy ungrateful son, betray'd
 "Unnatural son! who can thus cheat thee?
 "By friendship's name, against a crown and thee!
 "Betray not too, thyself; take courage, call
 "Thy enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
 "Lo! this great cause makes thy dead fathers rise.
 "Break the firm seals of their clos'd tombs and
 "eyes.
 "Nor can their jealous ashes, whilst this boy
 "Survives, the privilege of their graves enjoy.
 "Rise quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath
 "Which troubles thus thy life; and e'en our death

" Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only he
 " That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee,
 " As earth's low globe robs the high moon of
 " light;
 " When this eclipse is past, thy fate's all bright.
 " Trust me, dear son! and credit what I tell; 301
 " I've seen thy royal stars, and know them well.
 " Hence, fears and dull delays! is not thy breast
 " (Yes, Saul, it is) with noble thoughts possess'd?
 " May they beget like acts!" With that she takes
 One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes:
 " Softly, dear worm! soft and unseen," said she,
 " Into his bosom sneak, and in it be
 " My viceroy." At that word she took her flight,
 And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night. 310
 Th' infected king leapt from his bed amazed;
 Scarcely knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd;
 And started back at piec'd up shapes, which fear
 And his distracted fancy painted there:
 Terror froze up his hair, and on his face 315
 Showers of cold sweat roll'd trembling down
 apace.
 Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
 Earth with his feet, he cries, "Oh! 'tis confest;
 " I've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
 " Wrong'd by a fear, a boy, every thing. 320
 " Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,
 " So unconcern'd, as my lethargic sleep.
 " My patience even a sacrifice becomes,
 " Disturbs the dead, and opens their sacred tombs.
 " Ah! Benjamin, kind father, who for me 325
 " This cursed world endur'd again to see!
 " All thou hast said, great vision! is so true,
 " That all which thou command'st and more,
 " I'll do:
 " Kill him! yes, mighty ghost! the wretch shall
 " die,
 " Tho' every star in heaven should it deny; 330
 " Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
 " Had he ten times his fan'd t'n thousand slain.
 " Should that bold popular madman, whose design
 " Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,
 " Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent, 335
 " Should mine own heart grow scrupulous and
 " relent,
 " Curse me, just Heaven! (by which this truth I
 " swear)
 " If I that fear, my son, or self, do spare.
 " No, gentle ghost! return to thy still home;
 " Thither, this day, mine and thy foe shall come.
 " If that curst object longer vex my sight, 341
 " It must have learnt t' appear as thou to-night."
 Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
 The threaten'd youth slept fearless on his bed;
 Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience takes, 345
 For, tho' thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
 Above the subtle foldings of the sky;
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night;
 There is a peace o'erflow'n with hallow'd light;
 Where heaven, as if it left itself behind, 351
 Is stretch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find:
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space;
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray 355
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day;

No pale-fac'd moon does in steel'n beams appear
 Or with dim taper scatters darknets there;
 On no smooth sphere the reflex seasons slide,
 No circling motion doth swift time divide; 360
 Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
 But an eternal Now does always last.
 There sits th' Almighty, First of all, and End;
 Whom nothing but himself can comprehend;
 Who with his word commanded all to be, 365
 And all obey'd him, for that word was He:
 Only he spoke, and every thing that is
 From out the womb of fertile nothing ris'.
 Oh, who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
 Thou great Three-One! 370
 There thou thyself dost in full presence show,
 Not absent from these meaner worlds below;
 No, if thou wert, the elements' league would cease,
 And all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace;
 The sun would stop his course, or gallop back, 375
 The stars drop out, the poles themselves would
 crack;
 Earth's strong foundations would be torn in twain,
 And this vast work all ravel out again
 To its first nothing: for his spirit contains
 The well-knit mass; from him each creature gains
 Being and motion, which he still bestows; 381
 From him th' effect of our weak action flows:
 Round him vast armies of swift angels stand,
 Which seven triumphant generals command;
 They sing loud anthems of his endless praise, 385
 And with fix'd eyes drink-in immortal rays:
 Of these he call'd-out one; all heaven did shake,
 And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.
 " Are we forgotten then so soon? can he
 " Look on his crown, and not remember me 390
 " That gave it? can he think we did not hear
 " (Fond man!) his threats? and have we made
 " the ear,
 " To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard;
 " And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou'lt fear'd,
 " Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double fend; 395
 " Have we not spoke it, and dares man contend?
 " Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day
 " When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa,
 " Thou, and thy sons, thou would'st not threaten
 " still;
 " Thy trembling tongue would stop against thy
 " will. 400
 " Then shall thine head fix'd in curst temples be,
 " And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.
 " That hand which now on David's life would
 " prey,
 " Shall then turn just, and its own master slay;
 " He whom thou hat'st, on thy lov'd throne shall
 " sit, 405
 " And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.
 " Haste then; tell David what his king has sworn,
 " Tell him whose blood must paint this rising
 " morn;
 " Yet bid him go securely, when he sends;
 " 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and We his friends:
 " The man who has his God, no aid can lack, 411
 " And We, who bid him go, will bring him back."
 He spoke: the heavens seem'd decently to
 bow,
 With all their bright inhabitants; and now

The jocund spheres began again to play, 415
 Again each spirit sung Halleluia;
 Only that Angel was strait gone; even so
 (But not so swift) the morning-glories flow
 At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground;
 So winged lightning the soft air does wound. 420
 Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
 The motion, having no account so small.
 So flew this Angel, till to David's bed
 He came, and thus his sacred message said:
 "Awake, young man, hear what thy king has
 "sworn; 425
 "He swore thy blood should paint this rising
 "morn:
 "Yet to him go securely, when he sends;
 "Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends:
 "The man who has his God, no aid can lack;
 "And he who bids thee go, will bring thee back."
 Up leap'd Jeshides, and did round him stare, 431
 But could see nought; for nought was left but air:
 Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,
 Lo! the short prophecy t' effect is brought:
 In treacherous haste he's sent for to the king, 435
 And with him bid his charming lyre to bring.
 The king, they say, lies raging in a fit,
 Which does no cures but sacred tunes admit;
 And true it was, soft music did appease
 Th' obscure fantastick rage of Saul's disease. 440
 Tell me, oh Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell,
 The mystic powers that in blest numbers dwell;
 Thou their great nature know'st, nor is it fit
 This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit)
 Tell me from whence these heavenly charms arise;
 Teach the dull world t' admire what they despise!
 As first a various unform'd hint we find
 Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,
 Till all the parts and words their places take,
 And with just marches verse and music make; 450
 Such was God's poem, this world's new essay;
 So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;
 Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,
 An artless war from thwarting motions grew;
 Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought
 By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought. 456
 Water and Air he for the tenor chose,
 Earth made the bass, the treble Flame arose:
 To th' active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave,
 To Saturn's string, a touch more soft and grave. 460
 The motions strait, and round, and swift, and slow,
 And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so—
 Did in such artful figures smoothly fall—
 As made this decent-measur'd Dance of All.
 And this is music: sounds that charm our ears,
 Are but one dressing that rich science wears. 461
 Tho' no man hear 't, tho' no man it rehearse,
 Yet will there still be music in my verse;
 In this great world so much of it we see,
 The lesser, Man, is all o'er harmony; 470
 Storehouse of all proportions! single quire!
 Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire!
 From hence blest music's heavenly charms arise,
 From sympathy, which them and man allies.
 Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies win,
 Not by their force, but partly that's within: 476
 Thus the strange cure, on our spilt blood apply'd,
 Sympathy to the distant wound does guide:

Thus, when two brethren-strings are set alike,
 To move them both, but one of them we strike:
 Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
 And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

WHEN Israel was from bondage led,
 Led by th' Almighty's hand
 From out a foreign land, 483
 The great sea beheld, and fled.
 As men pursued, when that fear past they find,
 Stop on some higher ground to look behind;
 So, whilst through wondrous ways
 The sacred army went, 490
 The waves afar stood up to gaze,
 And their own rocks did represent,
 Solid as waters are above the firmament.

Old Jordan's waters to their spring
 Start back with sudden fright; 495
 The spring, amaz'd at sight,
 Asks what news from sea they bring.
 The mountains shook; and to the mountains' side
 The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;
 As young affrighted lambs, 500
 When they aught dreadful spy,
 Run trembling to their helpless dams:
 The mighty sea and river, by,
 Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too fly.
 What ail'd the mighty sea to flee? 505
 Or why did Jordan's tide
 Back to his fountain glide?
 Jordan's tide, what ail'd thee?
 Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains
 shake?
 What ail'd them, their fix'd natures to forsake?
 Fly where thou wilt, O sea! 510
 And Jordan's current cease!
 Jordan, there is no need of thee;
 For at God's word, whene'er he please,
 The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead
 of these. 515

THUS sang the great Musician to his lyre;
 And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire;
 But Envy's serpent still with him remain'd,
 And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd.
 Th' unthankful king cur'd truly of his fit, 520
 Seems to lie drown'd and buried still in it;
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,
 To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse:
 For, whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
 And the soft medicine with kind art renews, 525
 The barbarous patient casts at him his spear
 (The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)
 Casts it with violent strength; but into th' room
 An arm more strong and sure than his was come;
 An Angel, whose unseen and easy might 530
 Put-by the weapon, and miss'd it right.
 How vain man's power is! unless God command,
 The weapon disobeys his master's hand;
 Happy was now the error of the blow:
 At Gilboa it will not serve him so. 535
 One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage t'
 have seen,
 He had himself by David wounded been:
 He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
 And thought his honour new engag'd i' th' sin;

A bloody troop of his own guards he sends 540
 (Slaves to his will, and falsely call'd his friends)
 To mend his error by a surer blow;
 So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.
 Home flies the Prince, and to his trembling wife
 Relates the new-past hazard of his life; 545
 Which she with decent passion hears him tell;
 For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.
 Upon their palace-top, beneath a row
 Of lemon-trees—which there did proudly grow,
 And with bright stores of golden fruit repay 550
 The light they drank from the sun's neighbour-
 ing ray—
 (A small, but artful Paradise) they walk'd,
 And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
 Here Michal first an armed troop espies
 (So faithful and so quick are loving eyes!) 555
 Which march'd, and often glister'd thro' a wood,
 That on right-hand of her fair palace stood;
 She saw them; and cry'd out, "They're come
 " to kill
 " My dearest lord; Saul's spear pursues thee still.
 " Behold his wicked guards! haste quickly fly!
 " For Heaven's sake, haste! my dear lord, do not
 " die!
 " Ah, cruel father! whose ill-natur'd rage
 " Neither thy worth, nor marriage, can assuage!
 " Will he part those he join'd so late before? 564
 " Were the two-hundred forekins worth no more?
 " He shall not part us;" (then she wept between).
 " At yonder window thou may'st 'scape unseen;
 " This hand shall let thee down! stay not, but
 haste;
 " 'Tis not my use to send thee hence so fast."
 " Best of all women!" he replies—and this 570
 Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss;
 " Throw not away," said she, " thy precious
 " breath;
 " Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death."
 Timely he obeys her wife advice; and straight
 To unjust force she opposes just deceit: 575
 She meets the murderers with a virtuous lye,
 And good dissembling tears; " May he not die
 " In quiet then?" said she, " will they not give
 " That freedom, who so fear lest he should live?
 " Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conspire, 580
 " And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.
 " Must he not live? for that ye need not sin;
 " My much-wrong'd husband speechless lies
 " within,
 " And has too little left of vital breath
 " To know his murderers, or to feel his death.
 " One hour will do your work——" 586
 Here her well-govern'd tears dropp'd down apace:
 Beauty and sorrow mingled in one face
 Has such relentless charms, that they believe,
 And an unwilling aptness find to grieve 590
 At what they came for. A pale statue's head,
 In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
 Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,
 And on the table medicinal relics lie;
 In the close room a well-plac'd taper's light 595
 Adds a become horror to the sight:
 And for th' impression God prepar'd their sense;
 They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.

How vain attempts Saul's unblest anger tries,
 By his own hands deceiv'd, and servants' eyes! 600
 " It cannot be," said he, " no, can it? shall
 " Our great ten-thousand-slayer idly fall?
 " The silly rout thinks God protects him still;
 " But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
 " Oh may he guard him! may his members be
 " In as full strength and well-set harmony 606
 " As the fresh body of the first-made man
 " Ere sin, or sin's just meed, Disease, began!
 " He will be else too small for our vast hate;
 " And we must share in our revenge with Fate.
 " No; let us have him whole; we else may seem
 " To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from
 " him,
 " And cut that thread which would have dropp'd
 " in two;
 " Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
 " I know it cannot, will not; him we prize 615
 " Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,
 " That must not blemish'd be; let him remain
 " Secure, and grow up to our stroke again.
 " 'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
 " When he shall strive and wrestle with his death;
 " Go, let him live—And yet—shall I then
 " slay 621
 " So long? good and great actions hate delay.
 " Some foolish piety perhaps, or he
 " That has been still mine honour's enemy,
 " Samuel, may change or cross my just intent,
 " And I this formal pity soon repent. 626
 " Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,
 " That he can fly no more, if we should miss;
 " Miss! can we miss again? Go bring him strait,
 " Tho' gasping out his soul; if the wish'd date
 " Of his accursed life be almost past, 631
 " Some joy 'twill be to see him breathe his last."
 The troop return'd, of their short virtue's ashm'd,
 Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness
 blam'd;
 But when the pious fraud they understood, 636
 Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,
 Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,
 From Michal's murder their wild rage restrain'd.
 She alleg'd the holiest chains that bind a wife,
 Duty and love; she alleg'd that her own life, 640
 Had she refus'd that safety to her lord,
 Would have incur'd just danger from his sword.
 Now was Saul's wrath full grown; he takes no
 rest;
 A violent flame rolls in his troubled breast,
 And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
 Not his own favourites and best friends dare speak;
 Or look on him; but, mute and trembling all,
 Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.
 So, when the pride and terror of the wood,
 A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food, 650
 Espies out from afar some well-fed beast;
 And bristles up, preparing for his feast;
 If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
 Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about, 655
 Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out;
 Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
 Trees, tho' no wind stirring, shake with fear;

Silence and horror fill the place around ;
 Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound. 660
 Midst a large wood, that joins fair Rama's town
 (The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
 A college stands, where at great Prophets' feet
 The Prophets' Sons with silent diligence meet ;
 By Samuel built, and moderately endow'd, 665
 Yet more to his liberal tongue than hands they
 ow'd ;
 There himself taught, and, his blest voice to
 hear,
 Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.
 The house was a large square, but plain and low ;
 Wife Nature's use Art strove not to outgo : 670
 An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made ;
 And, midst the friendly cover of their shade,
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose ;
 Which no vain cost of marble did enclose ;
 Nor thro' carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass,
 Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' liquid glass ;
 Yet the chaste stream, that 'mong loose pebbles
 fell,
 For cleanness, thirst, religion, serv'd as well.
 The scholars, doctors, and companions, here,
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were, 680
 Well-furnish'd chambers ; for in each there stood
 A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood ;
 More is but clog, where use does bound delight ;
 And those are rich whose wealth's proportion'd
 right
 To their life's form : more goods would but be-
 come 685
 A burden to them, and contract their room.
 A second court, more sacred, stood behind,
 Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd ;
 The hall and schools one side of it possit ;
 The library and synagogue the rest. 690
 Tables of plain-cut fir, adorn'd the hall ;
 And with beasts' skins the beds were cover'd all.
 The reverend doctors take their seats on high,
 Th' elect companions in their bosoms lie ;
 The scholars far below, upon the ground, 695
 On fresh-slew'd rushes, place themselves around.
 With more respect the wise and ancient lay ;
 But eat not choicer herbs or bread than they,
 Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast ;
 But by great days, and sacrifice, encreas'd. 700
 The schools, built round and higher, at the end
 With their fair circle did this side extend ;
 To which their synagogue, on th' other side,
 And to the hall their library reply'd.
 The midst towards their large gardens open lay,
 To admit the joys of spring and early day. 706
 I' th' library a few choice authors stood ;
 Yet 'twas well-stor'd, for that small store was good ;
 Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then
 itself, as now, grown a disease of men. 710
 Learning, young Virgin ! but few suitors knew ;
 The Common Prostitute she lately grew,
 And with her spurious brood loads now the press ;
 Laborious effects of idleness !
 Here all the various forms one might behold 715
 How letters sav'd themselves from death of old ;
 Some painfully engrav'd in thin-wrought plates ;
 Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd on slates ;

Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with short-liv'd
 toil,
 Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil : 720
 Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks ;
 Some the sharp style in waten tables marks ;
 Some in beasts' skins, and some in Biblos' reed ;
 Both new rude arts, which age and growth did
 need.
 The schools were painted well with useful skill ;
 Stars, maps, and stories, the learn'd wall did fill.
 Wife wholesome proverbs mix'd around the room,
 Some writ, and in Egyptian figures some.
 Here all the noblest Wits of men inspir'd,
 From earth's flight joys, and worthless toils,
 retir'd 730
 (Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead)
 Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.
 The course and power of stars great Nathan
 taught, 735
 And home to man those distant wonders brought ;
 How tow'rd both Poles the sun's fix'd journey
 bends,
 And how the year his crooked walk attends ;
 By what just steps the wandering lights advance,
 And what eternal measures guide their dance :
 Himself a prophet ; but his lectures show'd
 How little of that art to them he ow'd. 740
 Mahel, th' inferior world's fantastic face,
 Thro' all the turns of Matter's maze, did trace ;
 Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took ;
 On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
 Of life and motion ; and with equal art 745
 Made up again the whole of every part.
 The prophet Gad in learned dust designs
 Th' immortal solid rules of fancy'd Lines :
 Of Numbers too th' unnumber'd wealth he shows,
 And with them far their endless journey goes ; 750
 Numbers, which still increase more high and wide
 From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.
 Of Men and Ages past Seralah read ;
 Embalm'd in long-liv'd history the dead ;
 Show'd the steep falls and slow ascent of states ;
 What wisdom and what follies make their fates,
 Samuel himself did God's rich Law display ;
 Taught doubting men with judgment to obey ;
 And oit his ravish'd soul, with sudden flight, 760
 Soar'd above present times and human sight.
 Those Arts but welcome strangers might appear,
 Music and Verse seem'd born and bred-up here ;
 Scarce the Heav'n, that rings with Angels
 voice,
 Dees with more constant Harmony rejoice :
 The sacred Muse does here each breast inspire ; 765
 Human, and sweet-mouth'd Asaph, rule their
 quire ; 770
 Both charming poets ; and all strains they play'd,
 By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
 The synagogue was dress'd with care and cost
 (The only place where that they esteem'd not
 lose) ;
 The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
 The sides refresh'd with silks of sacred blue.
 Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,
 Thrice prayers from willing Heaven a blessing
 draw ;

Thrice in glad hymns, swell'd with the Great
One's praise, 775

The pliant voice on her seven steps they raise,
Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around
To the just feet with various concord sound;
Such things were Muses then, condemn'd low
earth;

Decently proud, and mindful of their birth. 780
'Twas God himself that here tun'd every tongue;
And gratefully of him alone they sung:
They sung how God spoke-out the world's vast ball;
From nothing, and from no-where, call'd forth all.
No Nature yet, or place for 't to possess, 785
But an unbottom'd gulph of emptiness:
Full of Himself, th' Almighty fate, his own
Palace, and without solitude alone.

But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd;
Which, ere they were, his active word fulfill'd;
And their astonish'd heads o' th' sudden rear'd;
An unshap'd kind of something first appear'd,
Confessing its new being, and undress'd,
As if it stepp'd in haste before the rest.

Yet, buried in this Matter's darksome womb, 795
Lay the rich seeds of every thing to come:
From hence the cheerful Flame leap'd up so high;
Close at his heels the nimble Air did fly;
Dull earth with his own weight did downwards
pierce

To the fix'd navel of the universe, 800
And was quite lost in waters; till God said
To the proud Sea, "Shrink in your insolent head,
"See how the gaping Earth has made you place!"
That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace:
Since when, his bounds are set; at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again. 806
With richer stuff he bade Heaven's fabric shine,
And from him a quick spring of light divine
Swell'd up the Sun, from whence his cherishing
flame

Fills the whole world, like Him from whom it came.
He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect
mould,

And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold;
"Be thou," said he, "queen of the mournful
night,"

And as he spoke, she 'rose clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending on her train; 815
With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then Herbs peep'd forth, new Trees admiring
stood,

And smelling Flowers painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of Birds thro' the glad air did flee,
Joyful, and safe before man's luxury. 820

Singing their maker in their untaught lays:
Nay, the mute Fish witness no less his praise;
For these he made, and cloath'd with silver scales,
From minnows, to those living islands, whales.
Beasts too were his command: what could he
more? 825

Yes, Man he could, the bond of all before;
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd;
In him, that full abridgement of the world.

This, and much more of God's great works
they told;

His mercies, and some judgments too, of old: 830
VOL. II,

How, when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin,
With an impetuous noise the waves came rush-
ing in:

Where birds erewhile dwelt and securely sung,
There fish (an unknown net) entangled hung:
The face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay; 835
The sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.
This men forgot, and burnt in lust again;
Till showers, strange as their sin, of fiery rain
And scalding brimstone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
Alive, they felt those flames they fry-in dead. 840
No better end rash Pharaoh's pride beset,
When wind and sea wag'd war for Israel:

In his gilt chariots amaz'd fishes sat,
And grew with corpse of wretched princes fat;
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain; 845
Nor was it since call'd the Red-sea in vain.
Much too they told of faithful Abram's fame,
To whose blest passage they owe still their name:
Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun,
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they
won; 850

How many kings they slew, or captive brought;
They held the swords, but God and angels fought.

Thus gain'd they the wise-spending of their
days;

And their whole life was their dear Maker's
praise.

No minute's rest, no swiftest thought they fold
To that beloved plague of mankind gold; 856
Gold, for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rd's hell, than those who dig its veins.
Their wealth was the contempt of it; which more
They valued than rich fools the shining ore. 860
The silk worms' precious death they scorn'd to
wear,

And Tyrian dye appear'd but fordid there.
Honour, which since the price of souls became,
Seem'd to these great-ones a low idle name.

Instead of down, hard beds they chose to have, 865
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.

Their board dispeopled no full element,
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,
And spar'd the stock: nor could their bodies say
We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday, 870

Thus souls live cleanly, and no soiling fear,
But entertain their welcome Maker there:

The senses perform nimbly what they're bid,
And honestly, nor are by Reason chid;

And, when the down of sleep does softly fall, 875
Their dreams are heavenly then, and mystical;

With hasty wings time present they outfly,
And tread the doubtful maze of destiny;

There walk, and sport among the years to come,
And with quick eye pierce every cause's womb.

Thus these wise saints enjoy'd their little all, 881
Free from the spite of much-mistaken Saul:

For, if man's life we in just balance weigh,
David deserv'd his envy less than they.

Of this retreat the hunted Prince makes choice,
Adds to their choir his nobler lyre and voice. 886

But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie;
So bright his lustre, so quick Envy's eye!

Th' offended troop, whom he escap'd before,
Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more: 890

Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all promise to their swords.

They came, but a new sp'rit their hearts possess'd,
Scattering a sacred calm through every breast:
The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a smile; 896
Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaste streams with even current glide;
A sudden day breaks gently through their eyes,
And morning-blushes in their cheeks arise: 900
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder, cease;
In peaceful tunes they adore the God of peace!
New messengers twice more the tyrant sent,
And was twice more mock'd with the same event:
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay; 905
It sends him there himself: but on the way
His foolish anger a wise fury grew,
And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew:
Hiskingly robes he laid at Naioth down,
Began to understand, and scorn, his crown; 910
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more solid joys than empire brings:
Embrac'd his wondering son, and on his head,
The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.

So covetous Balaam, with a fond intent; 915
Of cursing the blest seed, to Meab went:
But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,
His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well.

"How comely are thy tents, oh Israel!"
(Thus he began) "what conquests they foretel!"
"Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride, 921
"Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side;
"Less fair are vallies, their green mantles spread!
"Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
"Twas God himself (thy God who must not
fear?) 925
"Brought thee from bondage to be master here.
"Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons
"get,
"And death in triumph on thy darts shall sit.
"When Judah's lion starts up to his prey,
"The beasts shall hang their ears, and creep
"away; 930
"When he lies down, the woods shall silence
"keep,
"And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.
"Thy cursers, Jacob! shall twice curst be;
"And he shall bless himself that blesses thee!"

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
THE DAVIDEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon
that occasion a digression concerning the nature of
Love. A discourse between Jonathan and David;
upon which the latter absents himself from court, and*

*the former goes thither, to inform himself of Saul's
resolution. The feast of the New-Moon: the man-
ner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression
of the history of Abraham. Saul's speech upon Da-
vid's absence from the feast, and his anger against
Jonathan. David's resolution to fly away; he
parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a tree.
A description of Phansy; an angel makes up a vi-
sion in David's head: the vision itself, which is, a
prophecy of all the succession of his race till Christ's
time, with their most remarkable actions. At his
awaking Gabriel assumes an human shape, and con-
firms to him the truth of his vision.*

BUT now the early birds began to call
The morning forth, up rose the sun and
Saul;

Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet
repose;

But both, alas! from restless labours rose:
For in Saul's breast, envy, the toilsome sin, 5
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace;
Of the past day no footstep left or trace;
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear. 10
So near a storm wife David would not stay,
Nor trust the glittering of a faithless day;
He saw the sun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place;
The sea itself smooths his rough brow awhile, 15
Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;
But he, whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit and knows it would have more.
Such is the sea, and such was Saul.

But Jonathan, his son, and only good, 20
Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood;
Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,
On both his banks, to every flower and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see. 25
But more than all, more than himself, he lov'd
The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For, when the noble youth at Dammin stood,
Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,
Jonathan pierc'd him thro' with greedy eye, 30
And understood the future majesty
Then destin'd in the glories of his look;
He saw, and strait was with amazement strook,
To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs: he saw his comely face, 35
Where love and reverence so well mingled were;
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:
He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame:
He saw his valour, by their safety prov'd; 40
He saw all this, and as he saw he lov'd.

What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious
thing!

From what hid stock does thy strange nature
spring?

'Tis thou that mov'st the world thro' every
part,
And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing
start, 45

From the due place and office first ordain'd;
By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.
Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say
From thence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st
that way;

But oftener the short beams of Reason's eye 50
See only There thou art, not How, nor Why.
How is the loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The strong and conquering metal overcame? 55
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtship most of all unfit, 60
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?
How does the absent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
Or why does weight to th' centre downwards 65
bend?

This creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And seldom we, they never, know the cause.
In thy large state, Life gives the next degree,
Where Sense, and Good Apparent, places thee;
But thy chief palace is man's heart alone, 70
Here are thy triumphs and full glories shown;
Handsome Desires, and Rest, about thee flee,
Union, Inheritance, Zeal, and Extasy,
With thousand joys cluster around thine head,
O'er which a gull-less dove her wings does spread;
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far 76
Than confidences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right-hand does hold
The mystic sceptre of a cross of gold.
Thus dost thou sit (like men ere sin had fram'd 80
A guilty blush) naked, but not ashamed.
What cause then did the fabulous ancients find,
When first their superstition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 'twas they who could not see,
When they mistook that monster Lust for thee. 85
Thou art a bright, but not consuming flame;
Such in th' amazed bush to Moses came;
When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling branches' needless fear.
Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards 90
fall,
Soft as the feathers that they're fletch'd withal.
Such, and no other, were those secret darts,
Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts;
Still to one end they both so justly drew,
As courteous doves together yok'd would do: 95
No weight of birth did on one side prevail,
Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale;
They mingled fates, and both in each did share,
They both were servant, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was sent, 100
It was most his, to whom it least was meant;
And Fortune's malice betwixt both was cross,
For, striking one, it wounded th' other most.
Never did marriage such true union find,
Or men's desires with so glad violence bind; 105
For, there is still some tincture left of sin,
And still the sex will needs be stealing-in.

These joys are full of dross, and thicker far;
These, without matter clear and liquid are.
Such sacred love does heaven's bright Spirits fill.
Where love is but to understand and will 111
With swift and unseen motions; such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.
O ye blest One! whose love on earth became
So pure that still in heaven 'tis but the same! 115
There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face;
And pity this base world, where friendship's
made
A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.
Ah, wondrous Prince! who a true friend could'st
be, 120
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
Who held'st him dear, whose stars thy birth did
cross!
And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!
Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on earth than
kings.

To this strange pitch their high affections flew,
Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.
Hither flies David for advice and aid,
As swift as love and danger could persuade:
As safe in Jonathan's trust his thoughts remain
As when himself but dreams them o'er again. 131
"My dearest lord, farewell!" said he, "fare-
well!"
"Heaven bless the king! may no misfortune tell
"Th' injustice of his hate when I am dead!"
"They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltless
"head 135
"Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding lie,
"And scarce your own stand safe for being
"nigh.
"Think me not fear'd with death, howe'er 't
"appear;
"I know thou canst not think so: 'tis 'a fear
"From which thy love and Dammin speaks me
"free;
"I've met him face to face, and ne'er could see
"One terror in his looks to make me fly
"When Virtue bids me stand; but I would die
"So as becomes my life, so as may prove
"Saul's malice, and at least excuse your love." 145
He stopt, and spoke some passion with his eyes;
"Excellent friend!" the gallant Prince replies,
"Thou hast so prov'd thy virtues that they're
"known
"To all good men, more than to each his own.
"Who lives in Israel, that can doubtful be 150
"Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.
"Such is thy valour, and thy vast success,
"That all things but thy loyalty are less.
"And should my father at thy ruin sin,
"I would wound as much his safety as his fame:
"Think them not coming, then, to slay thee
"here, 156
"But doubt misdeeds, as little as you fear;
"For, by thy loving God, whoe'er design
"Against thy life, must strike at it thro' mine,
"But I my royal father must acquit 160
"From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.

" Think on his softness when from death he freed
 " The faithless king of Amalek's curst seed;
 " Can he to' a friend, to' a son, so bloody grow,
 " He who ev'n sinn'd but now to spare a foe? 165
 " Admit he could; but with what strength or
 " art
 " Could he so long close and seal up his heart?
 " Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
 " And dare not fix without consent of some;
 " Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do, 170
 " Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
 " No more (believe 't) could he hide this from me,
 " Than I, had he discover'd it, from thee."
 Here they embraces join, and almost tears;
 Till gentle David thus new prov'd his fears: 175
 " The praise you pleas'd (great Prince!) on me
 " to spend,
 " Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me Friend;
 " That name alone does dangerous glories bring,
 " And gives excuse to th' envy of a king.
 " What did his spear, force, and dark plots, im-
 " part, 180
 " But some eternal rancour in his heart?
 " Still does he glance the fortune of that day
 " When drown'd in his own blood Goliath lay,
 " And cover'd half the plain; still hears the found
 " How that vast monster fell, and struck the
 " ground: 185
 " The dance, and ' David his ten thousands slew,'
 " Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
 " Great acts, t' ambitious princes, treasons grow,
 " So much they hate that safety which they owe.
 " Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in
 " place, 190
 " From the Good, danger; from the Bad, dis-
 " grace;
 " They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's
 " hate,
 " Till blood become a principle of state:
 " Secur'd nor by their guards, nor by their right,
 " But still they fear ev'n more than they affright.
 " Pardon me, Sir! your father's rough and stern;
 " His will too strong to bend, too proud to learn:
 " Remember, Sir! the honey's deadly sting;
 " Think on that savage justice of the king;
 " When the same day that saw you do before 200
 " Things above man, should see you man no
 " more.
 " 'Tis true th' accursed Agag mov'd his ruth,
 " He pitied his tall limbs and comely youth.
 " Had seen, alas! the proof of Heaven's fierce
 " hate,
 " And fear'd no mischief from his powerless
 " fate: 205
 " Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,
 " And taught him boldly to suspect his crown;
 " Since then, his pride quakes at th' Almighty's
 " rod,
 " Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God,
 " Hence his deep rage and trembling envy
 " springs 210
 " (Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings!)
 " Whom should he counsel ask, with whom
 " advise,
 " Who Reason and God's counsel does despise?

" Whose headstrong will no law or conscience
 " daunt,
 " Dares he not sin, do' you think, without your
 " grant? 215
 " Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
 " He would not doubt, believe 't, to kill ev'n
 " you."
 The Prince is mov'd, and strait prepares to find
 The deep resolves of his griev'd father's mind:
 The danger now appears, Love can soon show 't,
 And force his stubborn piety to know 't. 221
 They agree that David should conceal'd abide,
 Till his great friend had the Court's temper try'd;
 Till he had Saul's most secret purpose found,
 And search'd the depth and rancour of his wound.
 'Twas the year's seventh-born moon, the solemn
 feast 226
 That with most noise its sacred mirth express'd.
 From opening morn till night shuts in the day,
 On trumpets and shrill horns the Levites play.
 Whether by this in mystic type we see 230
 The New-year's-day of great eternity,
 When the chang'd moon shall no more changes
 make,
 And scatter'd deaths by trumpets' sound awake;
 Or that the Law be kept in memory still,
 Given with like noise on Sinai's shining hill; 235
 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
 From faithful Abrahim's righteous sacrifice,
 Who, whilst the Ram on Isaac's fire did fry,
 His horn with joyful tunes stood sounding by.
 Obscure the cause; but God his will declar'd, 240
 And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd.
 At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
 'Midst a large train of priests and courtiers, went;
 The sacred herd march'd proud and softly by;
 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
 Hard fate of beasts, more innocent than we!
 Prey to our luxury, and our piety!
 Whose guiltless blood, on boards and altars spilt,
 Serves both to make, and expiate too, our guilt!
 Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams, 250
 Two well-wash'd goats, and fourteen spotless
 lambs,
 With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
 (Small fees to Heaven of all by which we're fed)
 Are offer'd up; the hallow'd flames arise,
 And faithful prayers mount with them to the
 skies. 255
 From hence the king to th' outmost court is
 brought,
 Where heavenly things an inspir'd prophet taught;
 And from the sacred tent to his palace-gates,
 With glad kind shouts th' assembly on him waits.
 The cheerful horns before him loudly play, 260
 And fresh-strew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant
 way.
 Thus in slow state to th' palace-hall they go,
 Rich dress'd for solemn luxury and show:
 Ten pieces of bright tap'stry hung the room,
 The noblest work e'er stretch'd on Syrian loom,
 For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought, 266
 And given to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,
 The bright-ey'd Merab; for that mindful day
 No ornament so proper seem'd as they.

There all old Abram's story you might see;
 And still some angel bore him company. 27
 His painful, but well-guided, travels show
 The fate of all his sons, the Church below.
 Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came,
 He blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame:
 Troubled she seem'd, and labouring in the strife
 'Twixt her own honour and her husband's life.
 Here on a conquering host, that careless lay,
 Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
 The Patriarch falls; well mingled might you see
 The confus'd marks of death and luxury. 281
 In the next piece, blest Salem's mystic king
 Does sacred presents to the victor bring;
 Like him whose type he bears, his rights receives;
 Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives; 285
 Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
 The mild and great, the priest and prince, had place.

Here all their starry host the heavens display;
 And lo! an heavenly youth, more fair than they,
 Leads Abram forth; points upwards: "Such,"
 said he, 290

"So bright and numberless, thy seed shall be."
 Here he with God a new alliance makes,
 And in his flesh the marks of homage takes:
 And here he three mysterious persons feasts,
 Well paid with joyful tidings by his guests: 295
 Here for the wicked town he prays, and near
 Scarce did the wicked town through flames appear;

And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
 Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.
 But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes 300

Like faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice:
 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
 With Nature's power triumphant in his face
 O'er the Mind's courage; for, in spite of all,
 From his swollen eyes resistless waters fall. 305
 The innocent boy his cruel burthen bore
 With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
 And sometimes turn'd to talk: above was made
 The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid

The Hope of mankind; patiently he lay, 310
 And did his fire, as he his God, obey.
 The mournful fire lifts up at last the knife,
 And on one moment's firing depends his life,
 In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.
 A thousand Spirits peep'd from the affrighted sky, 315

Amaz'd at this strange scene; and almost fear'd
 For all those joyful prophecies they'd heard;
 Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,
 Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.
 The gentle Spirit sail'd kindly as he spoke, 320
 New beams of joy thro' Abram's wonder broke;
 The Angel points to a tuft of bushes near,
 Where an entangled ram does half appear,
 And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
 Which, though but slightly wrought, was firmly fet.
 For, lo! anon, to this sad glory doom'd, 326
 The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd;
 Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd.
 And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.

Near this hall's end a flutt'ring-table stood; 330
 Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood;

For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
 And cast his fruitful riches all about.
 Well might that beauteous ore the grape express,
 Which does weak man intoxicate no less. 335
 Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
 And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
 From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought;
 But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.
 Behold seven comely blooming youths appear, 340
 And in their hands seven silver wash-pots bear,
 Curl'd, and gay clad; the choicest sons that be
 Of Gibeon's race, and slaves of high degree!
 Seven beauteous maids march'd softly in behind;
 Bright scarfs their cloaths, their hair fresh garlands, bind; 345

And, whilst the princes wash, they on them shed
 Rich ointments, which their costly odours spread
 O'er the whole room; from their small perfumers free,
 With such glad haste thro' the wide air they flee.
 The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head 350
 A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread,

Azure the ground, the sun in gold shone bright,
 But pierc'd the wandering clouds with silver light.
 The right-hand bed the king's three sons did grace, 354

The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's, place;
 And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
 With the prime men Saul's court and camp could show;

The palace did with mirth and music sound,
 And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around;
 But, though bright joy in every guest did shine,
 The plenty, state, music, and spritful wine, 361
 Were lost on Saul; an angry care did dwell
 In his dark breast, and all gay forms expel,
 David's unusual absence from the feast
 To his sick spirit did jealous thoughts suggest:
 Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,
 And thus at last his troubled silence broke:

"Where can he be?" said he; "it must be so."
 With that he paus'd a while. "Too well we know

"His boundless pride: he grieves, and hates to see
 "The solemn triumphs of my court and me. 371
 "Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
 "From thousand proofs; th' ambitious David now
 "Does those vast things in his proud soul design
 "That too much business give for mirth or wine.
 "He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
 "Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conspire
 "Against my crown, and all our lives; whilst we
 "Are loth ev'n to suspect, what we might see.
 "By the Great Name, 'tis true." 380

With that he strook the board; and no man there
 but Jonathan durst undertake to clear
 The blameless Prince; and scarce ten words he spoke,

When thus his speech th' enraged tyrant broke:
 "Disloyal wretch! thy gentle mother's shame!
 "Whose cold pale ghost ev'n blushes at thy name! 386

" Who fears, lest her chaste bed should doubted be,
 " And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of
 " thee!
 " Canst thou be mine? a crown sometimes does
 " hire
 " Ev'n sons against their parents to conspire; 390
 " But ne'er did story yet, or fable, tell
 " Of one so wild, who merely to rebel,
 " Quitted th' unquestion'd birthright of a throne,
 " And bought his father's ruin with his own.
 " Thou need'st not plead th' ambitious youth's
 " defence; 395
 " Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:
 " Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,
 " Whilst thy unnatural guilt is plac'd so near.
 " Is this that noble friendship you pretend?
 " Mine, thine own, foe—and thy worst enemy's
 " friend? 400
 " If thy low spirit can thy great birth-right quit,
 " The thing's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it.
 " I, and thy brethren here, have no such mind;
 " Nor such prodigious worth in David find,
 " That we to him should our just rights resign, 405
 " Or think God's choice not made so well as thine.
 " Shame of thy house and tribe! hence, from
 " mine eye,
 " To thy false friend, and servile master, fly;
 " He's ere this time in arms expecting thee;
 " Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruin me! 410
 " Thy sin that way will nobler much appear,
 " Than to remain his spy and agent here.
 " When I think this, Nature, by thee forsook,
 " Forakes me too." With that his spear he took
 " To strike at him; the mirth and music cease; 415
 " The guests all rise, this sudden storm t' appease:
 " The Prince his danger, and his duty, knew;
 " And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.
 " To David strait, who in a forest nigh
 " Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly. 420
 " The sole advice now, like the danger, clear,
 " Was, in some foreign land this storm t' outwear.
 " All marks of comely grief in both are seen;
 " And mournful kind discourses pass'd between.
 " Now generous tears their hasty tongues refrain,
 " Now they begin, and talk all o'er again; 426
 " A reverent oath of constant love they take,
 " And God's high name their dreaded witness
 " make;
 " Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove;
 " But 'twas the tedious zeal of endless love. 430
 " Thus, ere they part, they the short time bestow
 " In all the pomp friendship and grief could show:
 " And David now, with doubtful cares oppress'd,
 " Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;
 " When, by command divine, thick mists arise, 435
 " And stop the sense, and close the conquer'd eyes.
 " There is a place which man most high doth rear,
 " The Small World's heaven, where Reason moves
 " the sphere:
 " Here, in a robe which does all colours show
 " (Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)
 " Phany, wild dame, with much lascivious pride,
 " By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride;
 " Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
 " Of shapes and airy forms an endless rout:

A sea rolls on with harmless fury here; 445
 Strait 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear:
 Here in a moment are vast armies made,
 And a quick scene of war and blood display'd:
 Here sparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
 The bawds for Sense, and lying baits of Sin: 450
 Some things arise of strange and quarrelling kind,
 The forepart lion, and a snake behind:
 Here golden mountains swell the covetous place,
 And centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.
 Of these flight wonders Nature sees the store, 455
 And only then accounts herself but poor.
 Hither an Angel comes, in David's trance,
 And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
 Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
 And joins them wisely, and this vision makes:—
 First David there appears in kingly state, 461
 Whilst the twelve tribes his dread commands
 await:
 Strait to the wars with his join'd strength he goes,
 Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.
 To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came 465
 (Since high in note, then not unknown to fame);
 The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend,
 And no new wounds or dangers apprehend:
 The busy image of great Joab there
 Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear: 470
 He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
 New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town:
 They curse the guards their mirth and bravery
 chafe;
 All of them now are slain, or made like those.
 Far through an inward scene an army lay, 475
 Which with full banners a fair Fifth display:
 From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coast
 They seem all met; a vast and warlike host!
 Thither hastes David, to his destin'd prey,
 Honour and noble danger lead the way; 480
 The conscious trees shook with a reverent fear
 Their unblown tops; God walk'd before him there.
 Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' bosom fills;
 Dead corpse emboss the vale with little hills.
 On th' other side, Sophenes' mighty king 485
 Numberless troops of the blest East does bring:
 Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
 Damascus and rich Adad help in vain.
 Here Nabathæan troops in battle stand,
 With all the lusty youth of Syrian land; 490
 Undaunted Joab rushes on with speed,
 Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
 He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
 The Syrians leave, or possess dead, the ground.
 On th' other wing does brave Abishai ride, 495
 Reeking in blood and dust; on every side
 The perjur'd sons of Ammon quit the field;
 Some basely die, and some more basely yield.
 Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
 And far more justly than fears Hebrew spies 500
 Moloch, their bloody god, thrusts out his head,
 Grinning through a black cloud: him they'd
 long fed
 In his seven chambers; and he still did eat
 New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.
 Again they arise, more anger'd than dismay'd:
 Euphrates and swift Tygris send them aid: 506

In vain they send it, for again they're slain,
And feast the greedy birds on Helay plain.
Here Rabba with proud towers affronts the sky,
And round about great Joab's trenches lie: 510
They force the walls, and sack the helpless town;
On David's head shines Ammon's massy crown.
Midst various torments the curs'd race expires;
David himself his severe wrath admires.

Next upon Israel's throne does bravely sit 515
A comely youth endow'd with wond'rous wit.
Far from the parched Line a royal dame,
To hear his tongue and boundless wisdom, came:
She carried back in her triumphant womb
The glorious flock of thousand kings to come. 520
Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,

Here they a temple's vast foundations lay;
A mighty work! and with fit glories fill'd
For God t' inhabit, and that king to build.
Some from the quarries hew out massy stone, 525
Some draw it up with cranes; some breathe and groan

In order o'er the anvil; some cut down
Tall cedars, the proud mountain's ancient crown;
Some carve the trunk, and breathing shapes bestow,

Giving the trees more life than when they grow;
But oh, alas! what sudden cloud is spread 531
About this glorious king's eclipsed head?

It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round; and now he's seen no more!

When strait his son appears, at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedless council circled round;
Unseemly object! but a falling state
Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.
Ten tribes at once forsake the Jewish throne,
And bold Adoram at his message stone; 540
"Brethren of Israel!"—more he fain would say,
But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech i' th' way.

Here this fond king's disasters but begin,
He's destined to more shame by his father's sin:
Sufack came up, and under his command 545
A dreadful army from scorch'd Afric's sand,
As numberless as that: all is his prey,
The temple's sacred wealth they bear away:
Adrazar's shields and golden loss they take:
Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake. 550
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of less weight now than Solomon's fingers were.

Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his father's stain:
Ne'er saw the aged sun so cruel fight; 555
Scarce saw he this, but hid his bashful light.
Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men;
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide:
God punish'd one, but blest'd not th' other side.

Alan, a just and virtuous prince, succeeds, 561
High-raisd by fame for great and godly deeds:
He cut the solemn groves where idols stood.
And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood:
He vanquish'd thus the proud weak powers of
hell; 565
Before him next their dotting servants fell:

So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,
As made ev'n that Arabia Desert too.
Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baasha's fight?
Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrians' might?
Conquest, Heaven's gift, cannot by man be fold,
Alas! what weakness trusts he? Man and gold.

Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state
(An happy prince, well worthy of his fate);
His oft oblations, on God's altar made, 575
With thousand flocks and thousand herds are paid,
Arabian tribute! What mad troops are those,
Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes!
He prays them dead: with mutual wounds they
fall;

One fury brought, one fury slays, them all. 580
Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;
Never o'ercome but by's friend Ahab's sin;
On whose disguise Fates then did only look;
And had almost their God's command mistook:
Him from whose danger Heaven securely brings,
And for his sake two ripely wicked kings. 586
Their armies languish, burnt with thirst at Seir;
Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture, there;
They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,
And fancy clouds, and so become more dry: 590
Elisha calls for waters from afar

To come; Elisha calls, and here they are:
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
And the decreas'd repair with Moab's blood.
Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng 595
For Judah's sceptre; both short-liv'd too long.
A Woman too from murder title claims;
Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames:
Proud, curs'd woman! but her fall, at last,
To doubting men clears Heaven for what was
past. 600

Joas at first does bright and glorious show;
In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow:
Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
But Prophets' angry blood o'ercast his day;
From thence his clouds, from thence his storms,
begin; 605

It cries aloud, and twice lets Aram in.
So Amaziah lives, so ends his reign:
Both by their traitorous servants justly slain.
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand,
Before him thousand captives trembling stand; 610
Down a deep precipice, down he casts them all,
The mimic shapes in several postures fall:
But then (mad fool!) he does those gods adore
Which, when pluck'd down, had worship'd him
before!
Thus all his life to come is less and shame; 615
No help from gods, who themselves help'd not,
came.

All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,
Leaving a well-built greatness to his heirs;
Till leprous fear, o'er his whole body cast,
Takes him at first from men, from earth at last.
As virtuous was his son, and happier far; 621
Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war.
But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant
To make his worst forefathers innocent:
He burns his son at Hinnem, whilst around 625
The rearing child drums and loud trumpets sound:

This to the boy a barbarous mercy grew,
And snatch'd him from all miseries to ensue.
Here Peca comes, and hundred thousands fall;
Here Refin marches up, and sweeps up all; 630
Till, like a sea, the great Belochus' son
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run;
The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,
Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en:
All this wild rage to revenge Judah's wrong; 635
But woe to kingdoms that have friends too strong!

Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,
And Assur's king, with his worse gods, forsook;
Who to poor Judah worlds of nations brings,
There rages, utters vain and mighty things; 640
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames:
Whilst, in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,
An angel scatters death through all the host.
Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies, 645
There meets an end far worse than that he flies.
Here Hezekiah's life is almost done!
So good, and yet, alas! so short, 'tis spun:
Th' end of the line was ravel'd, weak, and old;
Time must go back, and afford better hold 650
To tie a new thread to it, of fifteen years:
'Tis done; th' all-mighty power of prayer and
tears!

Backward the sun, an unknown motion, went;
The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.
Manasses next (forgetful man!) begins; 655
Enslav'd and sold to Assur by his sins;
Till, by the rod of learned misery taught,
Home to his God and country both he's brought:
It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake;
He's made th' example he refus'd to take. 660

Yet from this root a goodly eyen springs;
Josiah, best of men, as well as kings.
Down went the calves, with all their gold and
cost;

The priest then truly griev'd Osiris lost;
These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd; 665
Fools! they their worse thralldom still retain'd!
In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell,
And no more flames must have besides his hell;
Like end Astarte's horned image found,
And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground: 670
No more were men in female habit seen,
Nor they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen:
No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,
And, with their bodies' shame, their marriage
get:

The double Dagon neither nature saves, 675
Nor flies she back to th' Erythraean waves.
The travelling sun sees gladly from on high
His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie;
The king's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thundering Baal.
Here David's joy unruly grows, and bold,
Nor could sleep's silken chain its violence hold,
Had not the Angel, to seal fast his eyes,
The humours stirr'd, and bade more mists arise:
When strait a chariot hurries swift away, 685
And in it good Josiah bleeding lay;
One hand's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd: alas! he's slain, he's slain.

Jehoiás and Jehoiachim next appear;
Both urge that vengeance which before was
near: 690

He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,
This by more courteous anger murder'd lies.
His son and brother next do bonds sustain,
Israel's now solemn and imperial chain.
Here's the last scene of this proud city's state;
All ills are met ty'd in one knot of Fate. 695
Their endless slavery in this trial lay;
Great God had heap'd up ages in one day:
Streng works around the wall the Chaldees build,
The town with grief and dreadful business fill'd;
To their carv'd gods the frantic women pray,
Gods, which as near their ruin were as they.
At last in rushes the prevailing foe,
Does all the mischief of proud conquest show:
The wondring babes from mothers' breasts are
rent, 705

And suffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant;
No silver reverence guards the stooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundless rage:
The glorious temple shines in flame all o'er,
Yet not so bright as in its gold before: 710
Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the ear but groans and dismal cries.
The walls and towers are level'd with the ground,
And scarce aught now of that vast city's found
But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might
keep 715

Of forepast glory, and bid travellers weep.
Thus did triumphant Assur homewards pass,
And thus Jerusalem left, Jerusalem that was!
This Zedechiah saw, and this not all;
Before his face his friends and children fall, 720
The sport of insolent victors; this he views,
A king and father once! ill Fate could use
His eyes no more to do their master spite;
All to be seen she took, and next his sight.
Thus a long death in prison he outwears; 725
Bereft of grief's last solace, ev'n his tears.

Then Jeconiah's son did foremost come,
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home:
A row of worthies' in long order pass'd
O'er the short stage; of all old Joseph last. 730
Fair angels pass'd by next in seemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands,
Some, as they went, the blue-ey'd violets strew,
Some, spotless lilies in loose order threw;
Some did the way with full-blown roses spread,
Their smell divine, and colour strangely red; 736
Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kisses tear:
Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,
Which at God's word in beauteous Eden grew;
Queen of the flowers which made that orchard
gay! 741

The morning blushes of the spring's new day.
With sober pace an heavenly maid walks in,
Her looks all fair; no sign of native sin
Through her whole body writ; immoderate
grace 745
Spoke things far more than human in her face:
It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers;
And with full beams their mingled light devours!

An Angel strait broke from a shining cloud,
And press'd his wings, and with much reverence
bow'd :

Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his sacred message sweetly said :

" Hail, full of Grace! thee the whole world
" shall call

" Above all blest; Thee, who shalt bless them all.

" Thy virgin womb in wondrous sort shall

" shroud 755

" Jesus the God (and then again he bow'd);

" Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on
" thee;

" Hail thou! who must God's wife, God's mo-
" ther, be!"

With that, his flaming form to heaven he rear'd;

She low obeisance made, and disappear'd. 760

Lo! a new star three eastern fages see

(For why should only earth a gainer be?)

They saw this Phosphor's infant-light, and knew

It bravely usher'd in a Sun as new:

They hasten'd all this Rising Sun to adore; 765

With them rich myrrh and early spices bore:

Wife men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;

You'll in a noisome stable find your King.

Anon a thousand devils run roaring in;

Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin; 770

Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown, and
tear

The gaping snakes from their black-knotted hair;

As if all grief, and all the rage of hell,

Were doubled now, or that just now they fell:

But, when the dreaded maid they entering saw,

All fled with trembling fear and silent awe.

In her chaste arms th' eternal infant lies,

Th' Almighty voice chang'd into feeble cries.

Heaven contain'd virgins oft, and will do more;

Never did virgin contain Heaven before. 780

Angels peep round to view this mystic thing,

And Halleluiah round, all Halleluiah sing.

No longer could good David quiet bear

Th' unwieldy pleasure which o'erflow'd him
here:

It broke the fetters, and burst ope his eye: 785

Away the timorous forms together fly:

Fix'd with amaze he stood; and time must take,

To learn if yet he were at last awake.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent,

And order'd all the pageants as they went; 790

Sometimes, that only 'twas wild Phanfy's play,

'The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

When Gabriel (no blest spirit more kind or
fair)

Bodies and clothes himself with thicken'd air;

All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom; 795

Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly
loom

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,

That ere the mid day sun pierc'd thro' with light;

Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,

Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red;

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,

And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;

He cuts down a silk mantle from the skies,

Where the most spritely azure pleas'd the eyes;

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This he with starry vapours spangles all, 805

Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall:

Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,

The choicest piece took out, a scarf is made:

Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,

Not virtuous lovers' sighs more soft than they; 810

These he gilds o'er with the sun's richest rays,

Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he
plays.

Thus dress'd, the joyful Gabriel posts away.

And carries with him his own glorious day,

Through the thick woods: the gloomy shades
awhile

Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile;

The trembling serpents close and silent lie;

The birds obscene far from his passage fly;

A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,

Sudden as that which by creation rose: 820

Thus he appears to David; at first sight

All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.

In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;

A sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.

" Hail, man belov'd! from highest heaven,"

said he; 825

" My mighty master sends thee health by me.

" The things thou saw'st are full of truth and

" light,

" Shap'd in the glass of the divine foresight:

" Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the years

" To go in order thus. Hence, empty fears! 830

" Thy fate's all white; from thy blest seed shall

" spring

" The promis'd Shilo, the great mystic King:

" Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall

" found,

" And reach to worlds that must not yet be found:

" The Southern clime him her sole lord shall

" style, 835

" Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn ille,

" My fellow-servant, credit what I tell."

Strait into shapeless air unseen he fell.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
THE DAVIDEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis: he counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Achish. A poet's enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies; his entertainment at Moab's court: a digression of the history of Lot, father of the Moabites, represented in picture. Moab's song at the feast. Moab desires Job to relate the story of David; which he does: his extraction; his excellency in
Q

pass, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philistines' army encamp'd at Dammin; the description of Goliath and his arms; his challenge to the Israelites: David's coming to the camp; his speech to Saul, to desire leave to fight with Goliath: several speeches on that occasion. The combat and slaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philistines' army. Saul's army to David. The characters of Merab and Michal. The love between David and Michal: his going at her rebuke; his expedition against the Philistines, and the delivery of two hundred forlins for Michal, with whom he is married. The familiarity of the wedding. Saul's relapse, and the conspiracy David's flight into the kingdom of Achish.

DAVID with the news he from high Heaven receives,
 Strait to his diligent God just thanks he gives;
 To divine Nobe directs then his flight,
 A small town, great in fame, by Levi's right;
 Is there, with sprightly wines and hallow'd bread, 5
 (But what's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed.
 The good old priest welcomes his fatal guest.
 And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast:
 He lends him vain Goliath's sacred sword
 (The fittest help just Fortune could afford); 10
 A sword whose weight without a blow might
 Lay,
 Able unlimited to cut hosts away;
 A sword so great, that it was only fit
 To take off his great head who came with it.
 Thus he arms David: "I your own restore, 15
 "Take it," said he, "and use it as before;
 "I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest fight
 "That ere these eyes ow'd the discovering light:
 "When you step'd forth, how did the monster
 "rage,
 "In scorn of your soft looks and tender age! 20
 "Some your high spirit did mad presumption
 "call,
 "Some pitied that such youth should idly fall;
 "Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain;
 "I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain."
 Much more the reverend sire prepar'd to say 25
 (Rapt with his joy; how the two armies lay;
 Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee,
 All that his hearer better knew than he;
 But David's haste denies all needless stay;
 To Gath, an enemy's land, he hastes away: 30
 Not there secure; but, where one danger's near,
 The more remote, though greater, dispare:—
 So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;
 So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea—
 There in disgust he hopes unknown to abide; 35
 Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?
 Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,
 But night itself does the rich gem betray.
 Tugol first spy'd him, a Philistian knight,
 Who erst from David's wrath by shameful flight
 Had sav'd the fordid remnant of his age; 41
 Hence the deep fire of envy mix'd with rage.
 Strait, with a band of soldiers tall and rough,
 Trembling—for scarce he thought that band
 enough—
 On him he seizes; whom they all had fear'd, 45
 Had the bold youth in his own shape appear'd.

And now this with'd-fer, but yet dreadful, prey
 To Achis' court they led in haste away,
 With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
 Upon th' immoderate vulgar's joy and hate. 50
 His valour now and strength must useless lie,
 And he himself must arts unusual try:
 Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
 The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair;
 Sometimes a violent laughter scrow'd his face, 55
 And sometimes ready tears drop'd down apace;
 Sometimes he fix'd his staring eyes on ground,
 And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
 More full revenge Philistians could not wish:
 But call't the justice of their mighty fist. 60
 They now in height of anger let him live;
 And freedom too, to encrease his scorn, they give;
 He, by wife madness freed, does homeward flee,
 And rage makes them all that he seem'd to be.
 Near to Adullam, in an aged wood, 65
 An hill, part earth, part rocky stone, there stood.
 Hollow and vast within, which Nature wrought,
 As if by her scholar Art she had been taught.
 Hither young David with his kindred came,
 Servants and friends; many his spreading fame,
 Many their wants or discontents, did call: 70
 Great men in war, and almost armies all!
 Hither came wife and valiant Joab down
 (One to whom David's self must owe his crown).
 A mighty man, had not some cunning sin, 75
 Amidst so many virtues crowded in.
 With him Abithai came, by whom there fell
 At once three hundred: with him Afahel;
 Afahel, swifter than the northern wind;
 Source could the nimble motions of his mind. 80
 Outgo his feet; so strangely would he run,
 That time itself perceiv'd not what was done:
 Oft o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,
 His weight unknown, and heralds to the grass;
 Oft o'er the sands and hollow duff would trace,
 Yet no one atom trouble or displace. 86
 Unhappy youth! where could he near I feel
 There's naught but thy ill fate, exist as thee.
 Hither Joab's wrongs Benaiah drew,
 He who the vast exceeding monster slew: 90
 Th' Egyptian like an hill himself did rear,
 Like some tall tree upon it seem'd his spear;
 But by Benaiah's staff he fell, o'erthrown;
 The earth, as if worst brook, did loud sigh groan.
 Such was Benaiah: in a narrow pit 95
 He slew a lion, and leapt down to it;
 As easily there the royal beast he tore,
 As that itself did kids or lambs before.
 Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,
 But full of spirit, and arms was all his joy; 100
 Oft, when a child, he in his dream would fight
 With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
 Oft would he shoot young birds, and as they fall,
 Would laugh, and fancy them Philistians all:
 And now at home no longer would he stay, 105
 Though yet the face did scarce his fox betray.
 Dodes' great son came next, whose dreadful hand
 Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conquering band,
 Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field
 Which did a strange and bloody harvest yield?
 Many besides did this new troop encrease:— 110
 Adam, whose wants made him unfit for peace.

Eliel, whose full quiver did always bear
 As many deaths as in it arrows were;
 None from his hand did vain or innocent flee, 115
 Scarce Love or Fate could aim so well as he.
 Many of Judah took wrong'd David's side,
 And many of old Jacob's youngest tribe;
 But his chief strength the Gathite soldiers are,
 Each single man able t' o'ercome a war! 120
 Swift as the darts they fling through yielding air,
 And hardly all as the strong steel they bear:
 A lion's noble rage fits in their face,
 Terribly comely, arm'd with dreadful grace!
 Th' undaunted Prince, though thus well-guarded
 here, 125
 Yet his stout soul durst for his parents fear;
 He seeks for them a safe and quiet seat,
 Nor trusts his fortune with a pledge so great.
 So, when in hostile fire rich Asia's pride
 For ten years' siege had fully satisfy'd, 130
 Æneas stole an act of higher fame,
 And bore Anchises through the wondering flame;
 A nobler burden, and a richer prey,
 Than all the Grecian forces bore away!
 Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph go; 135
 Enjoy the conquest of thine overthrow;
 To have sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be:
 By this thou overcom'st their victory.
 Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies;
 Jordan their touch, and his curs'd sea denies: 140
 They see North-stars from o'er Amorcus' ground,
 Edom and Petra their South part does bound:
 Eastwards the lands of Cush and Ammon lie,
 The morning's happy beams they first spy;
 The region with fat soil and plenty's blest, 145
 A soil too good to be of old possess'd
 By monstrous Emims: but Lot's off-spring came,
 And conquer'd both the people and the name;
 Till Scen drove them beyond Arnon's flood,
 And their sad bounds mark'd deep in their own
 blood. 150
 In Hesbon, his triumphant court he plac'd,
 Hesbon, by Men and Nature strangely grac'd;
 A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
 Which peace could yield, though well prepar'd for
 fight.
 But this proud city, and her prouder lord, 155
 Felt the keen rage of Israel's sacred sword;
 Whilst Moab triumph'd in her torn estate,
 To see her own become her conqueror's fate:
 Yet that small remnant of Lot's parted crown
 Did, arm'd with Israel's sins, pluck Israel down:
 Full thrice six years they felt fierce Hesbon's
 yoke, 161
 Till Ehud's sword God's vengeful message spoke;
 Since then their kings in quiet held their own,
 Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne!
 And now a wife old prince the sceptre sway'd,
 Well by his subjects and himself obey'd; 166
 Only before his father's gods he fell;
 Poor wretched man! almost too good for hell!
 Hither does David his blind parents bring;
 With humble greatness begs of Moab's king: 170
 A safe and fair abode, where they might live,
 Free from those storms with which himself must
 strive.

The king with cheerful grace his suit approv'd,
 By hate to Saul, and love to Virtue, mov'd.
 "Welcome, great Knight, and your fair Troop,"
 said he, 175
 "Your name sound welcome long before with
 me;
 "That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,
 "And stretch'd-out far to the burnt swarthy zone:
 "Swift Fame, when her round journey she does
 "make,
 "Scorns not sometimes us in her way to take. 180
 "Are you the man did that huge giant kill,
 "Great Baal of Phigor? and how young he's
 "kill!
 "From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was
 "born here,
 "In Judah sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd
 "there
 "To one of Bethlem; which I hope is true: 185
 "However, your virtues here entitle you:
 "Those have the best alliance always been;
 "To gods as well as men they make us kin."
 He spoke, and straight led in his thankful guests,
 Th' a stately room prepar'd for shows and feasts:
 The room with golden tapestry glitter'd bright,
 At once to please, and to confound, the sight,
 Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands!
 In midst a table of rich ivory stands,
 By three fierce tigers, and three lions borne, 195
 Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn;
 Widely they gaze, and to the eye they rear,
 As if they hunger'd for the food they bore,
 About it beds of Libyan citren stood,
 With coverings dy'd in Tyrian fishes' blood 200
 (They say, th' Herculean art): but most delight
 Some Pictures gave to David's learned sight.
 Here several ways Lot and great Abram go,
 Their too-much wealth vast and unkind does
 grow;
 Thus each extreme to equal danger tends, 205
 Plenty, as well as Want, can separate friends.
 Here Sodom's towers raise their proud tops on
 high
 (The towers, as well as men, outbrave the sky);
 By it the waves of reverend Jordan run,
 Here green with trees, there gilded with the
 sun; 210
 Hither Lot's household comes, a numerous train,
 And all with various business fill the plain:
 Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks;
 They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks:
 Some drive the herds; here a fierce bullock
 storms 215
 Th' appointed way, and runs with threatening
 horn;
 In vain the herdsman calls him back again;
 The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain:
 Some lead the groning waggons, load'd high
 With stuff on top of which the maidens lie: 220
 Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,
 And Lot talks with them both on either side.
 Another picture to curst Sodom brings
 Elam's proud lord, with his three servant kings:
 They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away:
 Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay, 226

Buried almost alive, for fear of death;
But Heaven's just vengeance sav'd as yet his
breath:

Abraham pursues, and slays the victor's host,
Scarcely had their conquest leisure for a boast. 230
Next this was drawn the reckless city's flame,
When a strange hail pour'd down from heaven
there came.

Here the two angels from Lot's window look
With smiling anger; the lewd wretches, strook
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door; 235
Their eyes, first cause of lust, first vengeance bore.
Through liquid air Heaven's busy soldiers fly,
And drive on clouds where feeds of thunder lie:
Here the sad fly glows red with dismal streaks,
Here lightning from it with short trembling
breaks; 240

Here the blue flames of scolding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
And meets half-way new fires that shower from
fly.

Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the fathers' arms and they:
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.
Men thought (so much a flame by art was shown)
The picture's self would fall in ashes down. 250
Afar old Lot toward little Zoar flies,
And dares not move (good man!) his weeping
eyes:

Behind his wife stood, ever fix'd alone;
No more a woman, not yet quite a stone:
A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head; 255
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek: in vain to speak she strove;
Her lips though stone, a little seem'd to move:
One eye was clos'd, surpriz'd by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light: 260
The wind admir'd, which her hair loosely bore.
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more:
To heaven she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a suppliant pillar stands:
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear, 265
And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there:
Ah, foolish woman! who must always be
A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see!

Whilst David s'd with thee his curious eye,
The feast is now serv'd-in, and down they lie. 270
Moab a goblet takes of mossy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaff'd to their gods and friends: an health goes
round

In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground.
Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill
(For such were poets then, and should be still)
His noble verse through Nature's secret led:
He sung what spirit through the whole mass is
spread,

Every-where All; how Heavens God's law ap-
prove,

And think it rest eternally to move; 280
How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,
Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose;
How his round journey does for ever last,
And how he baits at every sea in haste:

He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
Whilst foolish men bear sounding brass in vain; 286
Why the great waters her slight horns obey,
Her changing horns, not constanter than they:
He sung how grisly comets hang in air:
Why sword and plagues attend their fatal hair;
God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,
To publish ill, and raise all earth to war:
Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it, till it roar so loud:
How lambent fires become so wondrous tame, 295
And bear such shining winter in their flame:
What radiant pencil draws the watery bow:
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:
What palsy of the earth here shakes fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,
And sometimes mis'd the Cause, but fought it
well.

Such was the fauce of Moab's noble feast,
Till night far spent invites them to their rest;
Only the good old Prince stays Joab there, 305
And much he tells, and much desires to hear:
He tells deeds antique, and the new desires;
Of David much, and much of Saul, enquires.

"Nay, gentle guest!" said he "since now
"you're in,

"The story of your gallant friend begin; 310

"His birth, his rising, tell, and various fate,

"And how he slew that man of Gath of late,

"What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous
"man!"

With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began:—

"His birth, great Sir! so much to mine is ty'd,
"That praise of that might look from me like
"pride: 315

"Yet, without boast, his veins contain a flood

"Of th' old Judean lion's richest blood.

"From Judah Pharez, from him Esrom, came,

"Ram, Naphon, Salmon, names spoke loud by
"fame: 320

"A name no less ought Boaz to appear,

"By whose blest match we come no strangers
"here:

"From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung.

"From Obed Jesse, Jesse, whom Fame's kindest
"tongue,

"Counting his birth, and high nobility, shall 325

"Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,

"David, born to him seventh; the six births past

"Brave trials of a work more great at last.

"Let me! how swift and growing was his wit!

"The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it. 330

"Scarcely past a child, all wonders would he sing

"Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's king.

"His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,

"And savage beasts stand by as tame as they;

"The fighting winds would stop there, and ad-
"mire, 335

"Learning consent and concord from his lyre;

"Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,

"Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.

"'Twas now the time when first Saul God for-
"sook,

"God Saul; the room in's heart wild passions
"took:

- " Sometimes a tyrant-Frenzy revel'd there,
 " Sometimes black Sadness, and deep, deep Despair.
 " No help from herbs, or learned drugs he finds,
 " They cure but sometime bodies, never minds:
 " While alone those storms of soul could lay; 345
 " Not more Saul them, than music they, obey.
 " David's now sent for, and his harp must bring;
 " His harp, that magic bore on every string:
 " When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,
 " With his soft notes they all dropp'd down
 " " Sleep: 350
 " When his dull spirits lay drown'd in death and
 " " night,
 " He with quick strains rais'd them to life and
 " " light.
 " Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'swage,
 " Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
 " To Hebr' plain Philistian troops are come, 355
 " And war's loud noise strikes peaceful music
 " " dumb.
 " Back to his rural care young David goes;
 " For this rough work Saul his stout brethren
 " " chaf: 360
 " He knew not what his hand in war could do,
 " Nor thought his sword could cure men's mad-
 " " nefs too. 365
 " Now Dammia's d'fied for this scene of blood;
 " On two near hills the two proud armies stood,
 " Between, a fatal valley stretch-out wide,
 " And death seem'd ready now on either side;
 " When lo! their host rais'd all a joyful shout.
 " And from the midst an huge and monstrous
 " " man stepp'd out. 365
 " Aloud they shouted at each step he took;
 " We, and the earth itself beneath him, shook,
 " Vail as the hill, down which he march'd, he'
 " " appear'd;
 " Amaz'd all yes, nor was their army fear'd. 370
 " A young tall 'fquire (though then he seem'd
 " " not so)
 " Did from the camp at first before him go;
 " At first he did, but scarce could follow strait,
 " Sweating beneath a shield's unruly weight,
 " On which was wrought the gods' and giants'
 " " fight. 375
 " Rare work! all fill'd with terror and delight.
 " Here a vast hill 'gainst thundering Baal was
 " " thrown,
 " Trees and beasts on't fell burnt with lightning
 " " down;
 " One flings a mountain, and its river too,
 " Torn up with 't; that rains back on him that
 " " threw: 380
 " Some from the main to pluck whole islands try;
 " The sea boils round with flames shot thick from
 " " sky;
 " This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,
 " And prais'd their strength, but thought his
 " " own was more.
 " The valley now this monster seem'd to fill; 385
 " And we, methoughts, look'd up t' him from
 " " our hill.
 " All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war
 " (A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar;
 " The sun himself started with sudden fright,
 " To see his beams return so dismal bright: 390
 " Brass was his helmet, his boots brass; and o'er
 " His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore;
 " His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
 " Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast
 " " should be;
 " Th' huge iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
 " And of whole bodies but one wound it made;
 " Able Death's worst command to overdo,
 " Destroying life at once and carcase too.
 " Thus arm'd he stood; all direful, and all gay.
 " And round him flung a scornful look away:
 " So, when a Scythian tiger, gazing round, 405
 " An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,
 " Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
 " And calls forth all his spots on every side;
 " Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all, 405
 " In choice of some strong neck on which to fall;
 " Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a prey,
 " And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
 " Ye men of Jury, 'he cries, if men you be,
 " And such dare prove yourselves to fame: and me,
 " Chase out 'mongst all your troops the boldest
 " " knight, 411
 " To try his strength and fate with me in fight:
 " The chance of war let us two bear for all,
 " And they the conqueror serve whose knight shall
 " " fall.
 " At this he paus'd awhile: Strait, I defy 415
 " Your gods and you; dares none come down and
 " " die?
 " Go back for shame, and Egypt's slavery bear,
 " Or yield to us, and serve more nobly here.
 " Alas! ye are no more wonders to be done,
 " Your forecarr Moses now, and Joshua, 's gone;
 " Your magic trumpets then could cities take, 421
 " And sounds of triumph did your battles make.
 " Spears in your hands and manly swords are
 " " vain;
 " Get you your spells and conjuring rods again,
 " Is there no Samson here? O that there were!
 " In his full strength, and long, enchanted hair;
 " This sword should be in the weak razor's stead;
 " It should not cut his hair off, but his head.
 " Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the vallies round,
 " Flattering his voice, reiter'd the dreadful sound:
 " We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and
 " " fear'd 431
 " We had behind some new Goliath heard.
 " 'Twas Heaven, Heaven sure (which David's
 " " glory meant
 " Through this whole act) such sacred terror sent
 " To all our host; for there was Saul in place, 435
 " Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemy's face;
 " His god-like son there in bright armour shone,
 " Who scorn'd to conquer armies not alone:
 " Fate her own book mistrusted at the sight;
 " On that side war, on this a single fight. 440
 " There stood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
 " He who th' Egyptian proud Goliath slew;
 " In his pale fright, rage thro' his eyes shot flame,
 " He saw his staff, and blush'd with generous
 " " shame;
 " Thousand betide stood mute and heartless there,
 " Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear. 446
 " Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fight,
 " Once every morn he march'd, and once at night.

- " Slow rose the sun, but gallop'd down apace,
 " With more than evening blushes in his face: 45
 " When Jesse to the camp young David sent;
 " His purpose low, but high was Fate's intent;
 " For, when the monster's pride he saw and
 " heard,
 " Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they
 " fear'd.
 " Anger and brave disdain his heart possess'd, 455
 " Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youth-
 " ful breast:
 " Much the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame,
 " Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of
 " Fame.
 " These to their just intentions strongly move,
 " But chiefly God, and his dear country's love, 460
 " Resolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he's brought,
 " Where thus he spoke, as boldly as he fought:
 " Henceforth no more, great Prince, your sacred
 " breast
 " With that huge talking wretch of Gath, molest:
 " This hand alone shall end his cursed breath: 465
 " Fear not, the wretch blasphemes himself to
 " death,
 " And, cheated with false weight of his own
 " might,
 " Has challeng'd Heav'n, not us, to single fight.
 " Forbid it, God! that, where thy right is try'd,
 " The strength of man should find just cause
 " for pride! 470
 " Firm like some rock, and vast, he seems to stand,
 " But rocks we know were op'd at thy command:
 " That soul, which now does such large members
 " sway,
 " Through one small wound will creep in haste
 " away;
 " And he who now dares boldly Heaven defy, 475
 " To every bird of heaven a prey shall lie:
 " For 'tis not human force we ought to fear;
 " Did that, alas! plant our forefathers here?
 " Twice fifteen kings did they by that subdue?
 " By that whole nations of Goliath slew? 480
 " The wonders they perform'd may still be done;
 " Moses and Joshua is, but God's not, gone.
 " We've lost their rod and trumpet, not their
 " skill;
 " Prayers and belief are as strong witchcraft still:
 " These are more tall, more giants far, than he, 485
 " Can reach to heaven, and thence pluck victory.
 " Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' advantage is;
 " He's stronger far than I, my God than his.
 " Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame, to see
 " Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as
 " he. 490
 " Brave youth, replies the king, whose daring
 " mind,
 " Ere come to manhood, leaves it quite behind;
 " Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
 " And let thy body grow up to thy spirit.
 " Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe, 495
 " Whose touch would wound thee more than
 " him thy blow:
 " Nature his limbs only for war made fit,
 " In thine as yet nought but love the 'has writ.
 " With some less for thy unskill'd valour try;
 " This monster can be no first victory. 500
- " The lion's royal whelp does not at first
 " For blood of Babel bulls or tigers thirst;
 " In timorous deer he hankers his young paws,
 " And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
 " So wait thy hopes, so unproportion'd, be, 505
 " Fortune would be sham'd to second thee.
 " He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
 " But nought moves David from his high intent.
 " It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
 " To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here; 510
 " Which he resolves. Scorn not, said he, mine
 " age;
 " For victory comes not, like an heritage,
 " At set-years:—when my father's flock I fed,
 " A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led,
 " Broke from the wood, and snatch'd my lambs
 " away; 515
 " From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting
 " prey:
 " Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did fill;
 " On our great oak the bones and jaws hang still.
 " My God's the same, which then he was, to-day,
 " And this wild wretch almost the same as they;
 " Who from such danger sav'd my flock, will he
 " Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be?
 " Be't so then, Saul bursts forth; and Thou
 " on high, 524
 " Who oft in weakness dost most strength defy—
 " At whose dread beck conquest expecting stands,
 " And calls no look down on the fighters' hands—
 " Assist what Thou inspir'st; and let all see,
 " As boys to giants, giants are to Thee
 " Thus: and with trembling hopes of strange
 " success,
 " In his own arms he the bold youth does dress.
 " On's head an helix of well-wrought brass is
 " plac'd, 531
 " The top with warlike plume severely grac'd;
 " His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,
 " A sword much practis'd in death's art he wore,
 " Yet David, us'd so long to no defence, 535
 " But those light arms of Spirit and Innocence,
 " No good in fight of that gay burden knows,
 " But fears his own arms' weight more than his
 " foes.
 " He lost himself in that disguise of war,
 " And guarded seems as men by prisons are; 540
 " He therefore, to exalt the wondrous sight,
 " Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight,
 " Gaiest shield, helm, breast-plate; and, instead
 " of those, 544
 " Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook
 " he chose.
 " And fits them to his sling; then marches down,
 " For sword, his enemy's he esteem'd his own.
 " We all with various passions strangely gaz'd,
 " Some sad, some sham'd, some angry; all amaz'd.
 " Now in the valley he stands; through's youth-
 " ful face
 " Wrath checks the beauty, and sheds manly
 " grace, 550
 " Both in his looks so join'd, that they might
 " move
 " Fear ev'n in friends, and from an enemy love
 " Hot as ripe noon, sweet as the blooming day,
 " Like July furious, but more fair than May.

" Th' accurs'd Philistian stands on th' other side,
 " Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and
 " pride. 556
 " The plagues of Dagon! a smooth boy, said he,
 " A curst beardless foe, oppos'd to me!
 " Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond child!)
 " he's come!
 " Some friend his mother call, to drive him home.
 " Not gone yet! if one minute more thou stay,
 " The birds of heaven shall bear thee dead away.
 " Gods! a curs'd boy!—the rest then murmuring
 " out,
 " He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.
 " David, with cheerful anger in his eyes, 565
 " Advances boldly on, and thus replies:
 " Thou com'st, vain man! all arm'd into the field,
 " And trustest those war toys, thy sword and
 " shield: 569
 " Thy pride's my spear, thy blasphemies my
 " sword;
 " My shield, thy Maker, fool! the mighty Lord
 " Of thee and battles; who hath sent forth me
 " Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer, thee.
 " In vain shall Dagon, thy false hope, withstand;
 " In vain thy other god, thine own right hand:
 " Thy fall to man shall Heaven's strong justice
 " show; 575
 " Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou canst do.
 " He said; our host stood dully silent by;
 " And durst not trust their ears against the eye;
 " As much their champion's threats to him they
 " fear'd,
 " As when the monster's threats to them they
 " heard. 580
 " His flaming sword th' enrag'd Philistian shakes,
 " And haste't his ruin with loud curses makes,
 " Backward the winds his active curses blew,
 " And fatally round his own head they flew:
 " For now from David's sling the stone is fled,
 " And strikes with joyful noise the monster's
 " head; 586
 " It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
 " As swiftly as it pierc'd before the air:
 " Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the
 " ground;
 " Blood, brain, and soul, crond mingled through
 " the wound! 590
 " So a strong oak, which many years had stood
 " With fair and flourishing boughs, itself a wood—
 " Though it might long the axe's violence bear,
 " And play'd with winds which other trees did
 " fear—
 " Yet by the thunder's stroke from th' root 'tis
 " rent
 " (So sure the blows that from high Heaven are
 " sent!)
 " What tongue the joy and wonder can express,
 " Which did that moment our whole host possess!
 " Their joyful shouts th' air like a storm did tear,
 " Th' amazed clouds fled swift away with fear:
 " But far more swift th' accurs'd Philistines fly,
 " And, their ill fate perfected, basely die.
 " With thousand corpses the ways around are
 " strown,
 " Till they by the day's flight secure their own.

" Now through the camp sounds nought but Da-
 " vid's name, 605
 " All joys, of several stamp and colours, came
 " From several passions: some his valour praise,
 " Some his free speech, some the fair popular rays
 " Of youth, and beauty, and his modest guise;
 " Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female
 " eyes. 610
 " Some wonder, some they thought 'twould be so,
 " swear;
 " And some saw angels flying through the air:
 " The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance
 " On this great act, and fain would give 't to
 " Chance.
 " Women our host with songs and dances meet,
 " With much joy Saul, David with more, they
 " greet. 616
 " Hence the king's politic rage and envy flows,
 " Which first he hides, and seeks his life t' expose
 " To generous dangers, that his hate might
 " clear,
 " And Fate or Chance the blame, nay David,
 " bear. 620
 " So vain are man's defenses! for Fate and Chance,
 " And Earth and Heaven, conspir'd to his ad-
 " vance:
 " His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
 " In all mankind but Saul did love beget.
 " Not Saul's own house, not his own nearest
 " blood, 625
 " The noble cause's sacred force withstood.
 " You've met no doubt, and kindly us'd, the same
 " Of God-like Jonathan's illustrious name;
 " A name which every wind to heaven would
 " bear,
 " Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear.
 " No angel e'er bore to his brother Mind 630
 " A kindness more exalted and refin'd,
 " Than his to David; which look'd nobly down,
 " And scorn'd the false alarms of a crown.
 " At Dammin field he stood, and from his place
 " Leap'd forth, the wondrous conqueror to em-
 " brace; 636
 " On him his mantle, girdle, sword, and bow,
 " On him his heart and soul, he did bestow;
 " Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade
 " In this close knot the smallest looseness made. 640
 " Oft his wife care did the king's rage suspend,
 " His own life's danger shelter'd oft his friend;
 " Which he expos'd a sacrifice to fall
 " By th' undiscerning rage of furious Saul.
 " Nor was young David's active virtue grown
 " Strong and triumphant in one sex alone; 645
 " Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
 " And deeper prints in the soft breast it made:
 " For there, t' Esteem and Friendship's graver
 " name,
 " Passion was pour'd, like oil into the flame. 650
 " Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
 " Saul's royal house two beautiful daughters
 " grac'd;
 " Merab the first, Michal the younger, nam'd;
 " Both equally for different glories fam'd.
 " Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the night 655
 " But too much awe chas'd the bold delight:

- " Like a calm sea, which to th' enlarged view
 " Gives pleasure, but gives fear and reverence too.
 " Michal's sweet looks clear and free joys did
 " move.
 " And no less strong, though much more gentle,
 " love 660
 " Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice to obey
 " (Tyrants themselves less absolute than they).
 " Merab appear'd like some fair princely tower:
 " Michal, some virgin-queen's delicious bower.
 " All Beauty's stores in little and in great; 665
 " But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.
 " A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
 " Such as the prouder colours might envy:
 " Michal's pure skin shone with such taintless
 " white,
 " As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight: 670
 " Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,
 " Than e'er on fruits or flowers heaven's pencil
 " drew;
 " From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings
 " came,
 " From Michal's, the sun's mild, yet active, flame:
 " Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut brown;
 " Tresses of palest gold did Michal crown. 676
 " Such was their outward form; and one might
 " find
 " A difference not unlike it in the mind.
 " Merab with comely majesty and state
 " Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate;
 " Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show, 681
 " That none who reach so high e'er stoop'd so low.
 " Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd lovers' pain,
 " And fortify'd her virtue with disdain:
 " The griefs she caus'd, gave gentle Michal
 " grief 685
 " (She wish'd her beauties less, for their relief);
 " Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' excess
 " Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
 " Business and power Merab's large thoughts did
 " vex;
 " Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex: 690
 " Michal no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
 " Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
 " In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn;
 " Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan.
 " The day that David great Goliath slew, 695
 " Not great Goliath's sword was more his due
 " Than Merab; by Saul's public promise she
 " Was sold then, and betroth'd to Victory;
 " But haughty she did this just match despise
 " (Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her
 " eyes). 700
 " An unknown youth, ne'er seen at court before,
 " Who shepherd's staff, and shepherd's habit, bore,
 " The seventh-born son of no rich house—were
 " still
 " Th' unpleasant forms which her high thoughts
 " did fill:
 " And much aversion in her stubborn mind 705
 " Was bred by being promis'd and design'd.
 " Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
 " The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn:
 " Adriel the rich; but riches were in vain,
 " And could not set him free, nor her enchain 710
 " Long liv'd they thus;—but, as the hunted deer,
 " Closely pursued quits all her wonted fear,
 " And takes the nearest waves; which from the
 " shore
 " She oft with horror had beheld before:
 " So, whilst the violent maid from David fled.
 " She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed; 716
 " The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd
 " strait;
 " (So soon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate!)
 " But Michal, in whose breast all virtues move,
 " That hatch the pregnant seeds of sacred love,
 " With juster eyes the noble object meets, 721
 " And turns all Merab's poison into sweets:
 " She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
 " Should make all fame to come so soon his own:
 " She saw and wonder'd how a shepherd's
 " crook 725
 " Despis'd that sword at which the sceptre shook;
 " Though he seventh-born, and though his house
 " but poor,
 " She knew it noble was, and would be more.
 " Oft had she heard, and fancy'd oft the fight,
 " With what a generous calm he march'd to
 " fight; 730
 " In the great danger how exempt from fear,
 " And after it from pride, he did appear.
 " Greatness and goodness, and an air divine,
 " She saw through all his words and actions shine;
 " She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming
 " lyre, 735
 " Whose artful sounds did violent love inspire,
 " Though us'd all other passions to relieve:
 " She weigh'd all this; and well we may conceive,
 " When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubt-
 " ful breast,
 " His beauty no less active than the rest. 740
 " The fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
 " When David's breast reflected back its heat.
 " Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can Love hidden
 " lie
 " From any sight, much less the loving eye)
 " She conqueror was, as well as overcome, 745
 " And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.
 " Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,
 " Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
 " Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)
 " A mutual warmth through both their bosoms
 " spread: 750
 " Fate gave the signal; both at once began
 " The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.
 " Even so, methinks when two fair tapers come
 " From several doors, entering at once the room,
 " With a swift flight, that leaves the eye behind,
 " Their amorous lights into one light are join'd.
 " Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
 " Knew not which first began the kind embrace.
 " Michal her modest flames sought to conceal,
 " But love ev'n th' art to hide it does reveal: 760
 " Her soft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
 " Love pass'd through them, and there such foot-
 " steps left!
 " She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he
 " spoke;
 " And suddenly her wandering answers broke

" At his name's found; and, when she heard him
 " prais'd, 765
 " With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she
 " rais'd.
 " Uncall'd for sighs oft from her bosom flew,
 " And Adriel's active friend she' abruptly grew.
 " Oft, when the Court's gay youth stood wait-
 " ing by,
 " She strove to act a cold indifferency; 770
 " In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
 " For thousand nameless things dispos'd her heart.
 " On th' other side, David with silent pain
 " Did in respectful bounds his fires contain:
 " His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,
 " Impos'd on him a no-less rigorous law 776
 " Than modesty on her; and, though he strove
 " To make her see 't, he durst not tell his love.
 " To tell it first, the timorous youth made choice
 " Of music's bolder and more active voice; 780
 " And thus, beneath her window, did he touch
 " His faithful lyre; the words and numbers such
 " As did well worth my memory appear,
 " And may perhaps deserve your princely ear:
 " AWAKE, awake, my Lyre! 785
 " And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
 " In sounds that may prevail;
 " Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
 " Though so exalted she,
 " And I so lowly be, 790
 " Tell her, such different notes make all thy har-
 " mony.
 " Hark! how the strings awake:
 " And, though the moving hand approach not
 " near,
 " Themselves with awful fear,
 " A kind of numerous trembling make. 795
 " Now all thy forces try,
 " Now all thy charms apply,
 " Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.
 " Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
 " Is useless here, since thou art only found 800
 " To cure, but not to wound,
 " And she to wound, but not to cure.
 " Too weak too wilt thou prove
 " My passion to remove,
 " Physic to other ills, thou'rt Nourishment to
 " Love. 805
 " Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
 " For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 " In sounds that will prevail;
 " Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
 " All thy vain birth lay by, 810
 " Bid thy string silent lie,
 " Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master
 " die.
 " She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
 " Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound.
 " Yet, though she joy'd th' authentic news to
 " hear, 815
 " Of what she guess'd before with jealous fear,
 " She cheer'd her forward joy, and blush'd for
 " shame,
 " And did his looks with forc'd anger blame.
 VOL. II.

" The senseless rules which first false honour
 " taught,
 " And into laws that tyrant custom brought— 820
 " Which women's pride and folly did invent,
 " Their lovers and themselves too to torment—
 " Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,
 " And all her words, and all her looks, con-
 " strain 824
 " Before the trembling youth; who, when he saw
 " His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,
 " He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,
 " He curs'd his too-bold tongue, and bold desire;
 " In vain he curs'd the last, for that still grew;
 " From all things food its strong complexion drew:
 " His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas'd,
 " His life decay'd, but still his love increas'd;
 " Whilst she, whose heart approv'd not her dis-
 " dain,
 " Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.
 " But Jonathan to whom both hearts were known,
 " With a concernment equal to their own 836
 " (Joyful that Heaven with his sworn love com-
 " ply'd
 " To draw that knot more fast which he had
 " ty'd)
 " With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
 " Restor'd, and better'd soon, the nice affair. 840
 " With ease a brother's lawful power o'ercame
 " The formal decencies of virgin-shame.
 " She first with all her heart forgave the past,
 " Heard David tell his flames, and told her own
 " at last.
 " Lo here the happy point of prosperous love! 845
 " Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve.
 " Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail
 " alone;
 " All Israel's wish concurrent with their own;
 " A brother's powerful aid firm to the side;
 " By solemn vow the king and father ty'd: 850
 " All jealous fears, all nice disguises, past,
 " All that in less-ripe love offends the taste;
 " In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,
 " Their heart the nuptial-temple and the bed.
 " And, though the grosser cates were yet not
 " dress'd, 855
 " By which their bodies must supply this feast,
 " Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's lingering
 " birth,
 " As saints, assur'd of heaven, enjoy 't on earth.
 " All this the king observ'd; and well he saw
 " What scandal, and what danger, it might draw
 " T' oppose this just and popular match; but
 " meant 861
 " T' out-malice all refusals by consent.
 " He meant the poisonous grant should mortal
 " prove;
 " He meant t' ensnare his virtue by his love:
 " And thus he to him spoke, with more of art 865
 " And fraud, than well became the kingly part:—
 " Your valour, David, and high worth, said he,
 " To praise is all man's duty, mine to see
 " Rewarded; and we shall t' our utmost powers
 " Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
 " Forbid it, God! we like those kings should prove,
 " Who fear the virtues which they're bound to love.
 R

- " Your piety does that tender point secure,
 " Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure:
 " Your nearness to 't rather supports the crown,
 " And th' honours given to you encrease our
 " own. 876
 " All that we can we'll give; 'tis our intent,
 " Both as a guard and as an ornament,
 " To place thee next ourselves; Heaven does ap-
 " prove,
 " And my son's friendship, and my daughter's love,
 " Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;
 " I see, methinks, Heaven in 't, and I rejoice.
 " Blush not, my son! that Michal's love I name,
 " Nor need she blush to hear it; 'tis no shame
 " Nor secret now; fame does it loudly tell, 885
 " And all men but thy rivals like it well.
 " If Merab's choice could have comply'd with
 " mine,
 " Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine:
 " And her's, at last, should have with mine com-
 " ply'd,
 " Had I not thine and Michal's heart deserv'd.
 " Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee;
 " the last 891
 " And dearest present made me by the chaste
 " Ahinoam; and, unless she me deceive,
 " When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,
 " 'Twill be a smaller gift. 895
 " If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
 " To guess, they are what jointure thou shalt
 " make
 " Fitting her birth and fortune: and, since so
 " Custom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.
 " The jointure we exact is, that shall be 900
 " No less advantage to thy fame than she.
 " Go where Philistian troops infect the land,
 " Renew the terrors of thy conquering hand;
 " When thine own hand, which needs must con-
 " queror prove,
 " In this joint cause of honour and of love, 905
 " An hundred of the faithless foe shall slay,
 " And for a dower their hundred forekins pay,
 " Be Michal thy reward: did we not know
 " Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it so,
 " We should not cheaply that dear blood expose,
 " Which we to mingle with our own had chose:
 " But thou'rt secure; and, since this match of
 " thine
 " We to the public benefit design,
 " A public good shall its beginning grace,
 " And give triumphant omens of thy race. 915
 " Thus spoke the king: the happy youth bow'd
 " low:
 " Modest and graceful his great joy did show,
 " The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,
 " And nought t' except against it could he find,
 " But that his mistress' price too cheap appear'd;
 " No danger, but her scorn of it, he fear'd. 921
 " She with much different sense the news receiv'd,
 " At her high rate she trembled, blush'd, and
 " griev'd;
 " 'Twas a less work the conquest of his foes,
 " Than to obtain her leave his life t' expose. 925
 " Their kind debate on this soft point would
 " prove
 " Tedious, and needless, to repeat: if love
- " (As sure it has) e'er touch'd your princely
 " breast,
 " 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
 " All that was done, or said; the grief, hope,
 " fears; 930
 " His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
 " In all the pomp of passion's reign they part;
 " And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart:
 " Victory and fame, and that more quick delight
 " Of the rich prize for which he was to fight. 935
 " Tow'rd's Gath he went, and in one month (so
 " soon
 " A fatal and a willing work is done!)
 " A double dower, two hundred forekins, brought
 " Of choice Philistian knights with whom he
 " fought,
 " Men that in birth and valour did excel, 940
 " Fit for the cause and hand by which they fell.
 " Now was Saul caught; nor longer could delay
 " The two resistless lovers' happy day.
 " Though this day's coming long had seem'd and
 " flow,
 " Yet seem'd its stay as long and tedious now;
 " For, now the violent weight of eager love 945
 " Did with more haste so near its centre move,
 " He curs'd the stops of form and state, which
 " lay
 " In this last stage, like scandals, in his way.
 " On a large gentle hill crown'd with tall wood,
 " Near where the regal Gabaah proudly stood,
 " A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damask
 " made,
 " And seem'd but the fresh forest's natural shade;
 " Various and vast within, on pillars borne
 " Of Shittim-wood, that usefully adorn. 955
 " Hither to grace the nuptial-feast, does Saul
 " Of the twelve tribes th' elders and captains
 " call:
 " And all around the idle, busy crowd
 " With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud.
 " Lo! the press breaks, and from their several
 " homes 960
 " In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
 " Before the bride, in a long double row
 " With solemn pace thirty choice virgins go,
 " And make a moving galaxy on earth;
 " All heavenly beauties, all of highest birth; 965
 " All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair
 " As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter
 " hair;
 " All in that new-blown age which does inspire
 " Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.
 " But all this, and all else the fun did e'er, 970
 " Or fancy see, in her less-bounded sphere,
 " The bride herself out-shone; and one would say
 " They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
 " Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
 " Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent:
 " Vain gems, and unregarded cost, they bore,
 " For all men's eyes were ty'd to those before,
 " The bridegroom's flourishing troop staid next
 " the place,
 " With thirty comely youths of noblest race,
 " That march'd before; and Heaven around his
 " head
 " The graceful beams of joy and beauty spread.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
THE DAVIDEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Moab carries his guests to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls into discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the change of government in Israel; how Saul came to the crown, and the story of him and Jonathan. David's speech, containing the state of the commonwealth under the Judges; the motives for which the people desired a king; their Deputies' speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the people at the tabernacle, to enquire God's pleasure. God's speech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel, and election by lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nabash king of Ammon against Jabesh-Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his single fight with Nabash, whom he slays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philistines at Mamas; their strength, and the weakness of Saul's forces; his exercising of the priestly function, and the judgement denounced by Samuel against him. Jonathan's discourse with his Esquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's outguards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the people.

THOUGH state and kind discourse thus robb'd the night

Of half her natural and more just delight,
Moab (whom temperance did still vigorous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to moderate sleep)
Up with the sun arose; and, having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
And thrice tow'rs Phegor, his Baal's holiest hill
(With good and pious prayers, directed ill)
Call'd to the chace his friends, who for him
stay'd;

The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horses neigh'd.
Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four Reeds, 11
The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,
All white as snow, and spritful as the light,
With scarlet trapt, and foaming gold they bite.
He into it young David with him took, 15
Did with respect and wonder on him look
Since last night's story, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flourishing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport; 20
Some arm'd with bows, some with straight javelins, ride:

Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side.
Might the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancied god;

R 2

So the glad star, which men and angels love,
Prince of the glorious host that shines above
(No light of heaven so cheerful or so gay)
Lifts up his sacred lamp, and opens day. 985
The king himself, at the tent's crowned gate,
In all his robes of ceremony and state,
Sate to receive the train; on either hand
Did the high-priest and the great prophet stand:
Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jesse, 990
And all the chiefs in their due order press.
First Saul declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
Avow'd by a general murmur of applause;
Then sign'd her dower; and in few words he
"pray'd,
And blest, and gave the joyful, trembling maid
"T' her lover's hands; who, with a cheerful
"look 996
And humble gesture, the vast present took.
The nuptial-hymn strait sounds, and musics
"play
And feasts and balls shorten the thoughtless day
To all but to the wedded; till at last 1000
The long-wish'd night did her kind shadow
"cast;
At last th' ineffimable hour was come
To lead his conquering prey in triumph home.
"T' a palace near, dress'd for the nuptial-bed,
(Part of her dower) he his fair princess led; 1005
Saul, the high-priest, and Samuel, here they
"leave,
Who, as they part, their weighty blessings give.
Her veil is now put on; and at the gate
The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait
With golden lamps, bright as the flames they
"here, 1010
To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before;
The rest bring home in state the happy pair,
To that last scene of bliss, and leave them there
All those free joys insatiably to prove,
With which rich Beauty feasts the glutton
"Love. 1015
But scarce, alas! the first seven days were
"past,
In which the public nuptial triumphs last,
When Saul this new alliance did repent
(Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment!)
He envy'd the good work himself had done; 1020
Fear'd David less, his servant than his son.
No longer his wild wrath could he command;
He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
In his son's blood; and, that twice cheated
"too,
With troops and armies does one life pursue.
Said I but one! his thirsty rage extends 1026
To th' lives of all his kindred and his friends;
Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being so,
Had not just God put-by th' unnatural blow.
"You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us
"here: 1030
No sudden discontent, or groundless fear;
No guilty act or end calls us from home;
Only to breathe in peace awhile we come;
Ready to serve, and in mean space to pray
For you who us receive, and him who drives
"away." 1035

They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords 25
 With loose and various talk that chance affords,
 Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise king
 Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.
 "Much," said the king, "much I to Joab owe,
 "For the fair picture drawn by him of you; 30
 "'Twas drawn in little, but did acts express
 "So great that largest histories are less,
 "I see, methinks, the Gathian monster still;
 "His shape last night my mindful dreams did fill.
 "Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to pursue 35
 "The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!
 "I've heard (but who can think it?) that his son
 "Has his life's hazard for your friendship run:
 "His matchless son, whose worth (if fame be
 "true);
 "Lives him 'bove all his countrymen but you, 40
 "With whom it makes him one." Low David
 "bows,
 But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows.
 "And pray, kind guest! whilst we ride thus,"
 says he
 " (To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be)
 "The story of your royal friend relate, 45
 "And his ungovern'd fire's imperious fate;
 "Why your great State that namck's family
 "chose,
 "And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."
 He said: and David thus: "From Egypt's
 "land
 "You've heard, Sir, by what strong unarm'd 50
 "hand
 "Our fathers came, Moses their sacred guide;
 "But he in sight of the given country dy'd.
 "His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
 "And Joshua's sword must th' active rod supply:
 "It did so, and did wonders. 55
 "From sacred Jordan to the Western main,
 "From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
 "Of naked sands his winged conquests went;
 "And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he sent.
 "Almost four hundred years, from him to Saul,
 "In too much freedom past, or foreign thrall 61
 "Oft strangers' iron sceptres bruise'd the land
 "(Such still are those borne by a conquering
 "hand);
 "Oft pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,
 "Fit for the toilsome business of their days, 65
 "To free the groaning nation, and to give
 "Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
 "But they whose stamp of power did chiefly lie
 "In characters too fine for most men's eye,
 "Graces and gifts divine;—not painted bright 70
 "With state to awe dull minds, and force t'
 "affright;—
 "Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death
 "Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their
 "breath.
 "The hungry rich all near them did devour;
 "Their judge was Appetite, and their law was
 "Power.
 "Not Want itself could luxury restrain;
 "For what that emptied, Rapine fill'd again.
 "Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;
 "What the Sword's reaping spar'd, was glean'd
 "by th' Gown.

"At courts, and seats of justice, to complain, 80
 "Was to be robb'd more vexingly again.
 "Nor was their Lust less active or less bold,
 "Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold;
 "Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;
 "The pride of old men that, and this of young.
 "You've heard perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's
 "shame, 86
 "Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they
 "name:
 "Alarmed all by one fair stranger's eyes,
 "As to a sudden war, the town does rise,
 "Shaking and pale, half-dead ere they begin 90
 "The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin:
 "All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,
 "Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,
 "She midst their loath'd and cruel kindness dies;
 "Of monstrous lust the innocent sacrifice. 95
 "This did, 'tis true, a civil war create
 "(The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd
 "state);
 "All Gibeah's, and all Jabesh' blood it cost;
 "Near a whole tribe, and future kings, we lost.
 "Firm in this general earthquake of the land, 100
 "How could religion, its main pillar, stand?
 "Proud and fond man his Father's worship hates,
 "Himself, God's creature, his own god creates!
 "Hence in each household several deities grew,
 "And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a
 "new: 105
 "The only land which serv'd but One before,
 "Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
 "They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their
 "kings
 "(Their choice of that this latter slavery brings);
 "Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant,
 "broke
 "By justest force th' unjustly-forced yoke;
 "All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
 "Of power more great, or lands more apt t'
 "obey.
 "At last the priesthood join'd, in Ithamar's son,
 "More weight and lustre to the sceptre won; 115
 "But, whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were
 "Busied with age, and th' altar's sacred care,
 "To their wild sons they their high charge
 "commit,
 "Who' expose to scorn and hate both them and it.
 "Eli's curs'd house th' exemplary vengeance
 "bears 120
 "Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears;
 "His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain;
 "Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.
 "Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd,
 "They suffer by them first, and for them next.
 "Samuel succeeds;—since Moses, none before 126
 "So much of God in his bright bosom bore.
 "In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd;
 "Heaven's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd;
 "He rains and wind for auxiliaries brought; 130
 "He muster'd flames and thunders when he
 "fought.
 "Thus thirty years with strong and steady hand
 "He held th' unshaken balance of the land;
 "At last his sons th' indulgent father chose
 "To share that state which they were born to lose:

" Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,
 " Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages
 " past.
 " To this (for still were some great periods set,
 " There's a strong knot of several causes met)
 " The threats concurr'd of a rough neighbouring
 " war; 140
 " A mighty storm long gathering from afar;
 " For Ammon heighten'd with mix'd nations'
 " aid,
 " Like torrents swollen with rain, prepar'd the
 " land t' invade.
 " Samuel was old, and, by his sons' ill choice,
 " Turn'd dotard in th' unskillful vulgar's voice;
 " His sons so scorn'd and hated, that the land 146
 " Nor hop'd, nor wish'd, a victory from their
 " hand.
 " These were the just and faultless causes why
 " The general voice did for a Monarch cry;
 " But God ill grains did in this incense smelt; 150
 " Wrapp'd in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell:
 " A mutinous itch of change; a dull despair
 " Of helps divine, oft prov'd; a faithless care
 " Of common means; the pride of heart and
 " scorn
 " Of th' humble yoke under low Judges borne.
 " They saw the state and glittering pomp which
 " blest 156
 " In vulgar sense the sceptres of the East;
 " They saw not power's true source, and scorn'd
 " t' obey
 " Persons that look'd no dreadfuler than they;
 " They mis'd courts, guards, a gay and nume-
 " rous train— 160
 " Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and
 " plain:—
 " On an old bench of wood, her seat of state
 " Beneath the well-known palm, wife Deborah sat;
 " Her maids with comely diligence round her
 " spun,
 " And she too, when the pleadings there were
 " done: 165
 " With the same goad Shamgar his oxen drives
 " Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives
 " From his sham'd foes: he midst his work dealt
 " laws;
 " And oft was his plough stopp'd to hear a cause:
 " Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain, 170
 " After won fields, sack'd towns, and princes
 " slain;
 " His sceptre that, and Ophra's threshing-floor
 " The seat and emblem of his justice bore.
 " What should I Jair, the happiest father, name?
 " Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to fame
 " For the most wretched? Both at once did
 " keep 176
 " The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep.
 " Oft from the field in haste they summon'd
 " were
 " Some weighty foreign embassy to hear;
 " They call'd their slaves, their sons, and friends,
 " around, 180
 " Who all at several cares were scatter'd found;
 " They wash'd their feet, their only gown put on,
 " And this chief work of ceremony was done.

" These reasons, and all else that could be said,
 " In a ripe hour by factious eloquence spread 185
 " Through all the tribes, make all desire a king;
 " And to their Judge selected deputies bring
 " This harsh demand; which Nacol for the rest
 " (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much
 " grace express'd:—
 " We're come, most sacred Judge! to pay th'
 " arrears 190
 " Of much-ow'd thanks, for the bright thirty
 " years
 " Of your just reign; and at your feet to lay
 " All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
 " In unproportion'd words; for you alone
 " The not unfit reward, who seek for none. 195
 " But, when our foremost ill we call to mind,
 " And sadly think how little's left behind
 " Of your important life, whose sudden date
 " Would disinherit th' unprovided state;
 " When we consider how unjust 'tis, you, 200
 " Who ne'er of power more than the burden
 " knew,
 " At once the weight of that and age should have
 " (Your stooping days press'd doubly towards the
 " grave);
 " When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
 " Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
 " And all th' united East, our fall conspir'd; 206
 " And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir'd
 " As stamps of you, in your lov'd room to place,
 " By unlike acts that noble stamp deface;
 " Midst these new fears and ills we're forc'd to
 " fly 210
 " T' a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy;
 " A new one, but long promis'd, and foretold
 " By Moses, and to Abraham shown of old;
 " A prophecy long forming in the womb
 " Of teeming years, and now to ripeness come.
 " This remedy's a King; for this we all 216
 " With an inspir'd and zealous union call:
 " And, in one sound when all men's voices join,
 " The music's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine:
 " 'Tis God alone speaks a whole nation's voice;
 " That is his public language; but the choice
 " Of what Peculiar head that crown must bear,
 " From you, who his Peculiar organ are,
 " We expect to hear: the people shall to you
 " Their king, the king his crown and people,
 " owe. 226
 " To your great name what lustre will it bring
 " T' have been our Judge, and to have made our
 " King!
 " He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel strait,
 " Paus'd awhile at this great question's weight,
 " With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye,
 " That more of care than passion did defery, 231
 " Calmly replies—You're sure the first, said he,
 " Of freeborn men that begg'd for slavery.
 " I fear, my friends, with heavenly manna fed,
 " (Our old forefathers' crime) we lust for bread.
 " Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear,
 " We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.
 " Cheat not yourselves with words; for, though
 " a King
 " Be the mild name, a Tyrant is the thing.

- " Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see 240
 " How mild a thing unbounded man will be.
 " He'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood
 " to spill,
 " Where'er his guideless passion leads his will :
 " Ambition, lust, or spleen, his wars will raise ;
 " Your lives' best price his thirst of wealth or
 " praise : 245
 " Your ablest sons for his proud guards he'll take,
 " And by such hands your yoke more grievous
 " make :
 " Your daughters and dear wives he'll force
 " away ;
 " His luxury some, and some his lust, t' obey :
 " His idle friends your hungry toils shall eat, 250
 " Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood
 " and sweat
 " Then you'll all sigh, but sighs will treasons be ;
 " And not your griefs themselves, or looks, be
 " free :
 " Robb'd ev'n of hopes, when you these ills suf-
 " tain,
 " Your watery eyes you'll then turn back in vain
 " On your old Judges, and perhaps on me, 256
 " Nay, ev'n my sons, howe'er they' unhappy be
 " In your displeasure now ; not that I'd clear
 " Their guilt, or mine own innocence in clear :
 " Witness th' unutterable Name, there's nought
 " Of private ends into this question brought.
 " But why this yoke on your own necks to draw ?
 " Why man your God, and passion made your
 " Law ?
 " Methinks (thus Moab interrupts him here)
 " The good old fear 'gainst Kings was too severe.
 " 'Tis just to tell a people that they're free ; 266
 " Who, or How many, shall their masters be
 " Is the sole doubt ; laws guide, but cannot reign ;
 " And, though they bind not kings, yet they
 " restrain.
 " I dare affirm (so much I trust their love) 270
 " That no one Moabite would his speech approve.
 " But, pray go on.—'Tis true, Sir, he replies ;
 " Yet men whom age and action render wise
 " So much great changes fear, that they believe
 " All evils will, which may, from them arrive. 275
 " On men resolv'd these threats were spent in
 " vain ;
 " All that his power or eloquence could obtain
 " Was, to enquire God's will ere they proceed
 " T' a work that would so much his blessing need.
 " A solemn day for this great work is set, 280
 " And at th' anointed tent all Israel met
 " Expect th' event ; below, fair bullocks fry
 " In hallow'd flames ; above, there mount on high
 " The precious clouds of incense ; and, at last,
 " The sprinkling, prayers, and all due honours,
 " past, 285
 " Lo ! we the sacred bells o' th' sudden hear,
 " And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear.
 " His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on ;
 " Th' oraculous stones on his rich breast-plate
 " shone.
 " Tow'rd the blue curtains of God's holiest place
 " (The temple's bright third heaven) he turn'd
 " his face ; 291
- " Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn music
 " play'd,
 " And at thirdrest thus the great prophet pray'd :—
 " Almighty God, to whom all men that be
 " Owe all they have, yet none so much as we ;
 " Who, though thou fill'st the spacious world
 " alone, 296
 " Thy too-small court, hast made this place thy
 " throne ;
 " With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo !
 " here,
 " Blest Abraham's seed implores thy gracious ear :
 " Hear them, great God ! and thy just will inspire ;
 " From Thee, their long-known King, they' a
 " King desire. 301
 " Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send ;
 " Which, lo ! with souls resign'd, we humbly here
 " attend.
 " He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
 " Silence and reverend horror seiz'd the rout ; 305
 " The whole tent shakes, the flames on th' altar by
 " In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily ;
 " The seven lamps wink ; and, what does most
 " dismay,
 " Th' oraculous gems shut-in their natural day :
 " The ruby's cheek grew pale ; the emerald by
 " Faded ; a cloud o'ercast the sapphire's sky ; 311
 " The diamond's eye look'd sleepy ; and swift
 " night,
 " Of all those little suns eclips'd the light :
 " Sad signs of God's dread anger for our sin :—
 " But strait a wondrous brightness from within
 " Strook through the curtains ; for no earthly
 " cloud 316
 " Could those strong beams of heavenly glory
 " shroud ;
 " The altar's fire burn'd pure, and every stone
 " Their radiant parent the gay sun out-shone ;
 " Beauty th' illustrious vision did impart 320
 " To every face, and joy to every heart ;
 " In glad effects God's presence thus appear'd,
 " And thus in wond'rous sounds his voice was
 " heard :—
 " This stubborn land sins still, nor is it Thee,
 " but Us
 " (Who've been so long their King) they seek to
 " cast off thus ; 325
 " Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff nation
 " strove
 " T' exhaust the boundless stores of our unfat-
 " thom'd love.
 " Be 't so then ; yet once more are we resolv'd
 " to try
 " T' outweary them through all their sins' variety :
 " Assemble, ten days hence, the numerous people
 " here, 330
 " To draw the royal lot which our hid mark shall
 " bear.
 " Dismiss them now in peace ; but their next
 " crime shall bring
 " Ruin without redress on them, and on their
 " king.
 " Th' Almighty spoke ; th' astonish'd people
 " part
 " With various stamps impress'd on every heart

" Some their demand repented, others prais'd ;
 " Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.
 " There dwelt a man, nam'd Cis, in Gibeath
 " town,
 " For wisdom much, and much for courage,
 " known;
 " More for his son; his mighty son was Saul, 340
 " Whom nature, ere the lots, t' a throne did call.
 " He was much prince, and when, or wherefoe'er,
 " His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and
 " there.
 " Such beauty, as great strength thinks no dif-
 " grace,
 " Smil'd in the manly features of his face; 345
 " His large, b'k eyes, fill'd with a spritful
 " light,
 " Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,
 " As the sun-beams, on jet reflecting, shew;
 " His hair, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow;
 " His tall straight body amidst thousands stood,
 " Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler
 " wood. 351
 " Of all our rural sports he was the pride;
 " So swift, so strong, so dextrous, none beside.
 " Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game;
 " No natural wants could his fierce diligence tame,
 " Not thirst nor hunger; he would journeys go
 " Through raging heats, and take repose in snow.
 " His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care;
 " But active as some mind that turns a sphere.
 " His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
 " Nor step'd aside for dangers or delight, 361
 " Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;
 " But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he,
 " His wit was strong, not fine; and on his tongue
 " An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung. 365
 " These virtues too the rich unusual dress
 " Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness:
 " Like a rich varnish o'er fair pictures laid,
 " More fresh and lasting they the colours made.
 " Till power and violent fortune, which did find
 " No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his
 " mind, 371
 " Did, deluge like, the natural forms deface,
 " And brought forth unknown monsters in their
 " place.
 " Forbid it, God! my master's spots should be,
 " Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me! 375
 " But such he was; and now to Ramah went
 " (So God dispos'd) with a strange, low intent.
 " Great God! he went lost asses to enquire,
 " And a small present, his small question's hire,
 " Brought simply with him, to that man to give,
 " From whom high Heaven's chief gifts he must
 " receive: 381
 " Strange play of Fate! when mightiest human
 " things
 " Hang on such small, imperceptible strings!
 " 'Twas Samuel's birth-day; a glad annual feast
 " All Rama kept; Samuel his wondering guest
 " With such respect leads to it, and does grace
 " With the choice meats o' th' feast, and highest
 " place:
 " Which done, him forth alone the prophet brings,
 " And seats his ravish'd ears with nobler things:

" He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd, 390
 " And with great rules fill'd his capacious mind;
 " Then takes the sacred vial, and does shed
 " A crown of mystic drops around his head;
 " Drops of that royal moisture which does know
 " No mixture, and disdains the place below. 395
 " Soon comes the kingly day, and with it brings
 " A new account of time upon his wings.
 " The people met, the rites and prayers all past,
 " Behold! the heaven-instructed lot is cast;
 " 'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot
 " miss; 400
 " Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the house of Cis:
 " As glimmering stars, just at th' approach of
 " day,
 " Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away;
 " By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
 " And, like the sun, Saul's lot shines all alone. 405
 " Ev'n here perhaps the people's shout was
 " heard,
 " The loud long shout, when God's fair choice
 " appear'd:
 " Above the whole vast throng he' appear'd so
 " tall,
 " As if by Nature made for th' head of all:
 " So full of grace and state, that one might
 " know 410
 " 'Twas some wise eye the blind lot guided so:
 " But blind unguided lots have more of choice
 " And constancy than the slight vulgar's voice.
 " Ere yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,
 " Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry, 415
 " Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to
 " miss,
 " Some envy Saul, some scorn the house of Cis:
 " Some their first mutinous wish, 'a King!'
 " repent,
 " As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent:
 " Few to this prince their first just duties pay; 420
 " All leave the old, but few the new obey.
 " Thus changes man, but God is constant still
 " To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
 " And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit
 " That stubborn men at last to him submit. 425
 " As midst the main a low small island lies,
 " Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,
 " Whilst the poor heartless natives, every hour,
 " Darkness and noise seem ready to devour;
 " Such Israel's state appear'd, whilst o'er the
 " west 430
 " Philistian clouds hung threatening, and from
 " th' east
 " All nations' wrath into one tempest joins,
 " Through which proud Nahash like fierce light-
 " ning shines;
 " Tygris and Nile to his assistance send,
 " And waters to swollen Jaboc's torrent lend; 435
 " Seir, Edom, Seba, Amalek, add their force;
 " Up with them march the three Arabias' horse;
 " And, 'mongst all these, none more their hope
 " or pride,
 " Than those few troops your warlike land sup-
 " ply'd.
 " Around weak Isabell this vast host does lie, 440
 " Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.

" The hopeless town for slavery does intreat ;
 " But barbarous Nahash thinks that grace too
 " great ;
 " He (his first tribute) their right eyes, demands,
 " And with their faces' shame disarms their
 " hands, 445
 " If unreliev'd seven days by Israel's aid,
 " This bargain for o'er-rated life is made.
 " Ah, mighty God ! let thine own Israel be
 " Quite blind itself, ere this reproach it feel !
 " Ey' his wanton people the new king forlook,
 " To homely, rural cares himself betook ; 451
 " In private plenty liv'd, without the state,
 " Lustre, and noise, due to a public fate.
 " Whilst he his slaves and cattle follows home,
 " Lo ! the sad messengers from Jabesh come, 455
 " Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant
 " That way at least proud Nahash to prevent.
 " Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his strict command
 " He issues forth t' assemble all the land ;
 " He threatens high, and disobedient they, 460
 " Wak'd by such princely terrors, learnt t' obey.
 " A mighty host is rais'd ; th' important cause
 " Age from their rest, youth from their pleasure,
 " draws ;
 " Arm'd as unfurnish'd haste could them provide ;
 " But conduct, courage, anger, that supply'd. 465
 " All night they march'd, and are at th' early dawn
 " On Jabesh' heath in three fair bodies drawn :
 " Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
 " His son the next, Abner the third, command.—
 " But pardon, Sir, if, naming Saul's great son,
 " I stop with him awhile ere I go on.— 471
 " This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
 " The beautiful'st and best, of human race ;
 " That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain
 " All that kind mothers' wishes can contain ! 475
 " His courage such as it no stop can know,
 " And victory gains by' astonishing the foe ;
 " With lightning's force his enemies it confounds,
 " And melts their hearts ere it the bosom wounds ;
 " Yet he the conquer'd with such sweetness gains
 " As captive lovers find in beauty's chains :
 " In war, the adverse troops he does assail
 " Like an impetuous storm of wind and hail ;
 " In peace, like gentlest dew that does assuage
 " The burning months, and temper Sirius' rage ;
 " Kind as the sun's blest influence ; and, where'er
 " He comes, plenty and joy attend him there :
 " To help seems all his power ; his wealth, to
 " give ;
 " To do much good, his sole prerogative :
 " And yet this general bounty of his mind. 490
 " That with wide arms embraces all mankind,
 " Such artful prudence does to each divide ;
 " With different measures all are satisfy'd ;
 " Just as wise God his plenteous manna dealt ;
 " Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt,
 " To all relations their just rights he pays, 496
 " And worth's reward above its claim does raise :
 " The tenderest husband, master, father, son,
 " And all those parts by' his friendship far out-
 " done,
 " His love to friends no bound or rule does know,
 " What he to Heaven, all that to him they owe.

" Keen as his sword, and pointed, is his wit ;
 " His judgment, like best armour, strong and fit ;
 " And such an eloquence to both these does join,
 " As makes in both beauty and use combine ; 505
 " Through which a noble tincture does appear
 " By learning and choice books imprinted there :
 " As well he knows all times and persons gone,
 " As he himself to th' future shall be known :
 " But his chief study is God's sacred law, 510
 " And all his life does comments on it draw ;—
 " As never more by Heaven to man was given,
 " So never more was paid by man to Heaven.—
 " And all these virtues were to ripeness grown,
 " Ere yet his flower of youth was fully blown ; 515
 " All autumn's store did his rich spring adorn ;
 " Like trees in paradise, he with fruit was born.
 " Such is his soul ; and if, as some men tell,
 " Souls form and build those mansions where
 " they dwell,
 " Whoe'er but sees his body must confess, 520
 " The architect, no doubt, could be no less.
 " From Saul his growth and manly strength he
 " took,
 " Chastis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look ;
 " Not bright Ahinoam, beauty's loudest name
 " (Till she t' her children lost with joy her fame)
 " Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and
 " fair, 526
 " More darting eyes, or lovelier auburn hair.
 " Forgive me, that I thus your patience wrong,
 " And on this boundless subject stay so long,
 " Where too much haste ever to end 'twould be,
 " Did not his acts speak what's untold by me.
 " Though, from the time his hands a sword could
 " wield,
 " He ne'er mis'd fame and danger in the field,
 " Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
 " Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his
 " worth ; 535
 " 'Twas the last morning whose uncheerful rise
 " Sad Jabesh was to view with both their eyes.
 " Secure proud Nahash slept as in his court,
 " And dreamt, vain man ! of that day's barbarous
 " sport,
 " Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke : 540
 " Till into 'his camp our violent army broke.
 " The careless guards with small resistance kill'd ;
 " Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion, fill'd ;
 " Nahash his fatal duty does perform,
 " And marches boldly up t' outface the storm ;
 " Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he pursues
 " Th' Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews.
 " 'Twas here your troops behav'd themselves so
 " well,
 " Till Uz and Jathan, their stout colonels, fell.
 " 'Twas here our victory stopp'd, and gave us
 " cause 550
 " Much to suspect th' intention of her pause ;
 " But, when our thundering Prince Nahash espy'd
 " (Who, with a courage equal to his pride,
 " Broke through our troops, and towards him
 " boldly press'd)
 " A generous joy leap'd in his youthful breast.
 " As when a wrathful dragon's dismal light 555
 " Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle's sight,

- " The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,
 " He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
 " With vain though violent force their darts they
 " flung; 560
 " In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
 " And stopp'd there; Ammon did his helmet hit,
 " And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it;
 " Strait with their swords to the fierce shock
 " they came,
 " Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot
 " flame; 565
 " Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain, they
 " dealt,
 " Which more than they th' engag'd spectators
 " felt;
 " In Ammon force, in Jonathan address
 " (Though both were great in both to an excess)
 " To the well-judging eye did most appear; 570
 " Honour and anger in both equal were.
 " Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon
 " three;
 " Which, he enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,
 " Did his whole strength into one blow collect;—
 " And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct 575
 " To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by
 " Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
 " Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
 " So waited Death itself to bear away
 " The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy stand
 " At sight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.— 581
 " Our watchful Prince by bending fav'd the
 " wound:
 " But Death in other coin his reckoning found;
 " For, whilst th' immoderate stroke's miscarrying
 " force
 " Had almost borne the striker from his horse,
 " A nimble thrust his active enemy made; 586
 " 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious
 " blade,
 " And opened wide those secret vessels, where
 " Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.
 " He falls! his armour clanks against the ground,
 " From his faint tongue imperfect curses sound.
 " His amaz'd troops strait cast their arms away;
 " Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift
 " than they.
 " As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom
 " rage
 " And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage, 595
 " Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,
 " And seeks t' usurp the bordering flowers alone)
 " Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to
 " fight,
 " In th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful
 " right;
 " If by sad chance of battle either king 600
 " Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal
 " sting,
 " His army's hopes and courage with him die;
 " They sheathe up their faint swords, and routed fly.
 " On th' other sides at once, with like success,
 " Into the camp great Saul and Abner press; 605
 " From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they
 " hear,
 " And, whatso'er it mean, long to be there;
 VOL. II.
- " At the same instant from glad Jabesh' town
 " The hasty troops march loud and cheerful
 " down;
 " Some few at first with vain resistance fall, 610
 " The rest is slaughter and vast conquest all.
 " The fate by which our host thus far had gone,
 " Our host with noble heat drove farther on;
 " Victorious arms thro' Ammon's land it bore:
 " Ruin behind, and terror march'd before: 615
 " Where'er from Rabba's towers they cast their
 " fight,
 " Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear
 " the night.
 " This bright success did Saul's first action bring;
 " The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him
 " king:
 " The Happy all men judge for empire fit, 620
 " And none withstands where Fortune does
 " submit.
 " Those who before did God's fair choice with-
 " stand,
 " Th' excessive vulgar now to death demand;
 " But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom;
 " Conquest abroad, with mercy crown'd at home;
 " Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's
 " pride, 626
 " Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
 " Again the crown th' assembled people give,
 " With greater joy than Saul could it receive;
 " Again th' old Judge resigns his sacred place 630
 " (God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace);
 " With decent pride, such as did well befit
 " The name he kept, and that which he did quit:
 " The long-past row of happy years he show'd
 " Which to his heavenly government they ow'd;
 " How the torn State his just and prudent reign
 " Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
 " In war what conquering miracles he wrought;—
 " God, then their King, was General when they
 " fought;
 " Whom they depos'd with him—And that,
 " said he, 640
 " You may see God concern'd in 't more than me,
 " Behold how storms his angry presence shroud!
 " Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud!
 " 'Twas now the ripen'd summer's highest rage;
 " Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage;
 " Th' earth hot with thirst, and hot with lust
 " for rain, 646
 " Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
 " Which strait were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'
 " sun;
 " When, lo! ere scarce the active speech was done,
 " A violent wind rose from his secret cave, 650
 " And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
 " Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest
 " creeds,
 " Swift, dreadful flames shot thro' th' encounter-
 " ing clouds,
 " From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder
 " broke,
 " And in dire sounds the prophet's sense it
 " spoke; 655
 " Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,
 " As if the waters 'bove the firmament
 " S

- " Were all let loose ; horror and fearful noise
 " Fill'd the black scene ; till the great prophet's
 " voice,
 " Swift as the wings of morn, reduc'd the day ; 660
 " Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at
 " once away.
 " Fear not, said he ; God his fierce wrath removes,
 " And, tho' this State my service disapproves,
 " My prayers shall serve it constantly : No more,
 " I hope, a pardon for past sins I implore ; 665
 " But just rewards from gracious Heaven to bring
 " On the good deeds of you, and of our king.
 " Behold him there ! and as you see, rejoice
 " In the kind care of God's impartial choice.
 " Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit !
 " The honour Heaven has cloath'd him with,
 " fits fit 671
 " And comely on him ; since you needs must be
 " Rul'd by a King, you're happy that 'tis he.
 " Obey him gladly ; and let him too know
 " You were not made for him, but he for you, 675
 " And both for God ;
 " Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
 " In vain shall he command, and you obey ;
 " To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,
 " Instead of king and subjects here at home. 680
 " The crown thus several ways confirm'd to
 " Saul,
 " One way was wanting yet to crown them all ;
 " And that was force, which only can maintain
 " The power that fortune gives, or worth does
 " gain. 685
 " Three thousand guards of big bold men he took ;
 " Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look :
 " His sacred person two, and throne, defend ;
 " The third, on matchless Jonathan attend ;
 " O'er whose full thoughts Honour, and Youth-
 " ful Heat, 690
 " Sate brooding, to hatch actions good and great.
 " On Geba first, where a Philistian band
 " Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land,
 " He falls, and slaughters all ; his noble rage
 " Mix'd with design his nation to engage
 " In that just war, which from them long in
 " vain,
 " Honour and freedom's voice had strove to ob-
 " tain. 696
 " Th' accurs'd Philistian, rous'd with this bold
 " blow,
 " All the proud marks of enrag'd power does
 " show ;
 " Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering host :
 " If human strength might authorize a host, 700
 " Their threats had reason here ; for ne'er did we
 " Ourselves so weak, or foe so potent, see.
 " Here we vast bodies of their foot spy,
 " The rear out-reaches far th' extended eye ;
 " Like fields of corn their arm'd squadrons stand ;
 " As thick and numberless they hide the land. 706
 " Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses
 " found,
 " And with proud prancings beat the putrid
 " ground :
 " Here with worse noise three thousand chariots
 " pass,
 " With plates of iron bound, or louder brass ; 710
 " About it forks, axes, and scythes, and spears,
 " Whole magazines of death each chariot bears ;
 " Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows.
 " And with lopp'd panting limbs the field be-
 " flows :
 " Alike, the valiant and the cowards die : 715
 " Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.
 " In this proud equipage, at Macmas they,
 " Saul in much different state at Gilgal, lay ;
 " His forces seem'd no army but a crowd,
 " Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud. 720
 " The quick contagion, Fear, ran swift thro' all,
 " And into trembling fits th' infected fall.
 " Saul and his son (for no such faint disease
 " Could on their strong-complexion'd valour
 " seize)
 " In vain all parts of virtuous conduct show'd, 725
 " And on deaf terror generous words bestow'd :
 " Thousands from thence fly scatter'd every day,
 " Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,
 " When they th' approach of stormy winter find ;
 " The noble tree all bare expos'd to th' wind. 730
 " Some to sad Jordan fly, and swim 't for halfe,
 " And from his farther bank look back at last :
 " Some into woods and caves their cattle drive ;
 " There with their beasts on equal terms they
 " live,
 " Nor deserve better : some in rocks on high, 735
 " The old retreats of flocks and ravens, lie ;
 " And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would
 " they dare
 " To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.
 " As th' host with fear, so Saul disturb'd with
 " care,
 " To avert these ills by sacrifice and prayer 740
 " And God's blest will to enquire, for Samuel
 " sends ;
 " Whom he six days with troubled haste attends ;
 " But, ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
 " By Samuel set for this great work) was past,
 " Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighbouring
 " foe ; 745
 " Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know ;
 " Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay ;
 " Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay ;
 " Scorning that any's presence should appear
 " Needful besides, when he himself was there ; 750
 " And, with a pride too natural, thinking Heaven
 " Had given him all, because much power 't had
 " given)
 " Himself the sacrifice and offerings made ;
 " Himself did th' high selected charge invade ;
 " Himself enquir'd of God ; who then spake
 " nought ; 755
 " But Samuel strait his dreadful answer brought :
 " For strait he came, and with a virtue bold
 " As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told ;
 " His foul ingratitude to Heaven he chid,
 " To pluck that fruit, which was alone forbid 760
 " To kingly power, in all that plenteous land,
 " Where all things else submit to his command.
 " And, as fair Eden's violated tree
 " To immortal man brought in mortality :
 " So shall that crown, which God eternal meant,
 " From thee, said he, and thy great house, be
 " rent ; 766

" Thy crime shall death to all thine honours send,
 " And give thy immortal royalty an end.
 " Thus spoke the prophet; but kind Heaven, we
 " hope 769
 " (Whose threats and anger know no other scope
 " But man's amendment) does long since relent,
 " And, with repentant Saul, itself repent.
 " Howe'er (though none more pray for this than
 " we,
 " Whose wrongs and sufferings might some co-
 " lour be
 " To do it less) this speech we sadly find 775
 " Still extant, and still active in his mind;
 " But then a worse effect of it appear'd—
 " Our army, which before modestly fear'd;
 " Which did by stealth and by degrees decay;
 " Disbanded now, and fled in troops away. 780
 " Base fear so bold and impudent does grow,
 " When an excuse and colour it can show!
 " Six hundred only (scarce a princely train)
 " Of all his host with distress'd Saul remain;
 " Of his whole host six hundred; and even those
 " (So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose!
 " Nor would that useless multitudes should share
 " In that great gift it did for one prepare)
 " Arm'd not like soldiers marching in a war,
 " But country-hinds alarmed from afar 790
 " By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known
 " found
 " Raifes th' affrighted villages around.
 " Some goads, flails, plow-shares, forks, or axes,
 " bore,
 " Made for life's use and better ends before;
 " Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows
 " dry'd 795
 " I th' fire, the first rude arts that malice try'd,
 " Ere man the sins of too much knowledge knew,
 " And death by long experience witty grew.
 " Such were the numbers, such the arms, which
 " we
 " Had by fate left us for a victory 800
 " O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
 " Useful itself, when Jonathan was there.
 " 'Twas just the time when the new ebb of
 " night
 " Did the moist world unvail to human sight;
 " The Prince, who all that night the field had beat
 " With a small party, and no enemy met 806
 " (So proud and so secure the enemy lay,
 " And drench'd in sleep th' excesses of the day)
 " With joy this good occasion did embrace,
 " With better leisure, and at nearer space, 810
 " The strength and order of their camp to view:
 " Abdon alone his generous purpose knew;
 " Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely youth,
 " Well-born, well-bred, with honour fill'd, and
 " truth;
 " Abdon, his faithful 'squire, whom much he
 " lov'd, 815
 " And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
 " Abdon, whose love t' his matter did exceed
 " What Nature's law, or Passion's power, could
 " breed;
 " Abdon alone did on him now attend,
 " His humblest servant, and his dearest friend. 820

" They went, but sacred fury, as they went,
 " Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his intent.
 " What may this be! (the Prince breaks forth);
 " I find
 " God, or some powerful spirit, invades my mind.
 " From aught but Heaven can never sure be
 " brought 825
 " So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought:
 " Nor would ill-fate, that meant me to surprize,
 " Come cloath'd in so unlikely a disguise.
 " Yon host, which its proud fishes spreads so wide
 " O'er the whole land, like some swollen river's
 " tide; 830
 " Which terrible and numberless appears,
 " As the thick waves which their rough ocean
 " bears:
 " Which lies so strongly 'encamp'd, that one
 " would say
 " The hill might be remov'd as soon as they;
 " We two alone must fight with and defeat; 835
 " Thou'rt strook, and startest at a sound so great!
 " Yet we must do't; God our weak hands has
 " chose
 " T' ashame the boasted numbers of our foes;
 " Which to his strength no more proportion be,
 " Than millions are of hours to his eternity. 840
 " If, when their careless guards espy us here,
 " With sportful scorn they call t' us to come near,
 " We'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
 " Not they, but Israel's Angel, gives the call.
 " He spoke, and as he spoke, a light divine 845
 " Did from his eyes, and round his temples, shine;
 " Louder his voice, larger his limbs, appear'd;
 " Less seem'd the numerous army to be fear'd.
 " This saw, and heard, with joy the brave Esquire,
 " As he with God's, fill'd with his master's fire:
 " Forbid it, Heaven! said he, I should decline, 851
 " Or wish, Sir, not to make your danger mine:
 " The great example which I daily see
 " Of your high worth is not so lost on me;
 " If wonder-strook I at your words appear, 855
 " My wonder yet is innocent of fear:
 " Th' honour which does your princely breast
 " enflame,
 " Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's
 " name.
 " If in this act ill-fate our tempter be,
 " May all the ill it means be aim'd at me! 860
 " But sure, I think, God leads; nor could you
 " bring
 " So high thoughts from a less-exalted spring.
 " Bright signs through all your words and looks
 " are spread,
 " A rising victory dawns around your head.
 " With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
 " Lo, to the fatal place and work they came. 866
 " Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large
 " head,
 " Like some vast wood the mighty host was
 " spread;
 " Th' only access on neighbouring Gabaa's side,
 " An hard and narrow way, which did divide 870
 " Two clifty rocks, Boses and Senes nam'd,
 " Much for themselves, and their big strangeness
 " fam'd;

- " More for their fortune, and this stranger day.
 " On both their points Philistian out-guards lay,
 " From whence the two bold spies they first
 " espy'd; 875
 " And lo! the Hebrews! proud Eleanor cry'd,
 " From Senes' top; lo from their hungry caves,
 " A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.
 " Come up (aloud he cries to them below)
 " Ye' Egyptian slaves, and to our mercy owe 880
 " The rebel-lives long since t' our justice due.
 " Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
 " When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly understand
 " God, and his God-like virtues' high command.
 " It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent 885
 " With pain and labour, haste and joy they
 " went.
 " Eleanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
 " His mighty words th' affrighted suppliants
 " brought;
 " Did new affronts to the great Hebrew Name,
 " (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
 " Short was his sport; for, swift as thunder's
 " stroke 891
 " Rives the frail trunk of some heaven-threaten-
 " ing oak,
 " The Prince's sword did his proud head divide;
 " The parted skull hung down on either side.
 " Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew 895
 " Half-way (no more the trembling joints could
 " do);
 " Which Abdon snatch'd, and dy'd it in the
 " blood
 " Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.
 " Some close to earth, shaking and groveling, lie,
 " Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy; 900
 " Some, wonder-strook, stand fix'd; some fly;
 " some arm
 " Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm.
 " Like the main channel of an high-swoln flood,
 " In vain by dikes and broken works withstood;
 " So Jonathan, once climb'd th' opposing hill, 905
 " Does all around with noise and ruin fill:
 " Like some large arm of which, another way
 " Abdon o'erflows; him too no bank can stay.
 " With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
 " Behind the following waters loudly roar. 910
 " Twenty, at least, slain on this out-guard lie,
 " To th' adjoin'd camp the rest distracted fly;
 " And ill-mix'd wonders tell, and into 't bear
 " Blind terror, deaf disorder, helpless fear.
 " The conquerors too press boldly in behind, 915
 " Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
 " Hamgar at first, the Prince of Ashtod town,
 " Chief 'mongst the five in riches and renown,
 " And General then by course, oppos'd their way,
 " Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
 " And curs'd the heaven for rage, and bit the
 " ground; 921
 " His life, for ever spilt, stain'd all the grass
 " around.
 " His brother too, who virtuous haste did make
 " His fortune to revenge, or to partake,
 " Falls groveling o'er his trunk, on mother earth;
 " Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their
 " birth. 926
- " Meanwhile the well-pleas'd Abdon's restless
 " sword
 " Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their
 " lord.
 " On still, o'er panting corpse, great Jonathan led;
 " Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled.
 " Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous
 " show, 931
 " Thy attempt, or thy success? thy fate or thou?
 " Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,
 " With purpose not to die, but to prevail!
 " Infinite numbers thee no more affright, 935
 " Than God, whose unity is infinite.
 " If Heaven to men such mighty thoughts would
 " give,
 " What breast but thine capacious to receive
 " The vast infusion? or what soul but thine
 " Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine?
 " Thou follow'dst Heaven in the design, and we
 " Find in the act 'twas Heaven that follow'd thee.
 " Thou led'st on angels, and that sacred band
 " (The Deity's great lieutenant!) didst command.
 " 'Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I say 945
 " Angels themselves fought under him that day.
 " Clouds, with ripe thunder charg'd, some thither
 " drew,
 " And some the dire materials brought from new.
 " Hot drops of southern showers (the sweats of
 " death)
 " The voice of storms, and winged whirlwinds'
 " breath; 950
 " The flames shot forth from fighting dragons'
 " eyes;
 " The smokes that from scorch'd fevers' ovens
 " rise;
 " The reddest fires with which sad comets grow;
 " And Sodom's neighbouring lake, did spirits
 " bestow
 " Of finest sulphur; amongst which they put 955
 " Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut
 " Into a cold moist cloud t' enflame it more,
 " And make th' enraged prisoner louder roar.
 " Th' assembled clouds, burst o'er their army's
 " head;
 " Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them
 " spread. 960
 " Another Spirit, with a more potent wand
 " Than that which Nature fear'd in Moses' hand,
 " And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain
 " strook;
 " The mountain felt it; the vast mountain shook.
 " Through the wide air another Angel flew 965
 " About their host, and thick amongst them threw
 " Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,
 " And all th' ingredients that swift ruin make.
 " The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
 " It quickens, and receives at once the seed. 970
 " One would have thought, this dismal day t'
 " have seen,
 " That Nature's self in her death-pangs had been.
 " Such will the face of that great hour appear;
 " Such the distracted sinners' conscious fear.
 " In vain some few strive the wild flight to
 " stay; 975
 " In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;

- " Unheard, unheeded, trodden down, they lie,
 " Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.
 " O'er their own foot trampled the violent horse;
 " The guideless chariots with impetuous course
 " Cut wide through both; and, all their bloody
 " way, 981
 " Horses and men, torn, bruised, and mangled,
 " lay.
 " Some from the rocks cast themselves down
 " headlong;
 " The faint, weak passion grows so bold and
 " strong!
 " To almost certain present death they fly, 985
 " From a remote and causeless fear to die.
 " Much different error did some troops possess;
 " And madness, that look'd better, though no less:
 " Their fellow-troops for th' enter'd foe they take;
 " And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make.
 " Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did
 " view, 991
 " And hear, the thickening tumult, as it grew
 " Still great and loud; and, though he knows not
 " why
 " They fled, no more than they themselves that
 " fly,
 " Yet, by the storms and terrors of the air, 995
 " Guesses some vengeful spirit's working there;
 " Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,
 " And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.
 " At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise;
 " Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice, 1000
 " Without revenge; the scatter'd arms they seize,
 " And their proud vengeance with the memory
 " please
 " Of who so lately bore them. All about,
 " From rocks and caves, the Hebrews issue out
 " At the glad noise; joy'd that their foes had
 " shown 1005
 " A fear that drowns the scandal of their own.
 " Still did the Prince 'midst all this storm appear,
 " Still scatter'd death and terrors every where;
 " Still did he break, still blunt, his wearied swords;
 " Still slaughter new supplies t' his hand affords.
 " Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly
 " flew, 1011
 " And, till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.
 " All fled at last, but many in vain; for still
 " Th' insatiate Conqueror was more swift to kill
 " Than they to save their lives. Till, lo! at last,
 " Nature, whose power he had so long surpass'd,
 " Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
 " Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did
 " oppose.
 " Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,
 " Burnt with the sun's and violent action's
 " heat, 1020
 " 'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he laid,
 " For some short ease; Fate in the old oak had
 " laid
 " Provisions up for his relief; and lo!
 " The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.
 " With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit,
 " Strong he returns, and fresh, to the pursuit;
 " His strength and spirits the honey did restore;
 " But, oh! the bitter sweet strange poison bore!
 " Behold, Sir, and mark well the treacherous
 " fate,
 " That does so close on human glories wait! 1030
 " Behold the strong, and yet fantastic net,
 " T' ensnare triumphant virtue darkly set!
 " Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,
 " The Prince—who had alone that morning
 " fought
 " A duel with an host, had th' host o'erthrown,
 " And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with
 " one; 1036
 " Wash'd-off his country's shame, and doubly
 " dy'd
 " In blood and blushes the Philistian pride;
 " Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tottering crown,
 " And the bright gold new burnish'd with re-
 " nown— 1040
 " Should be ere night, by's King and Father's
 " breath,
 " Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
 " Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be
 " Of thanks, himself, for his own victory?
 " Alone, with various fate, like to become, 1045
 " Fighting, an host; dying, an hecatomb?
 " Yet such, Sir, was his case;
 " For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
 " (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to fight)
 " His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade, 1050
 " A rash, but solemn vow to Heaven had made—
 " Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curst let him be,
 " Who shall touch food this busy day, said he,
 " Whilst the blest sun does with his favouring
 " light 1054
 " Assist our vengeful swords against their flight:
 " Be he thrice curst! and, if his life we spare,
 " On us those curses fall that he should bear!
 " Such was the king's rash vow; who little
 " thought
 " How near to him Fate th' application brought.
 " The two-edg'd oath wounds deep, perform'd
 " or broke; 1060
 " Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke.
 " 'Twas his own son, whom God and mankind
 " lov'd,
 " His own victorious son, that he devov'd:
 " On whose bright head the baleful curses light:
 " But Providence, his helmet in the fight, 1065
 " Forbids their entrance or their settling there;
 " They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.
 " Him what religion, or what vow, could bind,
 " Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
 " Entangled in't? whilst wonders he did do, 1070
 " Must he die now for not being prophet too?
 " To all but him this oath was meant and said;
 " He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made
 " Was acting then, till, faint and out of breath,
 " He grew half-dead with toil of giving death.
 " What could his crime in this condition be, 1076
 " Excus'd by ignorance and necessity?
 " Yet the remorseless king—who did disdain
 " That man should hear him swear or threaten
 " vain,
 " Though 'gainst himself, or sets a way should
 " see 1080
 " By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be,

- " Who thought compassion female weakness here,
 " And equity injustice, would appear
 " In his own cause; who falsely fear'd beside,
 " The solemn curse on Jonathan did abide, 1085
 " And, the infected limb not cut away,
 " Would like a gangrene o'er all Israel stray;—
 " Prepar'd this god-like sacrifice to kill,
 " And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil.
 " What tongue can th' horror and amazement
 " tell 1090
 " Which on all Israel that sad moment fell!
 " Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
 " Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.
 " Not Saul's proud heart could master his swollen
 " eye; 1094
 " The Prince alone stood mild and patient by;
 " So bright his sufferings, so triumphant, show'd,
 " Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.
 " A victory now he o'er himself might boast;
 " He conquer'd now, that conqueror of an host.
- " It charm'd through tears the sad spectator's sight,
 " Did reverence, love, and gratitude, excite, 1101
 " And pious rage; with which inspir'd, they now
 " Oppose to Saul's a better public vow.
 " They all consent all Israel ought to be
 " Accurs'd and kill'd themselves, rather than he.
 " Thus with kind force they the glad king with-
 " stood, 1106
 " And sav'd their wondrous favour's sacred
 " blood!"
 Thus David spoke: and much did yet remain
 Behind, th' attentive prince to entertain;
 Edom and Zoba's war—for what befel 1110
 In that of Moab, was known there too well:
 The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalek's land;
 Where Heaven itself did cruelty command,
 And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did ere
 More punish innocent blood, than pity there. 1115
 But lo! they arriv'd now at th' appointed place;
 Well-chosen and well-furnish'd for the chase.

A

D I S C O U R S E,

BY WAY OF VISION,

CONCERNING THE

GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

IT was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble or folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuofos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by; and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the mourners; where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man: and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success; till by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked as it were asleep, I fell at last into this vision; or if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not) and found myself on the top of that famous hill in the island of Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not-long-since most happy kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked on them, the “not-long-since” struck upon my memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the sins, and all the miseries, that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more; and, as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon England) into this complaint:

Ah, happy isle, how art thou chang'd and curs'd,
 Since I was born, and knew thee first!
 When peace, which had forsook the world around
 (Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
 Thee for a private place of rest,
 And a secure retirement, chose
 Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
 No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose:

When all the riches of the globe beside
 Flow'd in to thee with every tide;
 When all, that nature did thy soil deny,
 The growth was of thy fruitful industry;
 When all the proud and dreadful sea,
 And all his tributary streams,
 A constant tribute paid to thee;
 When all the liquid world was one extended Thames:
 When plenty in each village did appear,
 And bounty was its steward there;
 When gold walk'd free about in open view,
 Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew;
 When the religion of our state
 Had face and substance with her voice,
 Ere she, by her foolish loves of late,
 Like Echo (once a Nymph) turn'd only into noise:
 When men to men, respect and friendship bore,
 And God with reverence did adore;
 When upon earth no kingdom could have shown
 A happier monarch to us, than our own:
 And yet his subjects by him were
 (Which is a truth will hardly be
 Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
 A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.
 Thou dost a Chaos, and Confusion, now,
 A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,
 And, like a frantic person, thou dost tear
 The ornaments and cloaths which thou should'st wear,
 And cut thy limbs; and, if we see
 (Just as thy barbarous Britons did)
 Thy body with hypocrisy
 Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.
 The nations, which envied thee erewhile,
 Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile);
 They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas!
 But that thy faults all pity do surpass.
 Art thou the country, which didst hate
 And mock the French inconstancy?
 And have we, have we seen of late
 Less change of habits there, than governments in thee?
 Unhappy isle! no ship of thine at sea,
 Was ever tost and torn like thee.
 Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,
 The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
 What did thy foolish pilots ail,
 To lay the compass quite aside?
 Without a law or rule to fail,
 And rather take the winds, than heavens, to be their guide!
 Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
 This floating isle from shipwreck save;
 And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,
 It well deserve to sink into the main;

Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer
 (The royal martyr prays, we know)
 This guilty, perishing vessel spare;
 Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below!

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword, that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, "*Pax queritur bello*;" and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine; yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, "What art thou?" And he said, "I am called the north-west principality, his highness, the protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereto; for I am that angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said, "If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past, your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man, had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard the Third to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself, and I would fain know, what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector—" and as I was proceeding, methought, his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell among all foreign correspondences had ever held any with angels. However I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then: and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him "that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know."

At which he told me "that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world: which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue, What can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should

have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched-out to the extent of his immortal designs *?"

By this speech, I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ), I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner: "I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: for sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by irony.

There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but, to sum up a part of it briefly, What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as yourself, qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what? two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all, even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up counsels of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little

* Mr. Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but altered, as he says, in some particulars from the original, in his history of Great-Britain.—HURD.

shame, as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for the king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously and supplant ingratelously his own general † first, and afterwards most of those officers, who, with the loss of their honour, and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Molochship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?"

Though I had much more to say (for the life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a tyrant); yet, because I had a mind to hear how my strange adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the devil (as they say) his right and fair play in a disputation, I stopped here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite: but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the dove-like innocency of a serpent that was not yet warmed enough to sting, thus replied to me;

"It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of an oratory), as for your own sake (honest countryman), whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And, in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal,

Οὐχ' ἔσαν καλὰ πόδες ἐν ἀνέμοις ἐχέμεθα.

"Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread

Upon the monuments of the dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived."

"Your highness may please (said I) to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject:

Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to be the rule in the case, that, when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living: that the curses, which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants (because they are tyrants) whilst they are so, may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else, in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other men's tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarned of the evil consequences; much less if he find not only the concurrence of the present, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue; it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign too; and if a Lambert must be in-

† Sir Thomas Fairfax.

vited to follow the steps of a Cromwell, as well by the voice of honour, as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely, done of the Syracusans, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn and destroy, even the statues of all their tyrants: if it were possible to cut them out of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but, since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And, that your highness may perceive, that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late protector, I assure you, upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of Marius or Sylla, who never did me, or any friend of mine, the least injury;" and with that, transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture;

Curst be the man (what do I wish? as though
The wretch already were not so;
But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his countrey * to enslave;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The balance of a nation;
Against the whole but naked state,
Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the weight:
Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst;
Who would be rather a great monster, than
A well-proportion'd man.
The son of earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky;
The son of earth again in his earth's womb does lie.
What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign!
Is what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous serpent rise!
But even his forked tongue strikes dead:
When he has rear'd up his wicked head,
He murders with his mortal frown;
A basilisk he grows, if once he get a crown.
But no guards can oppose assaulting fears,
Or undermining tears,
No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep
The swarming dreams out, when we sleep.
That bloody conscience, too, of his
(For, oh, a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early hell begin,
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.
Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod against our land!
A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.

* *Countrey*.] This word, in the sense of *patria*, or as including in it the idea of a *civil constitution*, is always spelt by Mr. Cowley, I observe, with an *e* before *y*,—*countrey*;—in the sense of *rus*, without an *e*,—*country*; and this distinction, for the sake of perspicuity, may be worth preserving.—HURD.

What rivers stain'd with blood have been !
 What storm and hail-shot have we seen !
 What sores deform'd the ulcerous state !
 What darkness, to be felt, has buried us of late !
 How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away !
 And made even of our sons a prey !
 What croaking sects and vermin has it sent,
 The restless nation to torment !
 What greedy troops, what armed power
 Of flies and locusts, to devour
 The land, which every where they fill !
 Nor fly they, Lord ! away ; no, they devour it still.
 Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be,
 Come sink us rather in the sea.
 Come rather pestilence, and reap us down ;
 Come God's sword rather than our own.
 Let rather Roman come again,
 Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane :
 In all the bonds we ever bore,
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept ; we never blush'd, before.
 If by our sins the divine justice be
 Call'd to this last extremity,
 Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,
 To try, if England can repent.
 Methinks, at least, some prodigy,
 Some dreadful comet from on high,
 Should terribly forewarn the earth,
 As of good princes death, so of a tyrant's birth."

Here the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I stopt : and his highness, smiling, said, " I was glad to see you engaged in the enclosure of metre ; for, if you had staid in the open plain of declaiming against the word tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, countryman, to avoid this sciomachy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the name of tyrant, for I remember that, among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your *juvans pater*) is so termed ; and perhaps, as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it, upon better consideration, to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind ; at least, it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person, who is now the subject of our discourse."

" I call him (said I) a tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow-citizens without any legal authority over them ; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction or tormenting of them. So that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part, of that power which they assume to themselves ; and no less are they to be accounted rebels, since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those laws which were his superiors : and in all these senses, no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleas'd to defend ; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it : and, if lawful princes have been esteem'd tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have been left them, as the sphere of their authority, by their forefathers, what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had sa-

tified the most ambitious of our princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescribed and observed before) was pleased (out of great modesty) to set to himself; not abstaining from rebellion and usurpation even against his own laws, as well as those of the nation?"

"Hold, friend, (said his highness, pulling me by my arm) for I see your zeal is transporting you again; whether the protector were a tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see anon; it is requisite to examine, first, whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only he, but no man else, ever was, or can be so; and that for these reasons. First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as kings are of all honours in their dominions. Princes are but his viceroys in the little provinces of this world; and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the Lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority, by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained, either by the election and consent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion); or else by a conquest of them (and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant); so that either this title is right, and then there are no usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly, (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his highness) the government of England was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguished by the confusions of a civil war; so that his highness could not be accused to have possessed himself violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former; and he, who after a deplorable shipwreck, can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful art and felicity so rejoin them, as to make a new vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his highness had) by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider, lastly, (for I omit a multitude of weighty things, that might be spoken upon this noble argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage, must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man, who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before) and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland (which the whole force of the world, joined with the Roman virtue, could never attain to); and to crown all this with illustrious and heroical undertakings and successes upon all our foreign enemies: do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious merits were a better title to imperial dignity, than the blood of an hundred royal progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more nations, than envy him the conquest and dominion of these."

"Whoever you are, said I (my indignation making me somewhat bolder) your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel, as Cromwell's actions did that of a protector. It is upon these principles, that all the great crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into the woods, and equally there stand upon our

guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts. For, if there can be no presumption upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and, if the robbers of countries be God's viceregents, there is no doubt but the thieves and bandits, and murderers, are his under-officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power; and it is no less true, that he is the creator of serpents, as well as angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends, even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in England: but would you infer from thence, that the power of the devil is a just and lawful one; and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand (as it were) of his goodness, and others from the left hand of his justice; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes over-run and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till, either by our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude. If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland, in the place of the late Lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have shewed me from our common sovereign that sent him; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England; but that he was so far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations, from God Almighty, not to admit him.

Your second argument is, that he had the same right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them) and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? Did we fight for liberty against our prince, that we might become slaves to our servant? This is such an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves.

The right, certainly, of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be said to be conquered, but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from flating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person, or party, which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorizes the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; lastly, it is our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their general. So that to say, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say, the country conquers itself. And, if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army, by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that, if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent; and what that was, must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his people. It was not then against the people. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their service, or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whose service (if there

had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his majesty; and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed, with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by Savages and Canibals? Was it for king and parliament that we fought; and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title; but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another sometimes justly; and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them) and not as particular rebels to their country, which is, and ought always to be, their superior and their lord. If perhaps we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad (as no doubt there have been many usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner) all I can say for them is, that their title was very weak, till, by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one.

Your third defence of his highness (as your highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest; for then a man may say any thing. The government was broken; who broke it? It was dissolved; who dissolved it? It was extinguished; who was it, but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house, because it is better that he, than that only rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed; but the heirs (blessed be God!) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all heirs of their dispossessors, besides their infamy. "Rode, caper, vitem, &c." There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts, that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire, only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel (the sovereign of the seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe, and thought only, with some scattered planks of that great shipwreck, to make a better fisherboat for himself. But when he saw that, by the drowning of the master, (whom he himself treacherously knocked on the head, as he was swimming for his life) by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure; with the old hulk, and new mishapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up, with much ado, that piratical vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by its perpetual leaking.

First, then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the fable, who cut their old father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and luscious again) this man endeavoured to destroy the building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what architect, it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant mountebank; and thirdly, (which concerns us nearest) that very new thing, which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial plant, raised by the fire of a chemist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making.

Your last argument is such (when reduced to syllogism) that the major proposition of it would make strange work in the world, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation, has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family: what would become of us, when every man in England should lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea, when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides, that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the public, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days); and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky era of our own misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great, "*Nostra miseria magnus es.*" But, because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men who are effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence) that when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that the hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes:

—Omnia fluminis

Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
Stirpesque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ;
Cum fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes.

HOR. 3 Carm. xxix.

And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so); but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman senate, nor the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their country, or themselves, against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman. The valour and prudent counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once, by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that, in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent men in nature, as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio and his contemporaries, for his chief instrument and actors in so admirable a work (the

end of this being, not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the world of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons; yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him) or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm) but he makes the Maffanillos, and the Joins of Leyden, the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Afric, to correct the pride of the Egyptians; but called for his armies of locusts out of Ethiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust; and because you see a whole country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of foxes, and the courage of lions?

It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England: and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that, which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indisposed and long-tormented commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation (under what name or pretext soever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary mystery, that it is madness in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I say, will not always be hid, even to the slowest capacities; and the next truth they will discover afterwards is, that a whole people can never have the will, without having at the same time the power, to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we add hereto this consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were pass'd with safety, either by prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And lastly (to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digressed) because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature, and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that used to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, nor not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by men's actions; or of the latter, than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief, where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm even amongst his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print,

which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a satire against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last: neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player, by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me, why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage; I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the actors and the door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries even diabolical) he had at first the good-fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them; which made them, who had to do with him, believe, that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty malicious impostor: that these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence, as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep. How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us, "Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood," *Isai. lix. 7.* "He travels with iniquity," *Psal. vii. 14.* "He deviseth mischief upon his bed," *Psal. xxxiv. 4.* "They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search," *Psal. lxiv. 6.* and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous, to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs too, are all asleep?

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t'awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and the thief his larum has within.

And, if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure, Faux and his fellow gunpowder friends, will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour; neither can I doubt but, if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all human and divine laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity) so publicly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking, so many parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to usurp this tyranny to himself; and impudent above all impudences.

to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue) that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. In both which last cases there are frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done, to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his harp whilst he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person (for why should not he, too, be called so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

It would look (I must confess) like envy, or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not: and yet I may venture, I think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds and dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations.

What then shall we say? that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so, indeed, in a great measure, by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But, truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his labyrinth) to the supreme usurped authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestic actions. The first of his foreign, was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home): who would not imagine at first glimpse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed, that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this country could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this Beatus Pacificus is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the vales of his protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were, that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies both by sea and land, this great alligator. To satisfy our Anti-Solomon (who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones in his new Jerusalem) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical Ophir. And, because his flatterers bring of him as the most fortunate prince (the Faustus, as well as Sylla, of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings), I desire them to consider, how, since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Faustus; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their country (though a great army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling), should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the con-

quest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the victory, because, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly; and how much we have gotten by it, let the custom-house and exchange inform you; and, if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet (which indeed nobody else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do), at least, let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships.

But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory, than St. Domingo for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master), to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sat still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that, for less money than he in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England, not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprizes abroad, let us examine, in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home.

And, first, he found the commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about 800,000 pounds; he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and an half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it: and yet not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frightened from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation*; which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people. Which, because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole book written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author, when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design, of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London; from which he was rebated by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill, that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod. And for this design, they say, he invented (oh Antichrist! *ἡννομεν* and *ὁ ἡννομεν*!) to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached to the purchase. And this, indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation, which had given the first noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had some appearance of gratitude: but he did it only for love of their mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks for a *mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-prayer book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money; when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland and Ireland, was as much robbery, as if it had been taken by a thief upon

* By *decimation*, is here meant, not the putting to death of every tenth man (which is the usual sense of this term), but the levying of the tenth penny on the estates of the Royalists. The word is so used by Sir John Denham. HURD.

the highways? Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and moss-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's, whom he had met and been too strong for upon a road? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney*, to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed, the king's regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst, erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it; and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason, which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made crimes which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy in all history), let any man shew me (I say) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours), where there have, in the space of four years, been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason, I think, partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman, to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of justice have not been idle: and, to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions, than the short one of our blest reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets (as I marked to you at first) the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a sweet favour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtlest invention of his predecessors of Sicily) is more humane and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible!) to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon, so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittingly and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill besit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta. To-day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come

* Which the reader may see in Lord Clarendon, H. R. vol. iii. fol. p. 526. HUSB.

† In the case of Coney, before mentioned.

near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls, with his servants. This month, he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living God that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, "Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them." The representative of whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness; rashness or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore*, and *plans pede in uno*); and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune, that, when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himself one of the prime of her jests), found out the true *haut goût* of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London), "You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!"

These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them: which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good-fortune to him, than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never pass of late before his palace (his, do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon), but I never passed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, "Mene Mene, Tekel "Upharim." But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here's at last an end of him. And where's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you will say) has the whole crop; I doubt, he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the gentleman†, or any living of his family; on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

Here I stopt; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a laughing, it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether, from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can shew me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so

* Dan. v. 25.

† A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell.

much as a justice of peace in your own country. For this, I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing else but either the frowardness of a Cynic, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you, that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be mislead out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant and Platonical statesman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the supreme place attained to by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's politics, and write, if you please, comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel: and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferment. If the desire of rule and superiority be a virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals; and what is the virtue of any creature, but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it?) if that (I say) be virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing vice, which is the most proper, if not the only, means of attaining of it:

It is a truth so certain, and so clear,
That to the first-born man it did appear;
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the fresh laws of nature taught, disdain
That (though a brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He strook him down; and so (said he) so fell
The sheep, which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest sheaves, which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the offering,
Lest God should my next victim too despise,
The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice.
Hence, coward fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a reward he the first city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he staid;
One step of glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;
Had Adam too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.
One brother's death, what do I mean to name,
A small oblation to revenge and fame?
The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to shew
What for high place a higher spirit can do,
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with manlike courage slay.
So Athaliah, when she saw her son,
And with his life her dearer greatness, gone,
With a majestic fury slaughter'd all
Whom high-birth might to high pretences call:
Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;

A noble and a bold contention, she
 (One woman) undertook with destiny.
 She to pluck down, destiny to uphold
 (Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
 The great Jessean race on Judah's throne;
 Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown,
 Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
 Tell me not, she herself at last was slain;
 Did she not first seven years (a life-time) reign?
 Seven royal years t' a public spirit will seem
 More than the private life of a Methusalem.
 'Tis godlike to be great; and, as they say,
 A thousand years to God are but a day,
 So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
 The coronation-day's more than a thousand years."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies, but that by God's grace I became so bold, as thus to interrupt him: "I understand now perfectly (which I guessed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are; and, though your style in verse be very much mended * since you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish; whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party."

"My dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious look) is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and, that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next garrison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither." I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey:

When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,
 From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
 A flash of light, rather than lightning, came,
 So swift, and yet so gentle, was the flame.
 Upon it rode (and, in his full career,
 Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here)
 The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race;
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
 The frowns, with which he strook the trembling fiend,
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend;
 His beams of locks fell part dishevel'd down,
 Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natural crown,
 Such as the British monarchs us'd to wear;
 If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair.
 His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
 They seem'd both made of woven silver light:
 Across his breast an azure ruban went,
 At which a medal hung, that did present,
 In wondrous living figures, to the sight,
 The mystic champion's, and old dragon's, fight;

* This compliment was intended, not so much to the foregoing, as to the following verses; of which the author had reason to be proud, but, as being delivered in his own person, could not so properly make the panegyric. HUBB.

And from his mantle's side there shone afar,
 A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.
 In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
 No arms, but th' English bloody cross, he bore,
 Which when he tow'rd's th' affrighted tyrant bent,
 And some few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
 Or were, could not, alas! by me be known,
 Only, I well perceiv'd, Jesus was one)
 He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away
 Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
 Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes
 (Robb'd, as he thinks unjustly, of his prize)
 Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
 The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws;
 The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
 But fear above his hunger does prevail,
 He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone;
 He grins, as he looks back, and howls, as he goes on.

SEVERAL DISCOURSES,

BY WAY OF ESSAYS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

I.

OF LIBERTY.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions, is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the intire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him, as a small quit-rent, in acknowledgement of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth: but

the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as Thamar did with Judah; instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous; and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

Let us first consider the ambitious; and those, both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Sallust* says, "Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant;" they are content to pay so great a price as their own servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside, whilst they are in the race of glory, no not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would, when he is in this career:

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas †.

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean, servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves, for the obtaining of a prætorship, or the consular dignity! They put on the habit of suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes, to beg voices; they flattered the poorest artisans; and carried a nomenclator with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand, and kissed the cheek, of every popular tradesman; they stood all day at every market in the public places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them; they kept open tables in every street; they distributed wine, and bread, and money, even to the vilest of the people. "En Romanos rerum dominos ‡!" Behold the masters of the world begging from door to door! This particular humble way of greatness is now out of fashion; but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble, for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants; to be a public bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courage, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And, since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing), give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero § gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions:

"This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons; who more a favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes, appeared a braver champion; who, at other times, a bolder enemy to his country? who more dissolute in his pleasures; who more patient in his toils? who more rapacious in robbing; who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all

* Fragm. ed. Maittaire p. 116. † Virg. Georg. i. 514. ‡ Virg. Æn. i. 282. § Orat. pro M. Cælio.

things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money, and his interell, and his industry; and, if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature and laveer with every wind; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature—as he made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless of all nations; so, by the artificial simulation of some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity. Neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.”

I see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul, “who became all things to all men,” that he might destroy all: who only wanted the assistance of fortune, to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was a little after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner of setting his country on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like gentlemen of his time, says, “that it is the nature of ambition, to make men liars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and shew, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths: to cut all friendships and civilities to the measure of their own interest; and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will.” And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? what is it but a kind of rack, that forces men to say what they have no mind to?

I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabises, who had freed before his country from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians), and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falshood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded; he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there, in all nations, who imitate him, in some degree, for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more willingly stigmatized! But you may say, though these be the most ordinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then, that industry must be such, as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent; but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we must be content that they should be our mistresses whilst we woo them; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness: we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniencies. A great fortune (says Seneca) is a great servitude: but many are of

that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope, untruly*) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero: "We fear (says he to Atticus) death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils; and, if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in so base and contemptible a condition." This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsic to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear, they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependance upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power:

Amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ †.

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors; and the hall and antichambers (all the out-works) possessed by the enemy: as soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he pleases all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a body of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all company.

Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, & circa saliant latus ‡—

a hundred businesses of other men (many unjust, and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like Dorres. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *table d'hôte*; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites and some spies, with the most burdensome sort of guests, the endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect; every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook: every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a public table for his profit, should be of a mean profession; and he, who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, because one sells, and the other gives: nay, both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value

* This parenthesis does honour to the writer's sense, as well as candour. Hor. 2.

† Hor. 3. Od. 17. 79. ‡ Hor. 2. Sat. vi. 14.

is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made "a snare" (as the Scripture speaks) "to his liberty," where can he hope for freedom? There is always, and every where, some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and, if the person be *pan hyper sebastus*, there is a hyper-superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such rules set to these Leviathans, as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further†."

Perditur hæc inter misero lux ‡,

Thus wretchedly the precious day was lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir, till the bearers were all ready. "My life (says Horace, speaking to one of these magnificos) is a great deal more easy and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I please, without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." It is an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation, and censure, of others; as there may be vanity in it, so methinks there should be vexation, too, of spirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestic servants; but even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of servitude; unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are), the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a school-master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a common-wealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness: I shake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret, but constant, tyrants and torturers of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease, yet they are common too in some degree to the epidemical disease of life itself.

But the ambitious man, though he be so many ways a slave (*o toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his spectators: he is a slave *in saturnaliis*. The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers: *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them §;" it is only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself cloaths and board-wages:

Uneiatim vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparit miser ||;

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a gentleman,

* Ps. lxxx. 22. † Job xxxviii. 11. ‡ Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 59. § Ps. xxxix. 6. || Phorm. Act I. Sc. i. ver. 43.

than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman; not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet, in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were *καὶ ὄρεα*, *evil wild beasts*; these are *καὶ ἀγροί*, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word *ἀγροί* (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, "that he had learnt *ἀλλήως κατὰ καὶ ζῆλον*, to give his belly just thanks for all " his pleasures." This, by the calumniators of Epicurus's philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation, in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumphs of the world; the covetous man, who is a mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony:

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus* :

Not Oenomaus †, who commits himself wholly to a charioteer, that may break his neck; but the man,

Who governs his own course with steady hand;
 Who does himself with sovereign power command;
 Whom neither death nor poverty does fright;
 Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
 Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock
 Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
 Who can, though honour at his gate should stay
 In all her masking cloaths, send her away,
 And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

This, I confess, is a freeman: but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection: all I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and, when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me, in what condition of life I think the most allowed; I should pitch upon that sort of people, whom King James was wont to call the happiest of our nation, the men placed in the country by their fortune above an high constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace; in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations; and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy (that is, of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without business; and never to be melancholy, though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part; and, (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other verses upon the same subject:

* Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 83.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

"Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
 "Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultra
 "Sollicitus effundo preces: si quid datur ultra
 "Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo."

For the few hours of life allotted me,
 Give me (great God!) but bread and liberty,
 I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
 I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
 If beyond this no more be freely sent,
 I'll thank for this, and go away content.

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EP. lvi.

"*Vota tui breviter,*" &c.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
 The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend.
 He does not palaces nor manors crave,
 Would Be no lord, but less a lord would Have;
 The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
 He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
 Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
 He loves of homely littleness the ease.
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
 When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
 If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,
 Dependance and attendance be his fate;
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
 And very much a slave, and very proud:
 Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;
 No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow:
 But let him peace and freedom never see;
 Let him not love this life, who loves not me!

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. liii.

"*Vis fieri liber?*" &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say;
 Come on; I'll shew thee, friend, the certain way;
 If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
 While bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
 If thou the goodness of thy cloaths dost prize
 By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
 If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
 In a small house, but a convenient shell;
 If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
 Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
 If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
 The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. lxviii.

"Quod te nomine?" &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,
 And danger of my naked head, adore;
 That I, who "Lord and master," cry'd erewhile,
 Salute you, in a new and different style,
 By your own name, a scandal to you now;
 Think not that I forget myself or you:
 By loss of all things, by all others sought,
 This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
 A lord and master no man wants, but he
 Who o'er himself has no authority;
 Who does for honours and for riches strive,
 And follies, without which lords cannot live.
 If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,
 Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

O D E.

UPON LIBERTY.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat;
 Her proper place, her only scene,
 Is in the golden mean,
 She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
 The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
 And they're in Fortune's bridewell whipt
 To the laborious task of bread;
 These are by various tyrants captive led.
 Now wild Ambition with imperious force
 Rides, reins, and spurs, them, like th' unruly horse;
 And servile Avarice yokes them now,
 Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;
 And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
 Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
 If any few among the great there be
 From these insulting passions free,
 Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see
 By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency;
 And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
 Impertinencies round them flow:
 These are the small uneasy things
 Which about greatness still are found,
 And rather it molests than wound:
 Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
 But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings:
 As, when the honey does too open lie,
 A thousand wasps about it fly:
 Nor will the master ev'n to share admit;
 The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

'Tis morning ; well ; I fain would yet sleep on ;
 You cannot now ; you must be gone
 To court, or to the noisy hall :
 Besides, the rooms without are crowded all ;
 The stream of business does begin,
 And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
 Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep !
 Will they not suffer him to sleep ?
 Make an escape ; out at the postern flee,
 And get some blessed hours of liberty :
 With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
 And much of mirth and moderate wine.
 To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
 And steal one day out of thy life to live.
 Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
 Has such a freedom always given !
 Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
 From being every day as free ?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
 Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
 As to exchange his native liberty
 Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
 His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,
 When, and wherever he thought good,
 And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
 For a more plentiful or constant food.
 Nor ever did ambitious rage
 Make him into a painted cage,
 Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
 For honour and preferment, come.
 Now, blessings on you all, ye heroic race,
 Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
 Though men and angels fell.
 Of all material lives the highest place
 To you is justly given ;
 And ways and walks the nearest heaven.
 Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
 To boast, that we look up to it.
 Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,
 You homage pay but once a year :
 None so degenerate and unbirdly prove,
 As his perpetual yoke to bear ;
 None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
 Whom human lordship does control ;
 Who from their birth corrupted were
 By bondage, and by man's example here.
 He's no small prince, who every day
 Thus to himself can say ;
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
 Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk ;
 'This I will do, here I will stay,
 Or, if my fancy call me away,
 My man and I will presently go ride
 (For we, before, have nothing to provide,

Nor, after, are to render an account)
 To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.
 If thou but a short journey take,
 As if thy last thou wert to make,
 Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
 A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
 And many a mule, and many a cart;
 What an unwieldy man thou art!
 The Rhodian Colossus so
 A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience, does not bind,
 Nor other law shall shackle me;
 Slave to myself I will not be,
 Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
 By my own present mind.
 Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand
 For days, that yet belong to Fate,
 Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,
 Before it falls into his hand:
 The bondman of the cloister so,
 All that he does receive, does always owe;
 And still, as time comes in, it goes away
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
 Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
 Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!
 Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.
 If life should a well-order'd poem be
 (In which he only hits the white
 Who joins true profit with the best delight),
 The more heroic strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
 The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
 It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
 In the same tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
 A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
 And yet shall manage all without offence
 Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of the sense;
 Nor shall it never from one subject start,
 Nor seek transitions to depart,
 Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
 Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
 As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
 When the wide air's a road for it.
 So the imperial eagle does not stay
 Till the whole carcase he devour,
 That's fallen into its power:
 As if his generous hunger understood
 That he can never want plenty of food,
 He only sucks the tasteful blood;
 And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
 To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled prey.

II.

OF SOLITUDE.

"**N**UNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus," is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and, to shew that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house, in the middle of a wood, near Linternum*, passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, "Poor Scipio understood not how to live." What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montagne, "That ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; there is nothing does so much hate to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side; but it delights above all things in a train behind, aye, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burthensome to them. "Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens," they would live and die with her alone.

"Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,

"Qua nulla humano fit via trita pede.

"Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra

"Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis †."

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has prest.
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour ‡:

"Odi, & amo: quare id faciam fortasse requiris.

"Nescio; sed fieri sentio, & excrucior."

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know;
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

* Seneca Epist. lxxxvi. † 4 Tibull. xiii. 9. ‡ De amore suo, lxxxiii.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted, and sit right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company; but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us, when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sowed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

“ O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis * ! ”

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise !

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature, under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, “ That a man does not know how to pass his time.” It would have been but ill-spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is work only for the learned; others are not capable either of the employments or diversions that arrive from letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned, as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time: either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and, if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

“ — O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi

“ Sistet, & ingenti ramorum proteget umbrâ † ? ”

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!

Hail, ye plebeian under-wood!

Where the poetic birds rejoice,

And for their quiet nests and plenteous food

Pay, with their grateful voice.

* “ O vita, misero longa, felici brevis ! ” † Virg. Georg. ii. 489.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat!
 Ye country-houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature, the wisest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect;
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sun-beams here and there;
 On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
 Who loves not his own company!
 He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human-kind!
 Which blest remain'd, till man did find
 Ev'n his own helper's company.
 As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

Tho' God himself, through countless ages, thee
 His sole companion chose to be,
 Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
 Before the branchy head of number's tree
 Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
 Dost break and time th'unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light
 Dost, like a burning-glass, unite;
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
 The monster London laugh at me;
 I should at thee too, foolish city!
 If it were fit to laugh at misery;
 But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost.

III.

OF OBSCURITY.

“**N**AM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
 “Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit.”

God made not pleasures only for the rich;
 Nor have those men without their share too liv'd,
 Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the world?); whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world; and in another place uses the same phrase †,

“—Secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ.”

The secret tracts of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense; and therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well—

Or from a life, led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived; and we may say well enough, out of the same author ‡,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive
 The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says §, “vitam fallere,” to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive, our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, “Bene qui latuit, bene vixit,” He has lived well, who has lain well hidden; which, if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself,

A vail of thicken'd air around them cast,
 That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd ||.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, “This is that Demosthenes,” is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes

* Hor. I Ep. xvii. 9.

† Hor. I Ep. xviii. 109.

‡ 2 Sam. vii. 11.

§ Declam. de Apib.

|| Virg. Æn. i. 415.

me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-sight. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good-fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good-fame, because it is the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old-age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "*muta persona*," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

"*Stet, quicumque volet potens,*" &c.

UPON the slippery tops of human state,
 The gilded pinnacles of fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and, for a while
 The giddy danger to beguile,
 With joy, and with disdain, look down on all,
 Till their heads turn, and down they fall,
 Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near
 That I no fall to earth may fear,
 And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
 From the long ruins of the great.

Here, wrapt in th' arms of quiet let me lie;
 Quiet, companion of obscurity!
 Here let my life with as much silence slide,
 As time, that measures it, does glide.
 Nor let the breath of infamy, or fame,
 From town to town echo about my name.
 Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
 With scutcheon or with elegy.
 An old plebeian let me die,
 Alas! all then are such as well as I.
 To him, alas, to him, I fear,
 The face of death will terrible appear;
 Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride,
 By being known to all the world beside,
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
 Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

IV.

OF AGRICULTURE.

THE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second a good husbandman: and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he pray'd for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer—

“O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit!”

To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.*

But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make, are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella* calls it, “*Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi consanguinea sapientiæ*,” the nearest neighbour, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says, the principles of it are the same which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy, than any one profession, art, or science, in the world besides: and therefore Cicero says†, the pleasures of a husbandman, “*mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere*,” come very nigh to those of a philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: The utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The Utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great, now in our nation, as arises from merchandize and the trading of the city, from whence many of the best estates and chief honours of the kingdom are derived: we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as str.

* Lib. I. c. i. † De Senect.

among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred-up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground, the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant: whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters in it, by a moderate stock; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art and industry, or contemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

As for the Necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved: the others like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this: not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The Innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men the most quiet, and least apt, to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth: their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace: in our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done: but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects; which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty; there guilty and expenceful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his fields and gardens

covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good:

“—Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi
“Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.”

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus* forbids us to hate husbandry; because,” says he, “the Most High “has created it.” We are all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread-eagles, in fields *d’or* or *d’argent*; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts or sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen) metaphysic, physic, morality, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties (except only metaphysic, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities, should all have public schools and masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mommery and madness; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part, now, of good-breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children, as soon as they are able to walk? But, did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law: there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it: First, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Pasturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Oeconomy; which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c. and all that which Varro calls “*villaticas passionēs*,” together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as pleasures, but as parts of house-keeping), and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other arts, only to read pompous and

* Virg. *Æn.* i. 504, &c.

† Chap. vii. 15.

superficial lectures, out of Virgil's *Georgics*, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of scholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the house and the professors, who should be men not chosen for the ostentation of critical literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; such men, so industrious and public-spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib * to be, if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.

"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Musas
"Ducit, & immemores non finit esse fui †."

The Muses still love their own native place;
'T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow;
In vain the thankless glebe we plow and sow:
Against th' unnatural soil in vain we strive;
'Tis not a ground, in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of satire, which grow most naturally in the worst earth; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world,

— pariter vitisq; jocisq;
Altius humanis exerueret caput ‡,

into the innocent happiness of a retired life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first or second poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry: "he has contributed (says Columella) not a little to our profession;" I suppose, he means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is not very important; his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his style. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle. Πάλιν ἡμισυ πάντες, The half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is this; his brother Perseus had, by corrupting some great men, (βασιλεὺς μεγάλους, great bribe-eaters he calls them, gotten from him the half of his estate. It is no matter (says he); they have not done me so much prejudice as they imagine:

Νήπιος, εὐχόμενος, &c. τ. λ.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal'd,
By a strong light which must their sense controule,
That half a great estate's more than the whole:
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

* A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Meade and Milton. The former of these great men addressed some letters to him, and the latter, his "Tractate on Education." HURD.

† Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35.

‡ Ovid. Fast. i. 300.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars, and adventures of their ancestors; his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his good-will a little. For, though he could do us no honour in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles), because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, *δῖον ἰφιδέον*, the divine swineherd: he could have done no more for Menelaus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing but pastorals) gave the same epithet to an husbandman,

— ἀμείβοιο δῖος ἀγρότης *

The divine husbandman replied to Hercules, who was but *δῖος*, himself. These were civil Greeks, and who understood the dignity of our calling! Among the Romans we have, in the first place, our truly-divine Virgil, who, though by the favour of Mæcenas and Augustus he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions, of a rustic life; who, though he had written before whole books of pastorals and georgics, could not abstain in his great and imperial poem from describing Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's-skin; the kine and oxen ate lowing in his court-yard; the birds under the eaves of his window call him up in the morning; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard; at last, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say this memorable compliment, greater than ever yet was spoken at the Escorial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall:

— “Hæc (inquit) limina victor
“ Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit:
“ Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: & te quoque dignum
“ Finge Deo, rebûsque veni non asper egenis †.”

This humble roof, this rustic court (said he)
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory:
Scorn not, great guest, the steps where he has trod;
But contemn wealth, and imitate a God.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenas to persuade him to come and live domestically and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, “*ut nos in epistolis scribendis adjuvet*,” could not be tempted to forsake his Sabine, or Tiburtin manor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and good nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must

* Idyll. xix. v. 10.

† Virg. Æn. viii. 66.

be obliged to translate half his works ; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer ;

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit *.

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles ; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters ; especially, that I should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind), and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults ; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

A TRANSLATION OUT OF VIRGIL.

GEORG. LIB. II. 458.

OH happy (if his happiness he knows)
The country swain, on whom kind Heaven bestows
At home all riches, that wise nature needs ;
Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
In tapestry wrought, or cut in living brass ;
Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear poison of Assyrian pride :
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil
The native use and sweetness of his oil.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round :
Through artless grots the murmuring waters glide ;
Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds salute him ; and his ground
With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound :
And all the rivers, and the forests nigh,
Both food and game, and exercise, supply.
Here a well-harden'd, active youth we see,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty,
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of love, both human and divine ;
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
Still her last footsteps upon earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire, which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my soul,
Is that the Muse me her high-priest would make,
Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,

* 1 Ep. ii. 3.

And open there, to my mind's purged eye,
 Those wonders, which to sense the gods deny :
 How in the moon such change of shapes is found,
 The moon, the changing world's eternal bound ;
 What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
 Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease ;
 What makes the sea retreat, and what advance
 " (Varieties too regular for chance) ;"
 What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
 And stops the lazy waggon of the night.
 But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
 To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high,
 In the next place, let woods and rivers be
 My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.
 In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid ;
 Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy, he,
 Who can through gross effects their causes see :
 Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things ;
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go
 Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.
 Happy ! but, next such conquerors, happy they,
 Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.
 They unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,
 Behold the rods and sceptres of the great ;
 The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
 And the descent of foreign troops, they hear ;
 Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
 With all the lustre of her perishing pride.
 Them never yet did strife or avarice draw
 Into the noisy markets of the law,
 The camps of gown'd war ; nor do they live
 By rules of forms, that many madmen give.
 Duty for nature's bounty they repay,
 And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plow the faithless main,
 Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain :
 Some swell up their slight sails with popular fame,
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name :
 Some their vain wealth to earth again commit ;
 With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit :
 Country and friends are by some wretches sold,
 To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold ;
 No price too high for profit can be shown ;
 Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own :
 Around the world in search of it they roam,
 It makes ev'n their antipodes their home ;
 Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,
 In mutual duties striving with his ground,
 And half the year he care of that does take,
 That half the year grateful returns does make.
 Each fertile month does some new gifts present,
 And with new work his industry content.
 This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth yield ;
 This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field ;

All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride :
 And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,
 The powerful princely purple of the vine,
 Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine.
 In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,
 With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play :
 And loaded kine about his cottage stand,
 Inviting with known sound the milker's hand ;
 And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd-for home,
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.
 When any rural holidays invite
 His genius forth to innocent delight,
 On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
 He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine ;
 The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
 Not to the loss of reason, or of strength :
 To active games and manly sport, at length,
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see
 Who can the best at better trials be.
 From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose ;
 Such was the life the prudent Sabins chose :
 Such, Remus, and the god, his brother, led ;
 From such firm-footing Rome grew the world's head.
 Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden days :
 Before men, born of earth, and buried there,
 Let-in the sea their mortal fate to share :
 Before new ways of perishing were fought ;
 Before unskilful death on anvils wrought ;
 Before those beasts, which human life sustain,
 By men, unless to the gods use, were slain.

 HOR. EPOD. ODE II.

HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods allow
 With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !
 Like the first golden mortals happy, he,
 From business and the cares of money free !
 No human storms break off at land his sleep ;
 No loud alarms of nature, on the deep :
 From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
 Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
 Sometimes, the beauteous, marriageable vine
 He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join ;
 Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
 And grafts new life into the fruitful wound ;
 Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.
 He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
 Whilst neighbouring hills lowe back to them again ;

And, when the season, rich as well as gay,
 All her autumnal bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see
 Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree!
 Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
 He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
 With how much joy does he, beneath some shade
 By aged trees' reverend embraces made,
 His careless head on the fresh green recline,
 His head uncharg'd with fear or with design.
 By him a river constantly complains,
 The birds above rejoice with various strains,
 And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
 Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of sleep;
 Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
 And nought within against it shuts the gate.

Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
 Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny.
 He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
 His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
 Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
 He drives into a toil the foaming boar;
 Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net
 To intercept, the travailing fowl, is set;
 And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
 In innocent wars on beasts and birds alone.
 This is the life from all misfortunes free,
 From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee;
 And, if a chaste and clean, though homely, wife
 Be added to the blessings of this life—
 Such as the ancient sun-burnt Sabins were,
 Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear—
 Who makes her children and the house her care,
 And joyfully the work of life does share,
 Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
 To pin the sheepfold or to milch the kine;
 Who waits at door against her husband come
 From rural duties, late and wearied, home,
 Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
 A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face;
 And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
 And with domestic plenty loads the board;
 Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,
 Dress'd by the wanton hand of luxury,
 Not ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest
 Of costly names that glorify a feast,
 Are at the princely tables better cheer,
 Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
 Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,

His ancient and hereditary house,
 There dwelt a good substantial country mouse;
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
 Yet one who once did nobly entertain
 A city mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,
 A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
 Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
 And arriv'd early, and belighted, there,
 For a day's lodging: the good hearty host
 (The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
 Did all the stores produce, that might excite,
 With various tastes, the courtier's appetite.
 Fitches and beans, peason and oats, and wheat,
 And a large chesnut, the delicious meat
 Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would eat. }
 And, for a *hant goust*, there was mixt with these
 The swerd of bacon, and the coat of cheese:
 The precious reliques which, at harvest, he
 Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
 Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
 The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
 And thus at ease, on beds of straw, they lay.
 And to their genius sacrific'd the day:
 Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,
 (Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)
 Despis'd this country feast; and still his thought
 Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
 Your bounty and civility (said he),
 Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude parts to see,
 Shews that the gods have given you a mind
 Too noble for the fate which here you find.
 Why should a soul, so virtuous and so great,
 Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
 Let savage beasts lodge in a country den;
 You should see towns, and manners know, and men:
 And taste the generous luxury of the court,
 Where all the mice of quality resort;
 Where thousand beauteous flies about you move,
 And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.
 We all, ere long, must render up our breath:
 No cave or hole can shelter us from death.
 Since life is so uncertain, and so short,
 Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
 Come, worthy sir, come with me and partake
 All the great things that mortals happy make.
 Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms
 To oppose bright honour, and soft pleasure's charms:
 What wisdom can their magic force repel?
 It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.
 It was the time, when witty poets tell,
 "That Phoebus into Thetis' bosom fell:
 "She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
 "And drew the modest curtains of the night."
 Plainly the truth to tell, the sun was set,
 When to the town our wearied travellers get:

To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
 Made for the use of pride and luxury,
 They come; the gentle courtier at the door
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
 But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,
 I'm sworn t' obedience; and so in they go.
 Behind a hanging in a spacious room
 (The richest work of Mortlake's noble loom)
 They wait a while, their wearied limbs to rest,
 Till silence should invite them to their feast.
 "About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
 "Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night;"
 At last, the various supper being done,
 It happen'd that the company was gone
 Into a room remote, servants and all,
 To please their noble fancies with a ball.
 Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
 All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
 Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
 And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.
 The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
 And both with fat varieties are blest.
 Th' industrious peasant every where does range,
 And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
 Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pye,
 They both at last glutted and wanton lie;
 When, see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,
 And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait!
 With hideous noise down the rude servants come,
 Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
 The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
 And hate the fullness, which retards their flight.
 Our trembling peasant wishes now, in vain,
 That rocks and mountains cover'd him again;
 Oh, how the change of his poor life he curst!
 This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst:
 Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood!
 With peace, let tares and acorns be my food!

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE TENTH EPISTLE OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

HORACE TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HEALTH, from the lover of the country, me,
 Health, to the lover of the city, thee;
 A difference in our souls, this only proves;
 In all things else, we agree like married doves.
 But the warm nest and crowded dove-house thou
 Dost like; I loosely fly from bough to bough,
 And rivers drink, and all the shining day
 Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play;

In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
 From all that you equal with heaven admire;
 Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
 Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
 Would I a house for happiness erect,
 Nature alone should be the architect,
 She'd built it more convenient than great,
 And doubtless in the country choose her seat.
 Is there a place doth better help supply
 Against the wounds of winter's cruelty?
 Is there an air, that gentler does assuage
 The mad celestial dog's, or lion's, rage?
 Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
 Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear?
 Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
 Than that, which nature strains into a spring?
 Can all your tapstries, or your pictures, show
 More beauties, than in herbs and flowers do grow?
 Fountains and trees our wearied place do please,
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces.
 And in your towns, that prospect gives delight,
 Which opens round the country to our sight.
 Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
 Return at last: and their wild luxury
 Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
 Which nature did to mankind recommend.
 The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,
 Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,
 Is not, at length, more certain to be made
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
 Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy
 The painted goods of pride and vanity.
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
 Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose,
 For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
 With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
 An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
 More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
 To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
 The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,
 Did with the horse in common pasture dwell;
 And, when they fought, the field it always won,
 Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
 And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
 Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain:
 But never after could the rider get
 From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
 So they, who poverty too much do fear,
 To avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
 That they might power above their equals have,
 To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
 For gold, their liberty exchange'd we see,
 That fairest flower which crowns humanity *.

* The poet, as usual, expresses his own feeling: but he does more, he expresses it very classically. The custom is to the ancient custom of wearing wreaths or garlands of flowers, on any occasion of joy and festivity. Huan.

And all this mischief does upon them light,
 Only, because they know not how, aright,
 That great, but secret happiness, to prize,
 That's laid up in a little, for the wise :
 That is the best and easiest estate,
 Which to a man fits close, but not too strait ;
 'Tis like a shoe ; it pinches and it burns,
 Too narrow ; and too large, it overturns.
 My dearest friend ! stop thy desires at last,
 And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast :
 And, if me still seeking for more you see,
 Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
 Money was made, not to command our will,
 But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil :
 Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey :
 The horse deth with the horseman run away.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

LIB. VI. PLANTARUM.

BLEST be the man (and blest he is) whom e'er
 (Placed far out of the roads of hope or fear)
 A little field, and little garden, feeds :
 The field gives all that frugal nature needs ;
 The wealthy garden liberally bestows
 All she can ask, when the luxurious grows.
 The specious inconveniencies, that wait
 Upon a life of business, and of state,
 He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
 By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)
 The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days ;
 Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent :
 Th' ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
 To offer him a crown, with wonder found
 The reverend gardener hoeing of his ground ;
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
 From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went ;
 And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way,
 And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
 Not without sighs, Alas ! I there forsake
 A happier kingdom than I go to take !
 Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
 But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
 Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
 For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
 Presum'd, at wife Apollo's Delphic seat
 Presum'd, to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
 See'st thou a man that happier is than I ?
 The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
 Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,

In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be!
 We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.
 And true it was, through the whole earth around
 No king of such a name was to be found.
 Is some old hero of that name alive,
 Who his high race does from the gods derive?
 Is it some mighty general, that has done
 Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
 Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
 None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?
 After long search, and vain enquiries past,
 In an obscure Arcadian vale at last
 (Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
 Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
 'This Aglaüs, who monarch's envy drew,
 Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
 This mighty Aglaüs, was labouring found,
 With his own hands, in his own little ground.
 So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be,
 Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
 So let me act, on such a private stage,
 The last dull scenes of my declining age;
 After long toils and voyages in vain,
 This quiet port let my toilt vessel gain;
 Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
 Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

V.

THE GARDEN.

TO J. EVELYN, ESQUIRE.

I NEVER had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and intire to lie,
 In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

“Studiis florere ignobilis oti* :”

(though I could wish that he had rather said, “Nobilis oti,” when he spoke of his own.) But several accidents of my ill-fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. “O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live.” I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for

* Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

this seems a little too extravagant and pindarical for prose) what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the bye; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind*, and which is to last as long as months and years.

Among many other arts and excellencies, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished, as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expences, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things, which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?
When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.
For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect

* Mr. Evelyn's "Kalendarium hortenſe;" dedicated to Mr. Cowley.—The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years. Hurd.

A Louvre or Eſcurial, or a tower
 That might with heaven communication hold,
 As Babel vainly thought to do of old :
 He wanted not the ſkill or power ;
 In the world's fabric thoſe were ſhown,
 And the materials were all his own.
 But well he knew, what place would beſt agree
 With innocence, and with felicity :
 And we elſewhere ſtill ſeek for them in vain ;
 If any part of either yet remain,
 If any part of either we expect,
 This may our judgment in the ſearch direct ;
 God the firſt garden made, and the firſt city Cain.
 O bleſſed ſhades ! O gentle, cool retreat
 From all th' immoderate heat,
 In which the frantic world does burn and ſweat !
 This does the lion-ſtar, ambition's rage ;
 This avarice, the dog-ſtar's thirſt, aſſuage ;
 Every where elſe their fatal power we ſee,
 They make and rule man's wretched deſtiny :
 They neither ſet, nor diſappear,
 But tyrannize o'er all the year ;
 Whiſt we ne'er feel their flame or influence here,
 The birds that dance from bough to bough,
 And ſing above in every tree,
 Are not from fears and cares more free
 Than we, who lie, or ſit, or walk, below,
 And ſhould by right be fingers too.
 What prince's choir of muſic can excel
 That, which within this ſhade does dwell ?
 To which we nothing pay or give ;
 They, like all other poets, live
 Without reward, or thanks, for their obliging pains :
 'Tis well if they become not prey :
 The whiſtling winds add their leſs artful ſtrains,
 And a grave baſs the murmuring fountains play ;
 Nature does all this harmony beſtow,
 But to our plants, art's muſic too,
 The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe ;
 The lute itſelf, which once was green and mute,
 When Orpheus ſtrook th' inſpired lute,
 The trees danc'd round, and underſtood
 By ſympathy the voice of wood.
 Theſe are the ſpells, that to kind ſleep invite,
 And nothing does within reſiſtance make,
 Which yet we moderately take ;
 Who would not chooſe to be awake,
 While he's encompaſt round with ſuch delight,
 To th' ear, the noſe, the touch, the taſte, and ſight ?
 When Venus would her dear Aſcanius keep*
 A priſoner in the downy bands of ſleep,
 She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him ſpread,
 As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt bed ;

* Virg. Æn. i. 695.

Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
 Who, that has reason, and his smell,
 Would not among roses and jafamine dwell,
 Rather than all his spirits choak
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
 And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
 In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
 The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
 Than all the female men, or women, there,
 Not without cause, about them bear.
 When Epicurus to the world had taught,
 That pleasure was the chiefest good
 (And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood)
 His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure fought:
 Whoever a true epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
 Vitellius's table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the ark of old;
 That fiscal table, to which every day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford
 Than nature's liberality,
 Help'd with a little art and industry,
 Allows the meanest gardener's board.
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
 For which the grape or melon she would lose;
 Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
 Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.
 But with no sense the garden does comply,
 None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
 When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
 His royal southern guest to entertain;
 Though she on silver floors did tread,
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
 To hide the metal's poverty;
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
 And nought around her could behold
 But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonish tapestry,
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
 Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her eye;
 Though she herself and her gay host were dress'd
 With all the shining glories of the East;
 When lavish art her costly work had done,
 The honour and the prize of bravery
 Was by the garden from the palace won;
 And every rose and lilly there did stand
 Better attir'd by nature's hand *.

* Matth. vi. 29.

The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense

Such various pleasures to the sense ;

Here health itself does live,

That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,

Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,

The body's virtue, and the soul's good-fortune, health.

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,

Did its immortal head to heaven rear ;

It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood ;

Now a small thorny shrub it does appear ;

Nor will it thrive too every where :

It always here is freshest seen ;

'Tis only here an ever green.

If, through the strong and beauteous fence

Of temperance and innocence,

And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,

Any diseases passage find,

They must not think here to assail

A land unarm'd, or without a guard ;

They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,

Before they can prevail :

Scarce any plant is growing here,

Which against death some weapon does not bear.

Let cities boast, that they provide

For life the ornaments of pride :

But 'tis the country and the field,

That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine

In a more bright and sweet reflection shine ?

Where do we finer strokes and colours see

Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look

Upon the third day's volume of the book ?

If we could open and intend our eye,

We all, like Moses, should espy

Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.

But we despise these his inferior ways

(Though no less full of miracle and praise) :

Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze ;

The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,

Though these perhaps do, more than they,

The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty nature be

More stor'd with beauty, power, and mystery ;

Yet, to encourage human industry,

God has so order'd, that no other part

Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,

As when it grafts or buds the tree :

In other things we count it to excel,

If it a docile scholar can appear

To Nature, and but imitate her well ;

It over-rules, and is her master, here.

It imitates her Maker's power divine,
 And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine:
 It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
 To its blest state of Paradise before:
 Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
 O'er all the vegetable world command?
 And the wild giants of the wood receive
 What law he's pleas'd to give?
 He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
 The gentler apple's winy juice;
 The golden fruit, that worthy is
 Of Galatea's purple kifs:
 He does the savage hawthorn teach
 To bear the medlar and the pear:
 He bids the ruffic plum to rear
 A noble trunk, and be a peach.
 Ev'n Daphne's coynefs he does mock,
 And weds the cherry to her flock,
 Though she refus'd Apollo's fuit;
 Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
 Now wonders at herself, to see
 That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

Methinks, I see great Dioclesian walk
 In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
 Which by his own imperial hands was made:
 I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
 With the ambassadors, who come in vain
 T'entice him to a throne again.
 If I, my friends (said he) should to you show
 All the delights which in these gardens grow,
 'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
 Than 'tis, that you should carry me away:
 And trust me not, my friends, if, every day,
 I walk not here with more delight,
 Than ever, after the most happy fight,
 In triumph to the capitol I rode,
 To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost a god.

VI.

OF GREATNESS.

“SINCE we cannot attain to greatness (says the *Sieur de Montagne*) let us have our revenge by railing at it:” this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason; for he enjoyed to plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the inconveniences. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
 Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
 If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
 With any wish, so mean as to be great;
 Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
 The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque pusilli
 Finxerunt animi *.

I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little company, and a very little feast; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with 'it) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither with that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but as Lucretius says,

Parvola, pumilio, Χαρίτων μίξ, tota merum sal †.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder † describes to this effect: Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without raillery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine, that was a very giantess, and made her walk too always in chiopins, till at last, he got the surname of Senecio Grandio, which Messala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice."—We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. "Xerxes (says he) is all mine own. He, who took away the fight of the sea, with the canvas veils of so many ships"—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burley way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees, *Grandios*. Is any thing more common, than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and inconvenient. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible diversions and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children.

* I Sat. iv. 17.

† Lucr. iv. 1155.

‡ Suasoriarum Liber. Suas. 11.

One of the most powerful and fortunate princes* of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it: and yet one of them, who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub†. One of his predecessors Nero, (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was, to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were, of their triumphs over nations: he did not at his death complain, that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end; but only cried out, "Alas, what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner‡!" His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madneses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable fordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt,
 With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
 Was it for this that his ambition strove
 To equal Cæsar, first; and after, Jove?
 Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;
 Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;
 She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,
 To treat his universal majesty,
 His new-created Deity,
 With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the taylor or valet de chambre: not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain or cas-

* Louis XIII.—The Duke de Luynes, the Constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this powerful and fortunate prince by training up singing birds for him. ANON.

† Beelzebub signifies the Lord of flies. COWLEY. ‡ — "Qualis artifex pereo!" Sueton. Nero.

cade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you, before, but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

“—sed quantum vertice ad auras
“Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.”

As far up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Mancipii locuples, eget aris Cappadocum rex†.

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine: “as riches increase” (says Solomon) “so do the mouths that devour them‡.” The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like *Ocnus* in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the *Pic of Teneriff*, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroic attempt of scaling heaven in despite of the gods: and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business: but the thunder spoilt all the work, when they were come up to the third story:

And what a noble plot was crost!
And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms,

* *Virg. Georg. lib. 2. 471.* † *Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 39.* ‡ *Ecc. v. 12.*

which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that consists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man: and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing); and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides: and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an Ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE I.

"Odi profanum vulgus, &c."

HENCE, ye profane; I hate you all;
 Both the great vulgar, and the small.
 To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness hold,
 Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold
 (That jaundice of the soul,
 Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),
 To you, ye very few, these truths I tell;
 The Muse inspires my song; hark, and observe it well.
 We look on men, and wonder at such odds
 'Twixt things that were the same by birth;
 We look on kings as giants of the earth,
 These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
 The humblest bush and proudest oak
 Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
 Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,
 Have their short flourishing hour:
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their pre-eminence awhile;
 Ev'n so in the same land,
 Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand;
 Alas! death mows down all with an impartial hand.
 And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
 Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:
 If ye your eyes could upwards move
 (But ye, I fear, think nothing is above)

Ye would perceive by what a little thread
 The sword still hangs over your head :
 No tide of wine would drown your cares ;
 No mirth or music over-noise your fears :
 The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
 As not t' admit the image of it, sleep.
 Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
 And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
 The meanest country cottages :
 " His poppy grows among the corn."

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
 In any stormy breast.
 'Tis not enough that he does find
 Clouds and darkness in their mind ;
 Darkness but half his work will do :
 'Tis not enough ; he must find quiet too.
 The man, who in all wishes he does make,
 Does only nature's counsel take,
 That wise and happy man will never fear
 The evil aspects of the year ;
 Nor tremble, though two comets should appear :
 He does not look in almanacks, to see
 Whether he fortunate shall be ;
 Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,
 And what they please against the world design,
 So Jupiter within him shine.
 If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
 God to your cares and fears will set no bound.
 What would content you ? who can tell ?
 Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,
 As if ye lik'd it well :
 Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
 Go, level hills, and fill up seas,
 Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please ;
 But, trust me, when you have done all this,
 Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

VII.

OF AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of avarice : the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain ; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of re-funding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury : the other is the true kind, and properly so called ; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of riches, nor for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal ; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excrete it. The second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind ; and a little good too, to some few : the second does good to none ; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions : the second can give no

reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied too by some people; the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories, and fables, and allegories, and allusions; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it: among all which, I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovid:

“*Defunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.*”

Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and render it thus:

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

Somebody says * of a virtuous and wise man “that having nothing, he has all:” this is just his antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He is a guardian eunuch to his beloved gold: “*audivi eos amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse.*” They are the fondest lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what man's condition can be worse
Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings curse;
The beggars but a common fate deplore,
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any law made against him: against him do I say? I mean, for him: as there are public provisions made for all other madmen: it is very reasonable that the king should appoint some persons (and I think the courtiers would not be against this proposition) to manage his estate during his life (for his heirs commonly need not that care): and out of it to make it their business to see, that he should not want alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle vagrants, and counterfeit beggars; but have no care at all of these really poor men, who are, methinks, to be respectfully treated, in regard of their quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choaked with the super-abundance of the matter; too much plenty impoverishes me, as it does them. I will conclude this odious subject with part of Horace's first satire, which take in his own familiar style:

I admire, Mæcenæ, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the soldier! one half-hour to thee
Gives speedy death, or glorious victory:
The lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant blest:
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
Envies the mouth, which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store
Of instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach, at least a mile,
Beyond long orator Fabius's style.

* The author, well acquainted with the taste of his readers, would not disgust their delicacy by letting them know that this “somebody” was St. Paul, [2 Cor. vi. 10.]—Though the sense and expression would have done honour to Plato. HURD.

But hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,
 Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,
 Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
 Behold, Jove's now resolved to please you all.
 'Thou soldier, be a merchant: merchant, thou
 A soldier be: and, lawyer to the plough.
 Change all your stations strait: why do they stay?
 The devil a man will change, now, when he may.
 Were I in general Jove's abused case,
 By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
 But he's too good; be all, then, as ye were;
 However, make the best of what ye are,
 And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
 Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
 No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
 And very miserable be awhile;
 But 'tis with a design only to gain
 What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.
 The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
 And industry to lazy mankind preach:
 The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
 Nor does he strait devour all he can get;
 But in his temperate mouth carries it home
 A stock for winter, which he knows must come.
 And, when the rolling world to creatures here
 Turns up the deform'd wrong-side of the year,
 And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and wet,
 He cheerfully does his past labours eat:
 O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant,
 Does not, at all times, rest and plenty want;
 But, weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
 Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
 Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
 From thy unnatural diligence can with-hold:
 To th' Indies thou would'st run, rather than see
 Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
 Fond man! what good or beauty can be found
 In heaps of treasure, buried under ground?
 Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
 Thou would'st thyself, too, buried with them be.
 And what's the difference? is 't not quite as bad
 Never to use, as never to have had?
 In thy vast barns millions of quarters store;
 Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
 Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread.
 What then? He's with no more, than others, fed.
 Do you within the bounds of nature live,
 And to augment your own you need not strive;
 One hundred acres will no less for you
 Your life's whole business, than ten thousand, do.
 But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store.
 What, man! though you're resolv'd to take no more
 Than I do from a small one? If your will
 Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
 To some great river for it must you go,
 When a clear spring just at your feet does flow.

Give me the spring, which does to human use
 Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce ;
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,
 Must run the danger of the crocodile,
 And of the rapid stream itself, which may,
 At unawares, bear him perhaps away.
 In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
 Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within :
 He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
 From his toucht mouth the wanton torrent slips :
 You laugh now, and expand your careful brow ;
 'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you ?
 Change but the name, this fable is thy story,
 Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
 Which thou canst only touch, but never taste ;
 Th' abundance still, and still the want does last.
 The treasures of the gods thou would'st not spare :
 But when they're made thine own, they sacred are,
 And must be kept with reverence ; as if thou
 No other use of precious gold didst know,
 But that of curious pictures, to delight,
 With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
 The only true and genuine use is this,
 To buy the things which nature cannot miss
 Without discomfort ; oil and vital bread,
 And wine, by which the life of life is fed,
 And all those few things else by which we live :
 All that remains, is giv'n for thee to give.
 If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
 The bitter fruits be, which fair riches bear ;
 If a new poverty grow out of store ;
 The old plain way, ye gods ! let me be poor.

 PARAPHRASE ON HORACE, B. III. OD. XVI.

A TOWER of brass, one would have said,
 And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
 And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
 Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead.
 The jealous father thought he well might spare
 All further jealous care ;
 And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,
 To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd ;
 And, when he slept, his rest was deep :
 But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
 She taught the amorous Jove
 A magical receipt in love,
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
 Than all his thunder did, and his almighty-ship before.
 She taught him love's elixir, by which art
 His godhead into gold he did convert :

No guards did then his passage stay.
 He pass'd with ease ; gold was the word ;
 Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
 Gold through doors and walls did pierce.
 The prudent Macedonian king,
 To blow up towns, a golden mine did spring.
 He broke through gates with his petar ;
 'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war ;
 And fleets and armies follow it afar :
 The ensign 'tis at land, and 'tis the seaman's star.
 Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,
 Creature to this disguised deity,
 Yet it shall never conquer me.
 A guard of virtues will not let it pass,
 And wisdom is a tower of stronger brass.
 The Muses' laurel, round my temples spread,
 Does from this lightning's force secure my head :
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
 Wealth for its power do we honour and adore ?
 The things we hate, ill-fate, and death, have more.
 From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
 The vast Xerxean army, I retreat,
 And to the small Laconic forces fly,
 Which hold the straits of poverty.
 Cellars and granaries in vain we fill,
 With all the bounteous summer's store,
 If the mind thirst and hunger still :
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
 Slaves to the things we too much prize,
 We masters grow of all that we despise.
 A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
 Is all the wealth by nature understood.
 The monarch, on whom fertile Nile bestows
 All which that grateful earth can bear,
 Deceives himself, if he suppose
 That more than this falls to his share.
 Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
 Is not a rent paid to the lord ;
 But is a tax illegal and unjust,
 Exacted from it by the tyrant lust.
 Much will always wanting be,
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
 To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

VIII.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY.

IF twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap à pé*, with the de-

sensitive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: it is true, they have done so; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures; they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren: they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war: they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised first that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind: though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praise philosophy from this topic, are much deceived; let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm; it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire; they said, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth*." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures; and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities: their actual increase daily with their age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion; which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all points armed and provided, both

* Gen. xi. 4.

against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms; though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them: and that it is impossible to escape both the inconveniencies, without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there?

Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.*

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand nor speak the language of the place; a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian, when he met him newly arrived at Rome:

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;
What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray:
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.
But you're a man of learning, prudent, just;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why you may stay and live unenvied here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all these were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is soathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impiety, vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius†, by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm: and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madneses; which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them, more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, “*ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum;*” that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? into the deserts, like the ancient Hermits?

—*Quæ terra patet, fera regnat Erinny,*
In facinus jurasse putes—‡

* Juv. Sat. iii. 41.

† Lucr. lib. ii.

‡ Ovid. Metam. i. 241.

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the scripture speaks) "fold themselves to sin:" the difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I first went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Phil. Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsea: but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it; he must take heed, though, not to go a whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they, that have wives, be as though they had none.—But I would that all men were even as I myself."

In all cases, they must be sure, that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it: happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town in their country.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM EGRESSUS EST.

"*FELIX, qui patriis, &c.*"

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.

He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

IX.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCERTAINTY
OF RICHES.

IF you should see a man, who were to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man, who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniences and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all *Chuseps* (as Pindar calls us), creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space: as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger; but, as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; "tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa," so far he shoots beyond his butt: one would think, he were of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience; for we begin not the cares of life, till it be half spent, and still increase them, as that decreases.

What is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do any thing, which seems to proceed from that which we call reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct: and are not we fools, too, by the same kind of instinct? If we could but learn to "number our days" (as we are taught to pray that we might), we should adjust much better our other accounts; but, whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end, too. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words,

—Spatio brevi
 Spem longam refecit—*

from a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers, that choak the mother-plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the same sense,

Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam †;

* Carm. xi. 6. † Ibid. iv. 15.

which Seneca does not mend, when he says, "Oh! quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium!" but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about of money through all the ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a sudden, after having supped merrily, "In ipso actu bene cedentium rerum, in ipso procurentis fortunæ impetu," in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and a stiff gale, and all her sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil*, "Inter nunc, Melibæe, piros; pone ordine vites!"

Go, Melibæus, now,
Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!

For this Senecio I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, *in ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St. Luke (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me; for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years, he bids his soul take its ease; and yet for all that, God says to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; and the things thou hast laid up, who shall they belong to?" Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment? We may find, I think, two; and God, perhaps, saw more. First, that he did not intend true rest to his soul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury; his design is, to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of relling; the fullness of his old barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones: and God meted out to him in the same measure; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the man from his riches, and no less frequently riches from the man: what hope can there be of such a marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain? by what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?

Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,
Oh man, ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For death, alas! is sowing thee.

Suppose, thou fortune couldst to tameness bring
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose, thou could'st on fate so far prevail;
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish gardener mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant engraft
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou would'st seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In business, that concerns not thee!

* Buc. i. 74.

† Luke xii. 20.

For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock, which summer's wealth affords:
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears!
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

X.

THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A LETTER TO MR. S. L.

I AM glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which *but* is "*arugo mera*," a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) "*cum dignitate otium*." This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune then, is but a desperate after-game: it is a hundred to one, if a man sling two sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person) to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; "but I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires."

The sum of this is, that, for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially, when the use of those things, which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied; but the loss of time, never recovered: nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet, when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," the play is not worth the expence of the candle: after having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants;

—utere velis,
Totos pande sinus—*

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think, your counsel of "*Festina lente*" is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate, well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer Horace's advice before yours,

—sapere aude,
Incipe—

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro† teaches us that Latin proverb, "*portum itineri longissimum esse*:" but to return to Horace,

"—Sapere aude:
" Incipe: vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
" Rusticus expectat, dum labitur annis: at ille
" Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum ‡."

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
'Till the whole stream, which stopp'd him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that whenever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over: and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay, till the waters are low; stay, till some boats come by to transport you; stay till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good stay, till the river be quite past. Perius (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not

* Juv. i. 150.

† Lib. i. Agric.

‡ 1 Ep. ii. 40.

a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks is full of fancy:

“ Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
“ Egerit hos annos.”

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
'Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your “ *Orium cum dignitate*,” and “ *Festina lente*,” and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you: but I leave those, as *Tullius*, for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend; and so, *adieu*.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EPIGR. lxx.

“ *Cras te vitare, cras dicis, Postquam, semper;*” &c.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry,
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late; the wife liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EPIGR. xc.

“ *Quintilliano, magis moderator summe juventa;*” &c.

WONDER not, Sir (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded stores despise
And whom his own too never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire.
I well content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields,
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields;
And then at home, what pleasure is 't to see
A little, cleanly, cheerful, family!
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.

Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
 No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
 Thus let my life slide silently away,
 With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

XI.

OF MYSELF.

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any material for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it, were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to their selves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to flee from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar: in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is lost; but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone;
 Th' unknown are better than ill-known:

Rumour can open the grave.
 Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
 Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage; more
 Than palace; and should fitting be
 For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
 With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
 Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
 For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
 These unbought sports, this happy state,
 I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
 But boldly say each night,
 To-morrow let my fun his beams display,
 Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace *); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamp'd first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which with the tree shall grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe, I can tell the particular little chance that fill'd my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princeesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and the beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where; though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abtain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well then †; I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propos'd to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that case I might easily have compass'd, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arriv'd to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself; and I think Apollo inspir'd me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it:

* 3 Od. xxix. 41.

† We have these verses, under the name of *The Wif*, in the *MIRRA* ss.

"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
 "Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
 "Content thyself with the small barren praise,
 "Which neglected verse does raise."

She spake; and all my years to come
 Took their unlucky doom.
 Their several ways of life let others chuse,
 Their several pleasures let them use;
 But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
 Such I began, such am, and so must end.
 The star, that did my being frame,
 Was but a lambent flame,
 And some small light it did dispense,
 But neither heat nor influence.
 No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
 That thou canst her despise, no less than she does thee.
 Let all her gifts the portion be
 Of folly, lust, and flattery,
 Fraud, extortion, calumny,
 Murder, infidelity,
 Rebellion and hypocrisy.
 Do thou not grieve nor blush to be,
 As all th' inspired tuneful men,
 And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *à corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, "Take thy ease:" I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum:" nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

—"Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
 "Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
 "Hortique Sylvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam."

Nor by me e'er shall you,
 You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
 You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
 You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation.—Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIGR. XLVII.

"*Uitam quæ faciunt beatiorum,*" &c.

SINCE my best friend, 'tis your desire to see
 A little happiness from me;

These are the chief ingredients, if not all :
 Take an estate neither too great or small,
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call :
 Let this estate from parents' care descend ;
 The getting it too much of life does spend :
 Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industry.
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame ;
 And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
 Thence to the town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, business, draw.
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain.
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
 And of each does the just mixture make.
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
 Instead of art and luxury in food,
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
 If any cares into thy day-time creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
 Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
 Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
 Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part :
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear, nor wish, th' approaches of the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIGR. xcvi.

"*Sapē loquar nūcūm gentes,*" &c.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a retreat :
 And a retreat so distant, as may show
 No thoughts of a return, when once I go.
 Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
 Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
 Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
 And all the solid use of riches knows.
 The ground about the house maintains it, there ;
 The house maintains the ground about it, here ;
 Here even hunger's dear ; and a full board
 Devours the vital substance of the lord.
 The land itself does there the feast bestow,
 The land itself must here to market go.
 Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
 One suit does there three or four winters last.
 Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
 And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.
 There fire's an element, as cheap and free,
 Almost, as any of the other three.

Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you score,
The place's bounty there shall give me more.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS*.

- “ Hic, o viator sub lare parvulo
“ Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet;
“ Defunctis humani laboris
“ Sorte, supervacua que vita.
“ Non indecora pauperie nitens,
“ Et non inerti nobilis otio,
“ Vanoque dilectis popello
“ Divitiis animosus hostis.
“ Possis ut illum dicere mortuum;
“ En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
“ Exempta sit curis, viator,
“ Terra sit illa levis, precare.
“ Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
“ Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus
“ Herbisque odoratis corona
“ Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.”

A

PROPOSITION

FOR THE

ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY†.

THE COLLEGE.

THAT the philosophical college be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three miles of London; and if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the river, or very near it.

* See a translation of this Epitaph among the poems of Mr. Addison.

† Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation — In comparing this *Proposition* of Cowley, with that of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that these great poets had amused themselves with some exalted, and, in the main, congenial fancies, on the subject of education: that, of the *two* plans proposed, this of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the *less* fanciful; if a preference in this respect can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian: and that our universities, in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all the reasonable ends of such institutions; provided we allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when drawn out into practice. HURD.

That the revenue of this college amount to four thousand pounds a year.

That the company received into it be as follows:

1. Twenty philosophers or professors. 2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors. 3. A chaplain. 4. A bailiff for the revenue. 5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house. 6. Two gardeners. 7. A master-cook. 8. An under-cook. 9. A butler. 10. An under-butler. 11. A surgeon. 12. Two lungs, or chemical servants. 13. A library-keeper who is likewise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, &c. 14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, &c. kept by the college. 15. A groom of the stable. 16. A messenger, to send up and down for all uses of the college. 17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, to keep the house clean, and such-like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows: 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen scholars, twenty pounds apiece; ten pounds for their diet, and ten pounds for their entertainment. 3. To the bailiff, thirty pounds, besides allowance for his journies. 4. To the purveyor, or manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners, twenty pounds. 6. To the master-cook, twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook, four pounds. 8. To the butler, ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler, four pounds. 10. To the surgeon, thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper, thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs, twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the beasts, six pounds. 14. To the groom, five pounds. 15. To the messenger, twelve pounds. 16. To the four necessary women, ten pounds. For the manciples' table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, one hundred and sixty pounds. For three horses for the service of the college, thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments, and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the college will in a short time so enrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun: neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of nature, and by it the general good of the world; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the company, it is proposed:

That some person of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen chancellor or president of the college; and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed visitors of the college, and receive an exact account of all expences, even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their public treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of professors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors; but that the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice, by recommending two or three persons to them at every election: and that, if any learned person within his majesty's dominions discover, or eminently improve, any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the governors have power to turn out any professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the college be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, inclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a fair cloister; and the professors' lodgings, or rather little houses, four on each side, at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond sea. That the inside of the cloister be lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees; and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts: 1. A chapel. 2. A hall, with two long tables on each side, for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall, for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A public school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or statues of all the inventors of any thing useful to human life; as printing, guns, America, &c. and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and such-like discoveries in any art, with short elogies under the portraitures: as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures, and the stuffed skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy-chamber, adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for dissection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs, and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber, furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, surgeon, library-keeper, and purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy-chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use, and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry, stables, &c. and especially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing all sorts of plants that our soil will bear; and at the end of a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second inclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art, either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built, in some place of the college where it may serve most for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials, and such-like curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's house in my Lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propose it within such bounds of expence as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS.

THAT of the twenty professors four be always travelling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions; and every one so absent, leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four professors itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to reside three years at least; and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy, of those parts.

That the expence of all dispatches, and all books, simples, animals, stones, metals, minerals, &c. and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the college, shall be defrayed out of the treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l.*) made to them as soon as the college's revenue shall be improved.

That, at their going abroad, they shall take a solemn oath, never to write any thing to the college but what, after very diligent examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an error.

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements, &c.; agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the faculty of all mere audizes; all natural magic or divination; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural histories annexed to my Lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a day, from Easter till Michaelmas, and twice a week, from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London, according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy, as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the professors, by daily, weekly, or monthly turns, shall teach the public schools, according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedence, choice of lodging, and such-like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the college); and that all shall be masters and treasurers by annual turns; which two officers, for the time being, shall take place of all the rest, and shall be "*arbitri duarum mensurarum.*"

That the master shall command all the officers of the college, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice; and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all monies by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary), after consent of the other professors.

That all the professors shall sup together in the parlour within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit, Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables, for the convenience of discourse; which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk, shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensurarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant-scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table: that it shall belong likewise to the said *arbitri mensurarum* only, to invite strangers; which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and fruitless than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That the professors resident shall allow the college twenty pounds a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an assembly, or conference, concerning the affairs of the college, and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That, if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the assembly, to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That, if any one be author of an invention that may bring in profit, the third part shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides if the invention be very considerable, his statue or picture, with an elogy under it, shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denison of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies), of which they shall give an account to the assembly; so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chemistry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like; and that the college shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and key, and not be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received errors in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the public lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the college shall give an account in print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table; whom he shall be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his education and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the service; and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves.

That no professor shall be a married man, or a divine, or lawyer in practice; only physic he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the professors shall, in the college, wear the habit of ordinary masters of art in the universities, or of doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another; and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the master's table (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do); and that he shall read prayers once a day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechize in the afternoon the scholars and the school-boys; that he shall every month administer the holy sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in his just commandments, and in his wonderful works.

THE SCHOOL.

THAT the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven; because we suppose that the children sent hither, to be initiated in things as well as words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latin grammar and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that, if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficient in learning here, than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment.

they may, if they please, (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society, in recompense of their trouble.

And, because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly :

That a method be here established, for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them ; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This, we conceive, may be done, by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some parts of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught ; such are, in Latin, Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celsus and of Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum, and several scattered pieces, Virgil's Georgics, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius : And, because the truth is, we want good poets (I mean we have but few), who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love, or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the institutions of Quintilian ; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the language, are drawn, we conceive, the boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their recreation, and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus's ; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander, Oppianus (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil), Aristotle's history of animals, and other parts, Theophrastus and Dioscorides of plants, and a collection made out of several both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric, Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter. With the history of animals they should be shewed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants ; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin ; and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon festivals and play-times, they should exercise themselves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training, after the manner of soldiers, &c. And, to prevent all dangers and all disorders, there should always be two of the scholars with them, to be as witnesses and directors of their actions ; in foul weather, it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays, and all days of devotion, they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That, for all these ends, the college so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars ; that they have a constant eye over them, to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of the parents' expences.

And that the college, when it shall please God, either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall, at their own charges, erect and

maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons, whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school; and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like education.

CONCLUSION.

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that *εργον* of the Greeks which no other language has a proper word for) there was never any project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well-selected persons in such a condition of life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artizan? who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove, all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through all false monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long; and (as I may say) to set the mark of the college upon all true coins, that they may pass hereafter without any farther trial: secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients: thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have: and lastly, to discover others which we yet have not: and who shall, besides all this (as a benefit by the bye), give the best education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation? Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in a state or religion; but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this proposition shall encounter with no enemies: the only question is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and design to reality and effect; the necessary expences of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible, in order to so vast a work), that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relics of human charity and public generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS,

BY THE HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN DENHAM,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the queen (his majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs: But, sir, I will not launch into an history, instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before (bring those to Sir R. Fanthaw); and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnished with nine several cyphers in order to it: which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped both for myself, and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your majesty's expectation.

After, when your majesty, departing from St. Germain's to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these clouds being

now happily blown over, and our fun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth; yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your majesty's view, and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your majesty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices, till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not *Frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an humble petition, that your majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blunts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy reputation of being *Nimis Poeta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

“*Splendidis longum valedico nugis.*”

“*Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.*”

Your majesty's most faithful
and loyal subject, and most
dutiful and devoted servant,

JOHN DENHAM

P O E M S

BY

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets these.
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud.
 Paul's the late theme of such a * Muse, whose
 flight
 Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height.
 Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or
 fire,
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the
 crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:
 And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems:
 Where, with like haste, though several ways, they
 run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;
 While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin, and increase;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.

* Mr. Waller.

Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
 To be at once secure, and innocent.
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes.
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace,
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load,
 Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
 Mark'd-out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
 To invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
 The gods great mother, when her heavenly race
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Among that numerous, and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
 The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
 (Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame)
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
 But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount these several kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
 But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater Son,
 (The lilies which his father wore, he won)

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

And thy * Bellona, who the comfort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive * king,
And brought that son, which did the second †
bring.

Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design, has been the great success:
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives
were,

In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reserves what'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandfire
shed,

And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unpil'd, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel, and prophesy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own
much more:

But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell.

* Queen Philippa.

† The kings of France and Scotland.

And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the flork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotion are?

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and
fear,

Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance
hold,

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and his guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not
still;

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Indians no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like better current, 's lost
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To drink among the stars and bathe the gods.

* The Forest.

Here nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight,
To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight.
Though these delights from several causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first dispense
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness, moisture, coldness heat resist,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle cloaths; his curl'd brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British Lord
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous
flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resort
To graze the ranker mead, that northward
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and amuse his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey they sought
More with praise, and danger they would buy.
And with a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and loth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound.
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ears,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fears
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true,
Rous'd in all his strength, the wood he left;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head

With these to avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chafers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompence;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose sound
Betrays that safety which their swiftness found.
Then tries his friends; among the bolder herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chafes him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight renews his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain way unsafe to are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force
Nor speed, nor art avail, he snaps his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for
blood.
So towards a ship the ear-shin'd galleys ply,
Which waiting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but too dreadfully on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair:
So fares the stag, among the curbed hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his bairn has lost
In trees surround, now shifts assail, now thost
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
In common hands; but if he can delay
Some notice for approach, to him he calls,
And bids his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal thrust lets fly,
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, he lets his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,

Fair liberty pursued, * and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier stile of king and subject bear:
 Happy, when both to the same center move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
 Till kings, by giving give themselves away,
 And even that power, that should deny, betray,
 "Who gives constrain'd but his own fear reviles,
 "Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts,
 "but spoils."
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could
 hold,
 First made their subjects, by oppression, bold:
 And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new, or narrow course;
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells,
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his power his
 shores.

THE
 DESTRUCTION OF TROY.
 AN ESSAY ON THE
 SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.
 WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

*THE first Book speaks of Æneas' voyage by sea, and
 home, being cast by a tempest upon the coast of Carthage;
 he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the first
 loves him to make the relation of the destruction of
 Troy, which is the argument of this Book.*

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
 Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state;
 Madam, when you command us to our review
 Our sin you make our old wounds bleed anew,

* Remy Morel.

And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
 Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
 Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
 So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
 As not to lend a tear; then how can I
 Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly
 The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
 And the declining stars to rest invite;
 "But since 'tis your command, what you so well
 Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
 By fate repell'd and with repulses hurl'd,
 The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
 A fabric like a moving mountain form'd,
 Pretending vows for their return; this same
 Divulge, then within the beast's vast womb
 The choice and flower of all their troops entomb;
 In view the isle of Tenedos, once high,
 In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
 (Now but an unsecure and open bay)
 Thither by stealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
 We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
 And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
 All through th' unguarded gates with joy resort
 To see the flighted camp, the vacant port.
 Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
 The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there;
 But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
 Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
 And first Thymotes moves (urg'd by the power
 Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
 But Cypys and the graver sort thought fit
 The Greeks suspected present to commit
 To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
 The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
 Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
 Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
 Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
 Crying, what desperate frenzy's this, (oh friends)
 To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
 But a design, their gifts but a deceit;
 For our destruction 'twas contriv'd, no doubt,
 Or from within by fraud, or from without
 By force; yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
 Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
 (This said) against the horse's side his spear
 He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
 Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
 Groans not his own; and had not fate decreed
 Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
 The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had
 stood.
 Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king
 With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
 Who to betray us did himself betray,
 At once the taker, and at once the prey;
 Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
 Or of his death or his design assur'd.
 The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
 To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
 Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
 Conjecture all the rest.
 Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
 On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
 What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
 Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,

Incessant Troy a wretched captive seeks
 To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks.
 To pity this complaint our former rage
 Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
 What of their counsels or affairs he knew:
 Then fearless he replies, great king, to you
 All truth I shall relate: nor first can I
 Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
 And though my outward state misfortune hath
 Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
 You may by chance have heard the famous name
 Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
 Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
 Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
 Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
 And me to his commands did recommend,
 While laws and councils did his throne support,
 I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
 We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
 (Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:
 Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
 Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,
 I could not silence my complainings, but vow'd
 Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd.
 My wish'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
 From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:
 Old guilt fresh malice gives: the people's ears
 He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
 And then the prophet to his party drew.
 But why do I these thankless truths pursue;
 Or why defer your rage? on me, for all
 The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.
 Ulysses this, th' Atridae this desire
 At any rate. We strait are set on fire
 (Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to enquire
 The manner and the cause, which thus he told,
 With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.
 Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
 With tedious war, a stolen retreat desir'd,
 And would to heaven they'd gone: but still dif-
 may'd
 By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
 Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd,
 Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
 Dispatch Eurypylus t' enquire our fates,
 Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;
 A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
 When first towards Troy the Grecians took the
 seas;
 Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
 Must purchase. All at this confounded flood:
 Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
 Of what, the mischief but on one can fall.
 Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
 Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
 Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
 Inspir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)
 Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
 Would no man's fate pronounce; at last, constrain'd
 By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
 Me for the sacrifice; the people join'd
 In glad consent, and all their common fear
 Determine in my fate; the day drew near,
 The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
 With holy wreaths; then I confess I found

The means to my escape, my bond; I brake,
 Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
 Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
 Till they their sails had hoist (if so they did).
 And now, alas! no hope remains for me
 My home, my father, and my sons to see,
 Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
 And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
 Those gods, who know the truth, I now relate,
 That faith which yet remains inviolate
 By mortal men; by these I beg, redress
 My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.
 And now true pity in exchange he finds
 For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
 Then spake the king, Be curs, who'er thou art;
 Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
 Why did they raise, or to what use intend
 This pile? to a war-like, or religious end?
 Skill'd in fraud (his native art), his hands
 Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from
 bands.
 Ye pure æthereal flames, ye powers ador'd
 By mortal men, ye altars, and the sword
 I fear'd; ye sacred fillets that involv'd
 My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd
 From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
 Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim:
 Only, O Troy, preserve thy faith to me,
 If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
 From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
 Counsels and actions took original,
 Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
 By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
 Assaults the sacred tower, the guards they slay
 Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
 The fatal image; straight with our success
 Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
 Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw
 Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow
 A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear,
 Her statue from the ground itself did rear;
 Then, that we should our sacrilege restore,
 And re-convey their gods from Argos' shore,
 Calchas persuades, till then we urge in vain
 The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
 They all consent, but to return again,
 When reinforce'd with aids of gods and men.
 Thus Calchas; then, instead of that, this pile
 To Pallas was design'd; to reconcile
 Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt:
 To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
 Lest, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
 Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
 But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
 The cruel plagues (which heaven divert on them)
 Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
 Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
 A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract:
 Our sons then suffering what their lives would act.
 Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
 A feigned tear destroys us, again whom
 Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
 Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.
 This seconded by a most sad portent,
 Which ere it to the first imposture lent;

Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did slay.
When two prodigious serpents were deserv'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide;
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts,
Their winding tails advance, and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there
came

A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him, who arm'd to their rescue runs.
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing, and twice his waist:
Their poisonous knots he strives to break and tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge ax; the conquering serpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Justly on him, who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.

A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud
wall,
Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and
rhimes,
Some dance, some hale the rope; at last let down
It enters with a thundering noise the town.
Oh Troy, the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it struck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
Of fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretells th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies,
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds
involv'd,

The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinon (fav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and through the unlockt doors
To the free air the armed freight restores:
Ulysses, Stenelus, Tifander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and
wine
Opprest, surprize, and then their forces join.

'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care;
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and
blood,

Before my face lamenting Hector flood,
His aspect such when cou'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were
thrust

By his insulting foe; O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils: when he, among
A thousand ships, (like Jove) his belching flung!
His horrid beard and bloodied tress'd head
Still with his gore, and all his wounds ran flood:
Mourn'd I lay, then (weeping) said, the joy,
The hope and day of thy declining Troy;
What region held thee, whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to unconson'd and wild
With toils and deaths; but what sad cause con-
found'd.

Thy once fair looks, or why appear these wounds?
Regardless of my weal, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddess-born, our walls
The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories: if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it should.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls ex-
pect,

Which, tost on seas, thou shalt at last erect:
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house); approaching still more near
The clash of arms, and voice of men we hear:
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses tops, and listening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds conspiring force,
Or full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging course
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlock'd-
for noise

From neighbouring hills th' amaz'd shepherd hears;
Such my surprize, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalgon, then thine
Delphobus. Sigæan seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful
sound

The louder groans of dying men confound;
Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe.
Rage, anger, and despair at once suggest,
That of all deaths, to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest, }
Who 'scaping with his gods and reliques fled,
And towards the shore his little grandchild led;
Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what
place }
Made good? but sighing, he replies, Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power

Incenſed Jove transfers to Grecian hands;
The foe within the burning town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e'er from Argos came
Poſſeſs the gates, the paſſes, and the ſtreets,
And theſe the ſword overtakes, and thoſe it meets.
The guard ne'er fights nor flies; their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their courage and their fear.
Thus by the gods, and by Atreides' words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through
ſwords.

Where noiſes, tumults, outcries and alarms,
I heard; firſt Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us (for the moon did ſhine);
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Choroebus, Mygdon's ſon,
Who, by the love of fair Caſſandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's ſid;
Unhappy whom the threats could not diſſuade
Of his prophetic ſpoſe;
When when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave ſpirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extr'mities the ſtate of our affairs
You ſee: the gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our empire ſtood; nor can the flame be ſtaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our foes; this one
Relief the vanquiſh'd have, to hope for none.
Then reinforc'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves urg'd by their raging appetite
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n ſo among
Foes, fire, and ſwords, t' aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our guide, deſpair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which ſo long had flouriſh'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houſes, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the victors fall: on all ſides fears,
Groans and pale death in all her ſhapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac'd;
Thus greeting us, You loſe, by your delay,
Your ſhare, both of the honour and the prey;
Others the ſpoils of burning Troy convey
Back to thoſe ſhips, which you but now forſake.
We making no return: his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: as when an unſeen ſnake
A traveller's unwary foot hath preſs'd,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the ſnake's azure creſt
Swelm with his riſing anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpriz'd Androgeus flies.
But here an eaſy victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
While fortune our firſt enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, Choroebus ſaid,
O friends, we now by better fates are led,
And in the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
Fiſt change your arms, and their diſtinctions
bear;
The ſame, in foes, ſeek'd and virtue are.

Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His ſword, his ſhield he takes and plumed creſts.
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt, all glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their ſafer guard, their ſhips retire:
But vain's that hope, 'gainſt which the gods con-
ſpire;

Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Caſſandra, from Minerva's fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting towards heaven, in
vain.

Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did ſtrain;
Choroebus, at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes; we thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, among the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a ſhower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour.
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who
knew

Caſſandra's reſcue) us for Trojans ſlew.
Then from all parts Ulyſſes, Ajax then,
And then th' Atreide, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from ſeveral coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the ſouth and weſt,
And Eurus on his wing'd courſes born,
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Neveus with his trident throws
The billows from the bottom; then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and ſhape,
And diſſering dialect: then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt Choroebus fell
Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
Juſt Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor conſecrated mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire; the one retard'd was
By feeble age, the other by a wound;
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' aſſault ſo hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets
caſt

Over their heads, ſome ſcaling-ladders plac'd
Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The battlement; on them the Trojans caſt
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; ſuch arms as theſe
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate,
They tumble down; and now againſt the gate

Of th' inner court their growing force they bring :
 Now was our last effort to save the king,
 Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
 A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
 Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd
 (The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
 When to the aged king, her little son
 She would present); through this we pass, and run
 Up to the highest battlement, from whence
 The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
 A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
 Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
 All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
 This where the beams upon the columns meet,
 We loosen, which like thunder from the cloud
 Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.
 But others still succeed : meantime, nor stones
 Nor any kind of weapons cease
 Before the gate in gilded armour shone
 Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,
 Who fed on poisonous herbs all winter lay
 Under the ground, and now reviews the day
 Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
 Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
 And lifts his scaly breast against the sun;
 With him his father's squire, Automedon,
 And Periphas who drove his winged steeds,
 Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
 Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
 Up to the roof, Pyrrhus himself among
 The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
 Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
 The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
 Where Priam and the ancient monarchs fate.
 At the first gate an armed guard appears;
 But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
 Confus'dly fill'd the women's shrieks and cries
 The arched vaults re-echo to the skies;
 Sad matrons wandering through the spacious rooms
 Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes
 Full of his father, neither men nor walls
 His force sustain, the torn port-cullis falls,
 Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
 And where the way they cannot find, they force.
 Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows
 Above his banks, th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
 D'populates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
 Shepherds and flocks, the foaming furies sweep.
 And now between two sad extremes I stood,
 Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridae drunk with blood,
 There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred
 Dames,

And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
 Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
 Then they the secret cabinets invade,
 Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
 Of that great race; the golden posts, whose tops
 Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
 Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey.
 Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire:
 Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
 And his own palace by the Greeks possess'd,
 Arms long diffus'd his trembling limbs invest;
 Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
 Not for their fate, but to provoke his own:

Vol. II.

There stood an altar open to the view
 Of heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
 Whose shady arms the house hold gods embrac'd;
 Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
 With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
 As doves whom an approaching tempest drives
 And frights into one flock; but having spy'd
 Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cried,
 Alas, my wretched husband, what pretence
 To bear those arms, and in them what defence?
 Such aid such times require not, when again
 If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain;
 Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
 Or as in life we shall in death be join'd.
 Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
 And on the sacred sea the king she plac'd.
 Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
 Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
 And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
 Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
 And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
 The king (though him so many deaths inclose)
 Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows;
 The gods requite thee (if within the care
 Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
 Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
 Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen:
 Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'd to be
 Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
 He blusht, when I the rights of arms implor'd,
 To me my Hector, me to Troy restor'd:
 This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
 Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering
 rung.
 Then Pyrrhus; Go a messenger to hell
 Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
 The acts of his degenerate race. So through
 His son's warm blood the trembling king he
 drew
 To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths;
 His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
 Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
 With such a signal and peculiar fate,
 Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
 Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:
 He whom such titles swell'd, such power made
 proud,
 To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,
 On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
 A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

ON THE
 EARL OF STRAFFORD'S
 TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name
 though all
 Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
 Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
 Which too much merit did accumulate

Gg

As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
 Pretends are into treason forg'd by law.
 His wisdom such, at once it did appear
 Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
 While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
 Each had an army, as an equal foe.
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make
 The hearers more concern'd than he that spake;
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
 And none was more a looker-on than he;
 So did he move our passions, some were known
 To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
 Now private pity strove with public hate,
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate:
 Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
 He's not too guilty, but too wise to live;
 Less seem those facts which treason's nick-name

bore,

Than such a fear'd ability for more.
 They after death their fears of him express,
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.
 Their legislative frenzy they repent:
 Enacting it should make no precedent.
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,
 ON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM*.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
 So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
 One single rapture scarce itself confines
 Within the limits of four thousand lines:
 And yet I hope to see this noble heat
 Continue, till it makes the piece compleat,
 That to the latter age it may descend,
 And to the end of time its beams extend.
 When poetry joins profit with delight,
 Her images should be most exquisite,
 Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
 Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
 Therefore the patterns man should imitate
 Above the life our masters should create.
 Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome, 15
 Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;

* The Honourable Edward Howard, by his poem called "The British Princes," engaged the attention of by far the most eminent of his contemporaries; who played upon his vanity, as the Wits of half a century before had done on that of Thomas Coryat, by writing extravagant compliments on his works. See Butler's, Waller's, Sprat's, and Dorset's verses, in their respective volumes; and in the "Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780," vol. iii. p. 105, are other verses on the same subject by Martin Clifford, and the Lord Vaughan. N.

Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
 Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
 Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
 But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd.
 Who reads the honours which he paid the gods, 25
 Would think he had beheld their blest abodes;
 And, that his hero might accomplish'd be,
 From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
 From that great judge your judgment takes its law.
 And by the best original does draw 26
 Bonduca's honour, with those heroes Time
 Had in oblivion wrapt, his saucy crime;
 To them and to your nation you are just,
 In raising up their glories from the dust; 30
 And to Old England you that right have done,
 To shew, no story nobler than her own.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS. 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace; those busy eyes
 Will weep at their own sad discoveries;
 When every line they add improves thy loss,
 Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a cross;
 Such as derides thy passions' best relief, 5
 And scorns the succours of thy easy grief.
 Yet, lest thy ignorance betray thy name
 Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
 Of an exemption, from just sense, doth shew
 Irrational, beyond excess of woe. 10
 Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
 Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here,
 Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
 Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
 Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies 15
 That which compleats the age's tyrannies:
 Who weak to such another ill appear,
 For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
 What sin unexpiated, in this land
 Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand? 20
 The late great victim* that your altars knew,
 Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new
 Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
 Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
 By whose example good, condemned we 25
 Might have run on to kinder destiny.
 But, as the leader of the herd fell first
 A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
 Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
 But this white-fatted youngling could atone, 30
 By his untimely fate, that impious smoke,
 That sullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choak.
 Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
 In him, more than the widow'd world can boast
 In any lump of her remaining clay. 35
 Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was: the day,
 Youthful and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing parts;

* King Charles the First.

Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright. 40
Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night,
In the black bosom of whose sable spite,
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies, 45
Refin'd, all ray and glory to the skies.

Great saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st
near,

That by our trembling sense, in HASTINGS dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read; 50
The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
Their love and majesty epitomize.

Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
The fasted grave may close her hollow jaws;
Though sin search nature, to provide her here 55
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the Universe.

ON

MY LORD CROFT'S AND MY JOURNEY

INTO POLAND,

FROM WHENCE WE BROUGHT £.10,000 FOR HIS
MAJESTY, BY THE DECIMATION OF HIS
SCOTTISH SUBJECTS THERE.

TOLE, tole,
Gentle bell, for the foul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our scroul.
Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their stubbornness was such,
That when we did arrive,
Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well penn'd.
Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist
Did and said what they list,
Till the dyet was dismiss;
But then our breech they kist.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The dyet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend) Mollisson
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the mischiefs in store,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye,
A letter they came by
From our king's majesty.

But fate
Brought the letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzige, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his stint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick
But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they sought,
But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full then thousand pound.

ON

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW'S RETURN

FROM VENICE,

AND

MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

OUR resident Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the statesman behind him:
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich;
And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that false accusation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drink no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all's not so well as it should be.

These three when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying:
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague they're at home;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,
BEING INVITED FROM CALAIS TO BOLOGNE,
TO EAT A FIG.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian flogen,
Little admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call old Loven.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting,
Will Aubrey, count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd a pox on?

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent,
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, hang him pirate.
Thou might'st have ta'en example,
From what thou read'st in story;
Being as worthy to sit
On an ambling tit
As thy predecessor Dory.

* Mr. W. Murrey.

But oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter!
But the rain made an ass
Of tilt and canvas;
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Aftcot,
Who was soak'd to the skin,
Through drugget so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart so base,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to sing,
With gullet in string,
—A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

But what was all this business?
For sure it was important:
For who rides i' th' wet
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John, thou hadst a malice,
The old driver of swine
That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA

WHAT gives us that fantastic fit
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names express'd.

Why is it then thought sin or shame,
Those necessary parts to name,
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love enflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

Death she abhors; yet when men die,
We're present: but no stranger-by
Looks on when we that loss supply.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year,
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS.

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus spake

Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others, as great in place, as great in mind
Above the rest why is our pomp, our power,
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more?
Why all the tributes land and sea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous
boards?

Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears
Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Lycians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our gallant leaders! These are they
Deserve the greatness; and unenvy'd stand:
Since what they act, transcends what they com-
mand.

Could the declining of this fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death fought not them who seek not death,
Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
But since with fortune nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

PR'YTHEE die and set me free,
Or else be

Kind and brisk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies,
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to see, and to see,
As well as handle.

Why so many belts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers with a pox?
I could wish, could nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

But if a mistress I must have,
Wife and grave,
Let her so herself behave
All the day long Susan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or such a devil.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE,

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

LOVE! in what poison is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
Through those deceitful Sally-ports,
Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains,
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he bears.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

• His father and son.

This was the cause the poets sung
Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her son, art thou :
From our desires our actions grow ;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time ;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandfire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe ;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above ;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield ;
Nor Mars (her champion)'s flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is ;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quench'd in cold neglects.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossest,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wife successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes ; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy ?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

ON

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH, AND BURIAL

AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far ;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd :
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews ;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires ;
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines :
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays :
But curst be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have ;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of flower Nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share :
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators :
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate !
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear ;
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece ;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ætherial clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd ;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe :

As rigid husbands jealous are,
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English streams so pure did flow,
 As all that saw and tasted know.
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
 'That were immortal Virgil here,
 Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
 Of that great portraiture, so true
 A copy, pencil never drew.
 My Muse her song had ended here,
 But both their Genii straight appear,
 Joy and amazement her did strike,
 Two twins she never saw so like.
 'Twas taught by wife Pythagoras,
 One soul might through more bodies pass.
 Seeing such transmigration there,
 She thought it not a fable here.
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
 And shew the world this parallel:
 Fixt and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over Nature's books:
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine;
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.
 When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
 They praise, on their exalted wings
 'To the celestial orbs they climb,
 And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
 Each drew fair characters, yet none
 Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
 Both by two generous princes lov'd,
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busy throng retire.
 Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their kind:
 Yet though both fell before their hour,
 'Time on their offspring hath no power,
 Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE,
 AT THE
 CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of "I went from England."

BUT will you now to peace incline,
 And languish in the main design,
 And leave us in the lurch?
 I would not monarchy destroy,
 But as the only way t' enjoy
 The ruin of the church.

Is not the bishops' bill deny'd,
 And we still threaten'd to be try'd?

You see the king embraces
 Those counsels he approv'd before:
 Nor doth he promise, which is more,
 That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
 (For 'tis no secret now) the plot
 Was Saye's and mine together:
 Did I for this return again,
 And spend a winter there in vain,
 Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cause
 Their brotherly assistance draws,
 My labour was not lost.
 At my return I brought you thence
 Necessity, their strong pretence,
 And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
 To help their knight against their king,
 And raise the first sedition?
 Though I the business did decline,
 Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
 And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the city
 In that Invisible Committee,
 The wheel that governs all.
 From thence the change in church and state,
 And all the mischief bears the date
 From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
 Upon the king to cast the war,
 To make the world abhor him,
 Because the rebels us'd his name?
 Though we ourselves can do the same,
 While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
 With what was given to quench it there,
 And wisely lost that nation:
 To do as crafty beggars use,
 To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
 The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between
 Windsor and Westminster, unseen,
 And did myself divide:
 To keep his excellence in awe,
 And give the parliament the law?
 For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
 Our zealous ignorants to preach,
 And did their lungs inspire;
 Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,
 And taught them all their little arts,
 To sing abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
 And say the cavaliers are beaten,
 To stroke the people's ears;
 Then straight when victory grows cheap,
 And will no more advance the heap,
 To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
 And now our act the preacher tells,

To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go afunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed
The saints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay and fight, and vote,
'Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh 'tis a patient beast!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the spoil at least.

TO THE
FIVE MEMBERS OF THE HONOURABLE
HOUSE OF COMMONS,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

AFTER so many concurring petitions
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation:
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.

Next in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the rest of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical license, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the
poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it:
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the
sense:
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'T has done you good service, and thank Hell
for it:
Although the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd
course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even so far as undoing will do it.
You have made King Charles himself a poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his prose.

A WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?
When a hundred and ten slew five thousand
men,
With the help of lightning and thunder?
There Hopton was slain, again and again,
Or else my author did lye;
With a new Thanksgiving, for the dead who are
living,
To God, and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at last are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their
graves,
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was
lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running
gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him:
But they follow after; unless he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
Goes deep in the sequestrations;
These wounds will not heal, with your new great
deal,
Nor Jepton's declarations.

Now, Peters and Cafe, in your prayer and grace,
Remember the new Thanksgiving:
Hue and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning
and Thunder,
Which made the eye so much the louder:
Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

O what a damp it struck through the camp!
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the News-mon-
ger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,
Where in the first place, stood the Conqueror's
face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him,
Great William the Con, so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving
By a trick so false, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Cafe, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping.
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from
his eyes,
Which kept the Lord-mayor from sleeping.

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Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops.
For the laws not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Let Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipful Sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER,

OR,

A PROPER NEW BALLAD

OF CERTAIN CARNAL PASSAGES BETWIXT A
QUAKER AND A COLT, AT HORSLEY, NEAR
COLCHESTER, IN ESSEX.

To the tune of "Tom of Ednam."

ALL in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank,
Was play'd such a prank,
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Hob Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green's a Gallion:
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain,
Amongst the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas gambol!

Had thy flesh, O Green, been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadst thou sweetned thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane nance'd pyc hadst swallow'd:

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh,
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation,
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
Filly fool, quoth he,
My bride thou shalt be:
And how this is lawful, learn all

HH

For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a Mare's as good as a Madam.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiss'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

Now when in such a saddle
A faint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some back-sliding?

No surely, quoth James Naylor,
'Twas but an insurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

For (as our * masters teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The saint stands uninfected.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;
Then say what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we enrol
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall pass herself for a Martyr.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchester, now
Who's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

A S O N G.

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells
In Cottages and smoky Cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful God,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethæan lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?

* The Jesuits.

Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

O shall we joy, when all whom beasts and
worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do, to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more
wounds

Hath suffer'd, than Aëleon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their belly fed.
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies does return
To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give drops to it:
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprang,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full
grown

Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends and Art begins,
But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF

PASTOR FIDO.

UCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write translate
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.

While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand

Free from the blemish of an artless hand.
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.

They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let it in thine own to make it rise and flow;
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray it his music to unhappy rhymes.

Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.

New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their
own.

That master's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A vary'd posture, or a flattering dress;
He could have made those like, who made the
rest,

But that he knew his own design was best.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN POOLEY

AND

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL. **T**O thee, dear Tom, myself addressing,
Most querimoniously confessing,
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity,
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
For some venereal rejoissance,
I got (as one may say) a nuisance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, cousin Pooley,
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look so bluey?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The faces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation,
Through th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, cousin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so economic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a—

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks towards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit you did * miscarry,
That danger might have made one wary;
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies favour,
Yet it may raise an evil favour
Upon all grave and staid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
To find a rhyme to Gonorrhœia.
And put it in my Litania.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION OF

A MODERN AUTHOR

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A Tablet flood of that absterfivè tree,
Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build
her nest,

Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell into
a quarry.

H h 2

Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
 Their equal armies draw into the field;
 Till one take th' other prisoner they contest:
 Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
 This game the Persian Magi did invent,
 The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
 From thence to busy Europeans sent,
 And styl'd by modern Lombards perfive Chiefe.
 Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
 Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
 Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this sport,
 To pass the tedious hours of ten-years siege.
 There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
 Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
 Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,
 Nor rudely slips o'er bishops heads like knights.

THE

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
 Cyllemus from Æneas straight doth fly;
 He loth to disobey the God's command,
 Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
 Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
 But more afraid to take a solemn leave;
 He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
 But fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves
 (Instructed by the God of Thieves *) to steal
 Himself away, and his escape conceal.
 He calls his captains, bids them ring the fleet,
 That at the port they privately should meet;
 And some dissembled colour to project;
 That Dido should not their design suspect;
 But all in vain he did his plot disguise;
 No art a watchful lover can surprise.
 She the first motion finds; Love though most fire,
 Is not always to itself seems unsecure.
 That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd,
 Foretels the end: the queen with rage inflam'd,
 Thus greets him: Thou dissembler, would'st
 thou fly
 Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously!
 Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
 Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move?
 And in the depth of winter in the night,
 Work as thy black designs to take thy flight,
 To plow the raging seas to coasts unknown,
 The kingdom thou pretend'st to, not thy own!
 Were Troy restor'd, thou should'st mistrust a wind
 False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
 Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of
 brine
 I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
 By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
 If all my kindness ought have merited;
 If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
 From ruin me and my lost house redeem.

* Mercury.

Cannot my prayers a free acceptance find?
 Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?
 My fame of chastity, by which the skies
 I reacht before, by thee extinguish'd dies.
 Into my borders now sarbas falls,
 And my revengeful brother scales my walls;
 The wild Numidians will advantage take,
 For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
 Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
 A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
 Might in my fight have sported, I had then
 Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;
 By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
 Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the least.
 With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast
 By Jove's command, his struggling care sup-
 presseth.

Great queen, your favours and desert so great,
 Though numberless, I never shall forget;
 No time, until myself I have forgot,
 Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot:
 But my unwilling flight the Gods enforce,
 And that must justify our sad divorce.
 Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,
 To my desires I might my fortune fit;
 Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise
 And where I first began, would end my days
 But since the Lycian Lots, and Delphic God
 Have destin'd Italy for our abode;
 Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy
 Why should not Latium us receive from Troy?
 As for my son, my father's angry ghost
 Tells me his hopes by my delays are cross'd,
 And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
 With the same message, whom I saw and heard;
 We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
 But much the more when all complaints are vain.
 I call to witness all the Gods, and thy
 Beloved head, the coast of Italy
 Against my will I seek

Whilst thus he speaks, she rolls her sparkling
 eyes,
 Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
 Thy mother was no Goddess, nor thy stock
 From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
 Perfidious wretch, rough Caucasus thee bred,
 And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
 Dissimulation I shall now forget,
 And my reserves of rage in order set.
 Could all my prayers and soft entreaties force
 Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse?
 Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
 Or Juno such impieties approve?
 The just Astræa sure is fled to hell;
 Nor more in earth, nor heaven itself will dwell.
 Oh Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
 Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd;
 His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
 I rescued: Now the Lycian Lots conspire
 With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air
 Brings dismal tidings; as if such low care
 Could reach their thoughts, or their repose disturb
 Thou art a false impostor, and a fourbe;
 Go, go, pursue thy kingdom through the main,
 I hope, if Heaven her justice still retain,

Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,
Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke:
I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed,
And when the Gods on thee their vengeance show,
That welcome news shall comfort me below.

This saying, from his hated sight she fled,
Conducted by her damsels to her bed;
Yet restless she arose, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the seamen shout:
When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what dost thou inforce
Poor mortal breasts! Again she hath recourse
To tears and prayers, again she feels the smart
Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.

That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her sister she herself apply'd:
Dear sister, my resentment had not been
So moving, if this fate I had foreseen:
Therefore to me this last kind office do,
Thou hast some interest in our scornful foe,
He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,
Thou his soft hours, and free access canst find:
Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast
My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghost
I never did disturb: ask him to lend
To this, the last request that I shall send,
A gentle ear; I wish that he may find
A happy passage, and a prosperous wind,
The contract I don't plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conquest be delay'd;
All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve;
Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
If thy address can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that service shall repay.

Thus she intreats; such messages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him hears:
But him no prayers, no arguments can move;
The Fates resist, his ears are float by Jove.
As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps

descend,
From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy oak, the rattling found
Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the
ground

is ever-hild; yet he stands fast, as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
So low towards hell his roots descend. With
prayers

And tears the Hero thus assail'd, great cares
He smothered in his breast, yet keeps his post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.
Then she deceives her sister with a smile:
Anne, in the inner court erect a pile;
Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey;
All curst monuments of him with fire
We must abolish (so the Gods require.)
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys.

Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread;

The Queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
The navy under sail, the haven clear'd;
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
O Jove, she cry'd, and shall he thus delude
Me and my realm! why is he not pursued?
Arm, arm, she cry'd, and let our Tyrians board
With ours his fleet and carry fire and sword;
Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
What if th' event of war uncertain were?
Nor death, nor danger, can the desperate fear.
But oh too late! this thing I should have done,
When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
His honour'd household Gods: his aged sire
His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did
bear;

Why did I not his carcase piece-meal tear,
And cast it in the sea? why not destroy
All his companions, and beloved boy
Æcanius? and his tender limbs have dress'd,
And made the father on the son to feast?
Thou Sun, whose lustre all things here below
Surveys; and Juno, conscious of my woe;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen Hecate,
Receive and grant my prayer? If he the sea
Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand;
When landed, may he be with arms oppress'd
By his rebelling people, be distress'd
By exile from his country, be divorc'd
From young Æcanius' sight, and be enforc'd
To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends
By violent and undeserv'd ends!
When to conditions of unequal peace
He shall submit, then may he not possess
Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
In th' sands, when he before his day shall fall!
And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
Pursue this race, this service dedicate
To my deplored ashes, let there be
Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
May from my bones a new Achilles rise,
That shall avenge the Trojan Colonies
With fire and sword, and famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes strength;
Our seas, our shores, our armies theirs oppose,
And may our children be for ever foes!
A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends;
Viewing the Trojan reliques, the unsheath'd
Æneas' sword, not for that life bequeath'd:
Then on the guilty bed she gently lays
Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays;
Dear reliques, whilst that Gods and Fates give
leave,

Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
That date which Fortune gave, I now must end,
And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
Sichæus' blood, by his false brother lost,
I have reveng'd, and a proud city built;
Happy, alas; too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
But shall I die without revenge? yet die
Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly

My conscious foe my funeral fire shall view
 From sea, and may that omen him pursue!
 Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
 With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
 Through all the court the fright and clamours rise,
 Which the whole city fills with fears and cries,
 As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
 The foe had entered, and had set on fire.
 Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs,
 And in her arms her dying sister rears:
 Did you for this, yourself and me beguile?
 For such an end did I erect this pile?
 Did you so much despise me, in this fate
 Myself with you not to associate?
 Yourself and me, alas! this fatal wound
 The senate, and the people, doth confound.
 I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death
 My lips from hers shall draw her parting breath.

Then with her vest the wound she wipes and
 dries;
 Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to
 rise,
 But her strength failing, falls into a swoon,
 Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound;
 Thrice on her bed she turns, with wandering sight
 Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.
 Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,
 Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
 (Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
 Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
 Iris descends; this fatal lock (says she)
 To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free;
 Then clips her hair: Cold numbness straight be-
 reaves
 Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives.

OF PRUDENCE.

GOING this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Jonson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living, by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso; which shews that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four Cardinal Virtues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

WISDOM's first progress is, to take a view
 What's decent or indecent, false or true.
 He's truly prudent, who can separate
 Honest from vile, and still adhere to that;
 Their difference to measure, and to reach,
 Reason well rectify'd must nature teach.
 And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
 For man's all-searching and enquiring wit;
 That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;
 Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.

Wisdom of what herself approves, makes choice,
 Nor is led captive by the common voice.
 Clear-sighted Reason Wisdom's judgment leads,
 And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
 That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,
 To thee all her specific forms I'll show;
 He that the way to honesty will learn,
 First what's to be avoided must discern.
 Thyself from flattering self-conceit defend,
 Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend

Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'st repent;
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth
weigh;

'Tis not secure, this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd;
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith, who could such ill events expect?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good, whate'er they act, believe;
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) fling;
Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love;
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)
Those who are generous, humble, just, and wise,
Who not their gold, nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn
(For many eyes can more than one discern);
But yet beware of counsels when too full,
Number makes long disputes and graveness dull;
Though their advice be good, their counsel wise,
Yet length still loses opportunities:
Debate destroys dispatch; as fruits we see
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree;
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.
A general sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight, and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which flow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counsel, praise deserve,
Though in the active part they cannot serve:
In action, learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or d'sense, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd
Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;
Yet vainly most their age in study spend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:
Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
Whose knowledge, nor delight nor profit brings;
Themselves with doubt both day and night perplex
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

What need we gaze upon the spangled sky?
Or into matter's hidden causes pry?
To describe every city, stream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is 't to hear a sophister, that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wise, these things we should not
mind,

But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digression's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.
Then seek to know those things which make us
blest,

And having found them, lock them in thy breast;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in these enquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they've past;
'Tis strange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And standing still themselves, make others go.
In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The soldier that philosopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the schools deciaim'd;
Tell (said the soldier) venerable sir,
Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day?
Whilst one says only yea, and t' other nay.
Oh, said the doctor, we for wisdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much: the soldier smil'd:
You're grey and old, and to some pious use
This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
For which the infernal spirits shall you thank.
Let what thou learnest be by practice shown,
'Tis said that wisdom's children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' enquirer stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand;
All things by order and true measures done,
Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we're sick, the doctor's fetcht in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be rich or great:
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death!
What's time, when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink;
Time's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much doest owe, thou much must
pay,

Think on the debt against th' accounting-day;
God, who to thee reason and knowledge gave,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.

Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind,
 He's mad, that seeks what no man e'er could find.
 Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
 Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin
 What thoughts man's reason better can become,
 Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
 Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
 And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
 Death cancels nature's bonds, but for our deeds
 (That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds;
 If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
 Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.
 Christ's blood's our balm; if that cure us here,
 Him, when our judge, we shall not find severe;
 His yoke is easy when by us embrac'd,
 But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.
 Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
 With those that are not, never change thy mind:
 If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
 But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill;
 To the same end men several paths may tread,
 As many doors into one temple lead;
 And the same hand into a suit may close,
 Which instantly a pain expanded shows:
 Justice and faith never forsake the wife,
 Yet may occasion put him in disguise;
 Not turning like the wind, but if the state
 Of things must change, he is not obstinate;
 Things past, and future, with the present weighs,
 Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
 Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd,
 An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
 For many truths have often past for lies,
 And lies as often put on truth's disguise:
 As flattery too oft like friendship shews,
 So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
 No quick reply to dubious questions make,
 Suspence and caution still prevent mistake.
 When any great design thou dost intend,
 Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
 All great concerns must delays endure;
 Rashness and haste make all things insecure;
 And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
 Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty:
 But to unjust things thou dost pretend,
 Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
 Let thy discourse be such, that thou may'st give
 Profit to others, or from them receive:
 Instruct the ignorant; to those that live
 Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;
 Nor is't the least of virtues, to relieve
 Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve,
 Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love:
 But less concern whom thou dost not approve;
 Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth
 wrong,
 And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue:
 But let inviolate truth be always dear
 To thee; e'en before friendship, truth prefer.
 Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less:
 Hold fast thy power thy promise to increase.
 Look forward what's to come, and back what's
 past,
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd:
 What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess,
 And thou wilt be secure of the success;

Yet be not always on affairs intent,
 But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent:
 When our minds eyes are disengag'd and free,
 They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;
 They quicken sloth, perplexities untie,
 Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify:
 And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
 Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
 Search not to find how one's men offend,
 But by that glass thy own offences mend;
 Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
 (So it be learning) or from whence it come.
 Of thy own actions others judgments learn;
 Often by small, great matters we discern:
 Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;
 We may our ends by our beginnings know.
 Let none direct thee what to do or say,
 Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway;
 Let not the pleasing many thee delight;
 First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge
 right.
 Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
 Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid;
 Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn
 round
 Standing, and whence no safe descent is found:
 In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
 To rise, whose raising insecure remains:
 They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
 Are wise, when they their measures can adjust.
 When well at ease, and happy, live content,
 And then consider why that life was lent:
 When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
 To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.
 Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
 Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
 The highest hill is the most slippery place,
 And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face.
 And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
 Men in high power, but seldom holds them fast;
 Again her then her forces Prudence joins,
 And to the golden mean herself confines.
 More in prosperity is reason lost
 Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:
 Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
 But with fine winds into safe harbours steer;
 More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
 Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
 Who cuts our threats and frowns, no man deceives,
 Time for resistance and defence he gives;
 But flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,
 And poison in high-tasted meats conveys;
 So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprize,
 But when she frowns, he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

THIS is the first sanction nature gave to man,
 Each other to assist in what they can;
 Just or unjust, this law for ever stands,
 All things are good by law which she commands;
 The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
 What's us himself, and all we have, did give

In vain doth man the name of just expect,
 If his devotions he to God neglect;
 So much we reverence God, as first to know
 Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow;
 God those accepts, who to mankind are friends,
 Whose justice far as their own power extends;
 In that they imitate the power divine,
 The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;
 And he that doth no good, although no ill,
 Does not the office of the just fulfil.
 Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear;
 We live not only for ourselves to care,
 Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
 Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
 That succour each to other might afford;
 Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
 But several parts to several men assign'd;
 He that of his own stores no part can give,
 May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
 If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
 'Gainst fraud, and force, to naked innocence:
 And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
 Method and order must direct the way:
 First to our God we must with reverence bow;
 The second honour to our prince we owe;
 Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
 And to our friends and kindred we direct:
 Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
 Of age, disease, or want commiserate:
 'Mongst those whom honest lives can recom-
 mend,
 Our justice more compassion should extend;
 To such, who thee in some distress did aid,
 Thy debt of thanks with interest should be paid:
 As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
 And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
 But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
 Mischief and wrong be to another done;
 Such moderation with thy bounty join,
 That thou may'st nothing give, that is not thine;
 That liberality's but cast away,
 Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
 And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
 Do nothing that's unjust, to be a king.
 Justice must be from violence exempt,
 But fraud's her only object of contempt.
 Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells;
 But justice both from human hearts expels;
 But he's the greatest monster (without doubt)
 Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
 Nor only ill injurious actions are,
 But evil words and slanders bear their share.
 Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears,
 Truth above all things a just man reveres:
 Though not by oaths we God to witness call,
 He sees and hears, and still remembers all;
 And yet our attestations we may wrest,
 Sometimes to make the truth more manifest;

If by a lye a man preserve his faith,
 He pardon, leave, and absolution hath;
 Or if I break my promise, which to thee
 Would bring no good, but prejudice to me:
 All things committed to thy trust conceal,
 Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
 Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
 That ground for quarrels or disputes affords:
 Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue;
 Thyself or others, careless talk may wrong.
 When thou art called into public power,
 And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
 Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms;
 Small praise from lenity and remissness comes:
 Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
 Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright:
 When by a pardon'd murderer blood is spilt,
 The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt;
 Who accuse rigour, make a gross mistake,
 One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make:
 When justice on offenders is not done,
 Law, government, and commerce, are o'er-
 thrown;
 As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire,
 To unlock the gates, and set the town on fire.
 Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,
 Justice with weight and measure must proceed:
 Yet when pronouncing sentence, seem not glad,
 Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad;
 Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to
 repent,
 Yet human bowels cannot but relent:
 Rather than all must suffer, some must die;
 Yet nature must condole their misery.
 And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
 Thou may'st not these condemn, and those ab-
 solve.
 Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
 Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind;
 When some escape for that which others die,
 Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
 A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
 Which little and light animals receives;
 And if she catch a common bee or fly,
 They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
 But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
 They tear her cords like Sampson, and escape;
 So like a fly the poor offender dies;
 But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.
 Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
 The punishment beyond the crime extend;
 Or after warning the offence forget;
 So God himself our failings doth remit.
 Expect not more from servants than is just,
 Reward them well, if they observe their trust;
 Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
 Since God and nature them our brothers made;
 If his offence be great, let that suffice;
 If light, forgive, for no man's always wise.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

P R E F A C E.

My early Mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circean liquor cease to infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with dis-enchanting wings to truth;
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,

He his own image on the clay impress'd;
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience (for the world was new),
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldaea fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was;
From thence did learning into Ægypt pass:
Moses in all th' Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Musæus, first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their dances;
To many gods, they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one;
Th' Eternal cause, in their immortal lines,
Was taught, and poets were the first divines:
God Moses sent, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire,
To th' one the style of friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wise;
The divine Plato moral virtue flows,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,

Till both their nation and their arts did cease
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome:
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part;
So Rome's victorious influence did diffuse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, to accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muse.
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy
flight,

And not to thy great ancestor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those, who say the sun hath never shin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight, who taught the world to see.
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive;
And from his brain, that Helicon distil,
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace;
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same;
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration, and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
"At last the ocean shall unlock † the bound
Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found,
Then ages far remote shall understand
The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
Sure God, by these discoveries, did design
That his clear light through all the world should
shine,
Put the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings;
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heaven the Prince of Peace himself came
down;
Then the true Sun of Knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion, man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to paradise restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent, as he tempted man;
Then hell sends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy, their guide,
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the apostles these events foretold,
Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold:

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

The fisher to convert the world began,
 The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
 But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
 And Peter's keys exchange'd for Peter's sword,
 Which still maintains for his adopted son
 Vast patrimonies, though himself had none;
 Wresting the text to the old giants' sense,
 That heaven, once more, must suffer violence.
 Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize,
 Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes;
 Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
 And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
 Then Mahomet's crescent, by our feuds encreast,
 Blasted the learn'd remainders of the east:
 That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
 Made nether ignorance devotion's dame:
 Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
 His faithful emissary, rose from hell
 To possess Peter's chair, that Ulkebrand,
 Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand,
 And before that exalted idol, all
 (Whom we call Gods on earth) did prostrate fall.
 Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
 From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
 Which, link'd with blind obedience, so encreast,
 That the whole world, some ages, they oppress;
 Till through those clouds the sun of knowledge
 brake,
 And Europe from her lethargy did wage;
 Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
 That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
 When Lucifer no longer could advance
 His works on the false ground of ignorance.
 New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
 Then his well-study'd master-piece he plays;
 Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inspires,
 And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
 Sends their forerunner (conscious of th' event)
 Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
 Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
 Into the press from ruin'd cloysters leapt;
 No longer by implicit faith we err,
 Whilst every man's his own interpreter;
 No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
 Lay elders, from their ends create their God;
 But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
 We scarce know seven who think themselves
 not so.
 When man learn'd undisl'd religion,
 We were commanded to be all as one;
 Flery disputes that union have calcin'd,
 Almost as many minds as men we find,
 And when that flame finds combustible earth,
 Thence *fatens* fires and meteors take their birth,
 Legion of fests and insects come in throngs;
 To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
 So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
 Whom a bright cloud for Jeno did embrace;
 And such the monsters of Chimera's kind,
 Lions before, and dragons were behind.
 Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
 Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs.
 As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
 The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
 All the rich mines of learning ransack'd are,
 To furnish ammunition for this war:

Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
 And double edges on our passions sets;
 'Tis the most cert. in sign the world's accurst,
 That the best things corrupted, are the worst;
 'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
 Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
 That sun like this (from which our light we have)
 Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
 And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
 Our guide is error, and our visions dreams;
 'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew
 Her pedigree from those who too much knew;
 Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
 Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils;
 When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
 'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line:
 True piety, without cessation to
 By theories, the practice part is lost,
 And like a bait bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
 Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
 The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.
 Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
 Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
 And these discoveries make us all confess
 That sublimary science is but guess,
 Matters of fact to man are only known,
 And what seems more is mere opinion;
 The standers-by see clearly this event,
 All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent;
 With their new light our bold inspectors press
 Like Cham, to shew their father's nakedness,
 By whose example, after-ages may
 Discover, we more naked are than they;
 All human wisdom, to divine, is folly;
 This truth, the wisest man made melancholy;
 Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
 But to be sure we are deceiv'd brings grief:
 Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
 Is pleas'd; and patient, till the truth he know.
 Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
 Form'd man, who should of both participate;
 If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
 Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
 When, like a bridegroom from the east, the sun
 Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run,
 Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
 The rivers to replenish which he drinks;
 So learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
 Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
 'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
 To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO TO CATO.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are
 crown'd
 With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd,

Than that those years, which others think extreme,

Nor to yourself, nor us uneasy seem;

Under which weight most, like th' old giants, groan,

When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason flows;

All parts of age seem burthenfome to those
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by nature find no grief,
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
Which though all equally desire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain;
Such our inconstancies and follies are,
We say it steals upon us unaware:

Our want of reasoning these false measures makes,
Youth runs to age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear,
To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth year?

Of what, in that long space of time hath past,
To foolish age will no remembrance last.

My age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve, I much desire)

'Tis my first rule, on nature, as my guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;

And nature (which all acts of life designs)
Not like ill poets, in the last declines:

But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot, or fall.

And this from nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the Gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
That from your grave instructions we might hear,

How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long, our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.

Two consuls (who in years my equals were)

When senators, lamenting I did hear,

That age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn:

They, what is not to be accus'd, accuse,

Not others, but themselves their age abuse;

Else this might me concern, and all my friends,

Whose cheerful age, with honour, youth attends,

Joy'd that from pleasure's slavery they are free,
And all respects due to their age they see.

In its true colours this complaint appears—

The ill effect of manners, not of years;

For on their life no grievous burthen lies,

Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;

But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind,

Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute,
Their age (as yours) can never bear such fruit

Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them sweet,
Not every one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius, bears,

But not so much as at first sight appears.

This answer by Themistocles was made,

(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,

You those great honours to your country owe,

Not to yourself)—Had I at Seriphio

Been born, such honour I had never seen,

Nor you, if an Athenian you had been:

So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,

To the most prudent cannot easy be;

But to a fool, the greater his estate,

The more uneasy is his age's weight.

Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise,

Virtue to know, and known to exercise;

All just returns to age then virtue makes,

Nor her in her extremity forsakes;

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,

Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

I (when a youth) with reverence did look

On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;

Yet in his age such cheerfulness was seen,

As if his years and mine had equal been;

His gravity was mixt with gentleness,

Nor had his age made his good-humour less;

Then was he well in years (the same that he

Was consul, that of my nativity)

(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate

On him at Capua I in arms did wait.

I five years after at Tarentum wan

The quaestorship, and then our love began;

And four years after, when I praetor was,

He pleaded, and the Cincian law did pass.

With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,

Yet with the temperate arts of patient age

He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting heats;

Of which exploits thus our friend Lælius treats

He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,

Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

"When I reflect on age, I find there are

"Four causes, which its misery declare.

"1. Because our body's strength it much impairs;

"2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs

"3. Next, that our sense of pleasure it deprives;

"4. Last, that approaching death attends our lives.

"Of all these several causes I'll discourse,

"And then of each, in order, weigh the force."

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed,

Which vigorous youth, and strength of body need;

But to more high affairs our age is lent.

Most properly when heats of youth are spent.

Did Fabius, and your father Scipio

(Whose daughter my son married), nothing do:

Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii;

Whose courage, counsel, and authority,

The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,

Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,

Who when the senate was to peace inclin'd
 With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
 Whither's our courage and our wisdom come?
 When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome.
 The rest with ancient gravity and skill
 He spake (for his oration's extant still)
 'Tis seventeen years since he had consul been
 The second time, and there were ten between?
 Therefore their argument's of little force,
 Who age from great employments would divorce,
 As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold
 The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the
 hold;
 Whilst he that guides the helm, employs his skill,
 And gives the law to them, by sitting still.
 Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
 Than from wise counsels and commands, proceed,
 Those arts age wants not, which to age belong,
 Not heat, but cold experience, makes us strong.
 A consul, tribune, general, I have been,
 All sorts of war I have past through, and seen;
 And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
 Yet to the senate I prescribe what's fit.
 I every day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
 (For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
 Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
 Which triumph may the Gods design for thee;
 That Scipio may revenge his grandfire's ghost,
 Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
 Is on record, nor had he weary'd been
 With age, if he an hundred years had seen,
 He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
 But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
 Which, if our ancestors had not retain'd,
 The senate's name our council had not gain'd.
 The Spartans to their highest Magistrate
 The name of Elder did appropriate:
 Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
 How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
 With vigilant conduct, when that sharp reply
 He gave to Salinator, I stood by,
 Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
 Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast,
 'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
 'Tis true, had you not lost, I had not gain'd.
 And as much honour on his gown did wait,
 As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.
 When his colleague Carvilius slept aside,
 The tribune of the people would divide
 To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
 Against the senate's will, he will not yield;
 When being angry, boldly he declares
 Those things were acted under happy stars,
 From which the commonwealth found good effects,
 But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
 Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
 But his son's death did all the rest excel;
 (His gallant son, though young, had consul been)
 His funeral oration I have seen
 Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
 I all the old philosophers despise.
 Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
 Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
 When feasting with his private friends at home,
 Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,

Such science in his art of augury,
 No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
 Knowledge of all things present and to come,
 Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
 Nor only there, but all the world's beside:
 Dying in extreme age, I prophesy'd
 That which is come to pass, and did discern
 From his survivors I could nothing learn.
 This long discourse was but to let you see,
 That this long life could not uneasy be.
 Few like the Fabii or the Scipio's are
 Takers of cities, conquerors in war.
 Yet others to like happy age arrive,
 Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live:
 Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
 With honour after ninety years did die.
 Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
 By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
 His master Gorgias at the hundredth year
 And seventh, not his studies did forbear:
 And, ask'd, why he no sooner left the stage,
 Said, he saw nothing to accuse old age.
 None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,
 Age, of their own mistakes and crimes, accuse.
 All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
 As by age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd have
 been.
 When the tragedian Nævis did demand,
 Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?
 'Twas answer'd, that their senators were new,
 Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.
 Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
 But with cold prudence age doth recompense;
 But age, 'tis said, will memory decay,
 So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
 Or, if by nature it be dull and slow:
 Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know
 Of all th' Athenians; and none grow so old,
 Not to remember where they hid their gold.
 From age such art of memory we learn,
 To forget nothing, which is our concern;
 Their interest no priest nor forcerer
 Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;
 No understanding memory can want,
 Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
 Nor does it only in the active live,
 But in the quiet and contemplative;
 When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
 Was by his sons before the judges brought,
 Because he pay'd the Muses such respect,
 His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
 Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
 Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus:
 The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
 Freed him, and said, no fool such lines had penn'd.
 What poets and what orators can I
 Recount! what princes in philosophy!
 Whose constant studies with their age did strive,
 Nor did they those, though those did them survive.
 Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
 Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
 For never any man was yet so old,
 But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
 Cæcilius vainly said, each day we spend
 Discovers something, which must needs offend,

But sometimes age may pleasant things behold,
 And nothing that offends: He should have told
 This not to age, but youth, who oftener see
 What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
 That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
 That us it renders odious and condemn'd.
 He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth;
 For youth delights in age, and age in youth.
 What to the old can greater pleasure be,
 Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see;
 When they with reverence follow where we lead,
 And in strait paths by our directions tread!
 And ev'n my conversation here I see,
 As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
 'Tis disingenuous to accuse our age
 Of idleness, who all our powers engage
 In the same studies, the same course to hold;
 Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
 Solon the sage his progress never ceas'd,
 But still his learning with his days increas'd;
 And I with the same greediness did seek,
 As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;
 Which I did only learn, that I might know
 Those great examples which I follow now:
 And I have heard that Socrates the wise,
 Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
 Though many of the ancients did the same,
 To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW int' our second grievance I must break,
 "That loss of strength makes understanding
 "weak"

I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
 Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
 Then with that force content which nature gave,
 Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
 When the young wrestlers at their sport grew
 warm,
 Old Milo wept, to see his naked arm;
 And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine heart, and
 head,
 And all that's in them (not thy arm) are dead;
 This folly every looker-on derides,
 To glory only in thy arms and sides.
 Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
 Their strength decreasing by increasing years.
 But they advanc'd in wisdom every hour,
 And made the commonwealth advance in power.
 But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
 Rather than heads, their faculty abides;
 Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
 And still my own sometimes the serene hear.
 When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
 They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead.
 Which, if I had not strength enough to do,
 I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
 What's to be done, or not be done, instruct,
 And to the maxims of good life conduct.
 Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
 Of men) your grandfire the great African,

Were joyful, when the flower of noble blood
 Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,
 Like oracles their counsels to receive,
 How in their progress they should act, and live.
 And they whose high examples youth obeys,
 Are not despised, though their strength decays,
 And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
 Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.
 Intemperate youth (by sad experience found)
 Ends in an age imperfect and unbound.
 Cyrus, though ag'd (if Xenophon say true);
 Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
 Who held (after his second consulate)
 Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
 Neither of these, in body or in mind,
 Before their death the least decay did find.
 I speak not of myself, though none deny
 To age, to praise their youth, the liberty:
 Such an unwaisted strength I cannot boast,
 Yet now my years are eighty-four almost.
 And though from what it was my strength is far,
 Both in the first and second Punic war,
 Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
 Nor when I consul into Spain did go;
 But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
 Of winters quite enervated my strength;
 And I, my guest, my client, or my friend,
 Still in the courts of justice can defend:
 Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
 "Who would be ancient, must be early so."
 I would be youthful still, and find no need
 To appear old, till I was so indeed.
 And yet you see my hours not idle are,
 Though with your strength I cannot mine com-
 pare;

Yet this centurion's doth your's surmount.
 Not therefore him the better man I count.
 Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
 With a huge ox upon his shoulder came.
 Would you the force of Milo's body find,
 Rather than that of Pythagoras's mind?
 The force which nature gives with care retain.
 But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain;
 In age to wish for youth is full as vain,
 As for a youth to turn a child again.
 Simple and certain nature's ways appear,
 And she sets forth the seasons of the year.
 So in all parts of life we find her truth,
 Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth,
 To elder years to be discreet and grave,
 Then to old age maturity she gave.
 (Scipio) you know, how Massinissa bears
 His kingly port at more than ninety years;
 When marching with his foot, he walks still night;
 When with his horse, he never will alight;
 Though cold, or wet, his head is always bare;
 So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
 You see how exercise and temperance
 Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance,
 Our law (because from age our strength retires)
 No duty which belongs to strength requires.
 But age doth many men so feeble make,
 That they no great design can undertake;
 Yet, that to age not singly is apply'd,
 But to all man's infirmities beside.

That Scipio, who adopted you, did fall
 Into such pains, he had no health at all;
 Who else had equal'd Africanus' parts,
 Exceeding him in all the liberal arts:
 Why should those errors then imputed be
 To age alone, from which our youth's not free?
 Every disease of age we may prevent,
 Like those of youth, by being diligent.
 When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
 And diet, as our vital heat renews;
 And if our body thence refreshment finds
 Then must we also exercise our minds.
 If with continual oil we not supply
 Our lamp, the light for want of it will die:
 Though bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
 No weariness the mind could e'er surprize.
 Cæcilius the comedian, when of age
 He represents the follies on the stage;
 They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute,
 Neither those crimes to age he doth impute,
 But to old men to whom those crimes belong.
 Lust, petulance, rashness, are in youth more
 strong,
 Than age, and yet young men those vices hate,
 Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate:
 And so what we call dotage, seldom breeds
 In bodies, but where nature sows the seeds.
 There are five daughters, and four gailant sons,
 In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
 With a most numerous family beside;
 Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide,
 Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
 And to his business like a bow stood bent:
 By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
 He not a master, but a monarch seem'd.
 All his relations his admirers were,
 His sons paid reverence, and his servants fear;
 The order and the ancient discipline
 Of Romans did in all his actions shine.
 Authority kept up old age secures,
 Whose dignity as long as life endures.
 Something of youth I in old age approve,
 But more the marks of age in youth I love.
 Who this observes, may in his body find
 Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
 The seven volumes of my own reports,
 Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
 All noble monuments of Greece are come
 Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
 The pontifical, and the civil law,
 I study still, and thence orations draw.
 And to confirm my memory, at night,
 What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.
 These exercises for my thoughts I find,
 These labours are the chariots of my mind.
 To serve my friends, the senate I frequent,
 And there, what I before digested, vent.
 Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
 Not any outward force of body needs:
 Which, if I could not do, I should delight
 On what I would to ruminate at night.
 Who in such practices their minds engage,
 Nor fear nor think of their approaching age;
 Which by degrees invisibly doth creep:
 Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep

THE THIRD PART.

NOW must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
 Of pleasures, which i' th' sea of age are lost.
 O thou most high transcendent gift of age!
 Youth from its folly thus to disengage.
 And now receive from me that most divine
 Oration of that noble Tarentine,
 Which at Tarentum I long since did hear;
 When I attended the great Fabius there.
 Ye gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
 Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd
 bait?
 Which he, with all designs of art or power,
 Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
 And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
 Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;
 Intoxicating both, by them, she finds,
 And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
 Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,
 (That being broken) all the world confound.
 Lust, murder, treason, avarice, and hell
 Itself broke loose, in reason's palace dwell:
 Truth, honour, justice, temperance, are fled,
 All her attendants into darkness led.
 But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage
 Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with age.
 Age undermines, and will in time surprize
 Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies;
 And, join'd in league with strong necessity,
 Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
 Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
 (Then censor) from the senate I displac'd;
 When he in Gaul, a consul, made a feast,
 A beautiful courtesan did him request
 To see the cutting off a prisoner's head;
 This crime I could not leave unpunished,
 Since by a private villainy he stain'd
 That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
 Then to our age (when not to pleasures bent)
 This seems an honour, not disparagement.
 We, not all pleasures, like the Stoics, hate;
 But love and seek those which are moderate.
 (Though divine Plato thus of pleasures thought.
 They us, with hooks and baits, like fishes caught)
 When quæstor to the gods, in public halls
 I was the first who set up festivals
 Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
 But fill'd with conversation and discourse;
 Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name:
 Not like the ancient Greeks, who, to their shame,
 Call'd it a Comotation, not a feast;
 Declaring the worst part of it the best.
 These entertainments I did then frequent
 Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
 But now I thank my age, which gives me ease
 From those excesses; yet myself I please
 With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,
 (Discourses are to age continual feasts)
 The love of meat and wine they recompense,
 And cheer the mind, as much as those the sense.
 I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
 The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
 Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
 To which, in age, some natural motions are

And still at my Sabinum I delight
 To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
 But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,
 Which youth at full possesses, this I grant;
 But age seeks not the things which youth requires,
 And no man needs that which he not desires.
 When Sophocles was ask'd, if he deny'd
 Himself the use of pleasures, he reply'd,
 I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
 From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free.
 But they, whom pressing appetites constrain,
 Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
 Young men the use of pleasure understand,
 As of an object new, and near at hand:
 Though this stands more remote from age's sight
 Yet they behold it not without delight:
 As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
 With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
 So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
 Delighted with itself, our age doth rest.
 No part of life's more happy, when with bread
 Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed.
 All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease:
 But those of age ev'n with our years increase.
 We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
 But free from surfeits our repose is found.
 When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
 Ambassador, from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
 He heard a grave philosopher maintain,
 That all the actions of our life were vain,
 Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd;
 Fabricius the philosopher desir'd,
 That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
 And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach;
 Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
 Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
 Now into rustic matters I must fall,
 Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
 Age no impediment to those can give,
 Who wisely by the rules of nature live.
 Earth (though our mother) cheerfully obeys
 All the commands her race upon her lays.
 For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
 Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
 Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
 But with her ways, her method, and her force:
 The feed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
 Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
 Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
 Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
 Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
 Which from the root through nerves and veins
 are sent,
 Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
 And, form receiving, doth itself disclose:
 Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
 Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
 When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
 And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd;
 At nature's god-like power I stand amaz'd,
 Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
 The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
 Can cloath a mountain, and o'er shade a plain:

But thou, dear vine, forbid'st me to be long,
 Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong,
 Nor can thy head (not helpt) itself sublime,
 Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb;
 Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
 Prove thy support, and all its strength is thine.
 Though nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
 By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands:
 As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
 And to the highest part of mortals springs.
 But lest thou should'st consume thy wealth in vain,
 And starve thyself to feed a numerous train,
 Or like the bee (sweet as thy blood) design'd
 To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
 Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
 Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
 The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must
 quench

Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
 Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
 A swelling knot is rais'd (call'd a gem),
 Whence, in short space, itself the cluster shows,
 And from earth's moisture mixt with sun-beams
 grows.

I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste,
 But summer doth, like age, the sourness waste;
 Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold
 secure,
 Like virgins, sweet, and beauteous, when mature.
 On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could
 dwell,

At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell;
 My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
 Like children of my own begetting stand.
 To tell the several natures of each earth,
 What fruits from each most properly take birth:
 And with what arts to enrich every mold,
 The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
 But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
 Nature by art we nobly meliorate;
 As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
 From the four crab the sweetest apple came:
 The mother to the daughter goes to school,
 The species changed, doth her laws o'er rule;
 Nature herself doth from herself depart,
 (Strange transmigration!) by the power of art.
 How little things give law to great! we see
 The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
 Here even the power divine we imitate,
 And seem not to beget, but to create.
 Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the
 tame

For food and profit, and the wild for game.
 Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
 (For age, of what delights it, speaks too much)
 Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
 The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,
 Great Curius, his remaining days did spend,
 And in this happy life his triumphs end.
 My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
 His and that age's temper I admire:
 The Samnites chiefs, as by his fire he fate,
 With a vast sum of gold on him did wait;
 Return, said he, your gold I nothing weigh,
 When those, who can command it, me obey:

This my assertion proves, he may be old,
And yet not fordid, who refuses gold.
In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.
What can in winter render more delight,
Than the high sun at noon, and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feast and
play,

And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe, that I that age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.
That most unhappy age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads;
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.
Those things to age most honourable are,
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crouding attendance to, and from the court.
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
Lyfander pleading in his city's praise,
From thence his strongest arguments did raise,
That Sparta did with honour age support,
Paying them just respect at stage, and court.
But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
Nor at the plays would rise, or give them place.
When an Athenian stranger of great age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
To place and ease this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, Th' Athenians know
What's to be done; but what they know, not do.
Here our great senate's orders I may quote,
The first in age is still the first in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
In competition with great years may stand.
Why should our youth's short transient pleasures
dare

With age's lasting honours to compare?
On the world's stage, when our applause grows
high,
For acting here life's tragick-comedy,
The lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former scenes excel:
But age is froward, uneasy, scrupulous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious;
But all these errors from our manners rise,
Not from our years; yet some morosities
We must expect since jealousy belongs
To age of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
Yet these are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins humours, in our Terence, are
Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;

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So age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there should be:
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty, winter's wants,
But age scarce sows, till death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

NOW against (that which terrifies our age)
The last, and greatest grievance, we engage;
To her, grim death appears in all her shapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd,
Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd;
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
What else is to be fear'd; when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?
The youngest in the morning are not sure,
That till the night their life they can secure,
Their age stands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terror) against nature strives,
Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
For if all men were old they would be wise;
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws, and into cities brought:
Why only should the fear of death belong
To age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you
(Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which age must not expect;
But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
With grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they, who but desir'd
To possess that, which we long since acquir'd.
What if our age to Nestor's could extend?
Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is past, nor what's to come, we know:
Our date, how short soever, must us content;
When a good actor doth his part present,
In every act he our attention draws,
That at the last he may find just applause;
So (though but short) yet we must learn the art
Of virtue, on this stage to act our part;
True wisdom must our actions to direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect;

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Yet grieve no more, though long that part should
last,
Than husbandmen, because the spring is past.
The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth pro-
duce,

But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use :
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
All things which nature did ordain are good,
And so must be receiv'd and understood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely, crops;
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;
But age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent;
Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port.
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then death at his approach we shall condemn.
Though to our heat of youth our age seems
cold,

Yet, when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded, on what succour he rely'd,
When with so few he boldly did engage;
He said, he took his courage from his age.
Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease, what her own hand did
build.

That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the least violent separation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they
break.

Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us disband.
Wife Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live.
Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which strait in immortality shall end.
In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space, to age it will remain.
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But timorous youth on this should meditate :
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know;
Nor whether it may be this night or no :
How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.
Thee, Brutus, Rome's first martyr I must name,
The Curtii bravely divid'd the gulph of flame :
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave;
With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal.

The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew :
Must then the wife, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd
forbear?

Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.
And when the last delights of age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety.
Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear,
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know;
As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive :
Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
Our souls with heavy burthens lie oppress'd;
Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown,
A place so dark to the celestial light,
And pure eternal fire's quite opposite.
The Gods through human bodies did disperse
An heavenly soul, to guide this universe;
That man, when he of heavenly bodies saw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw :
Nor this to me did my own dictates show,
But to the old philosophers I owe.

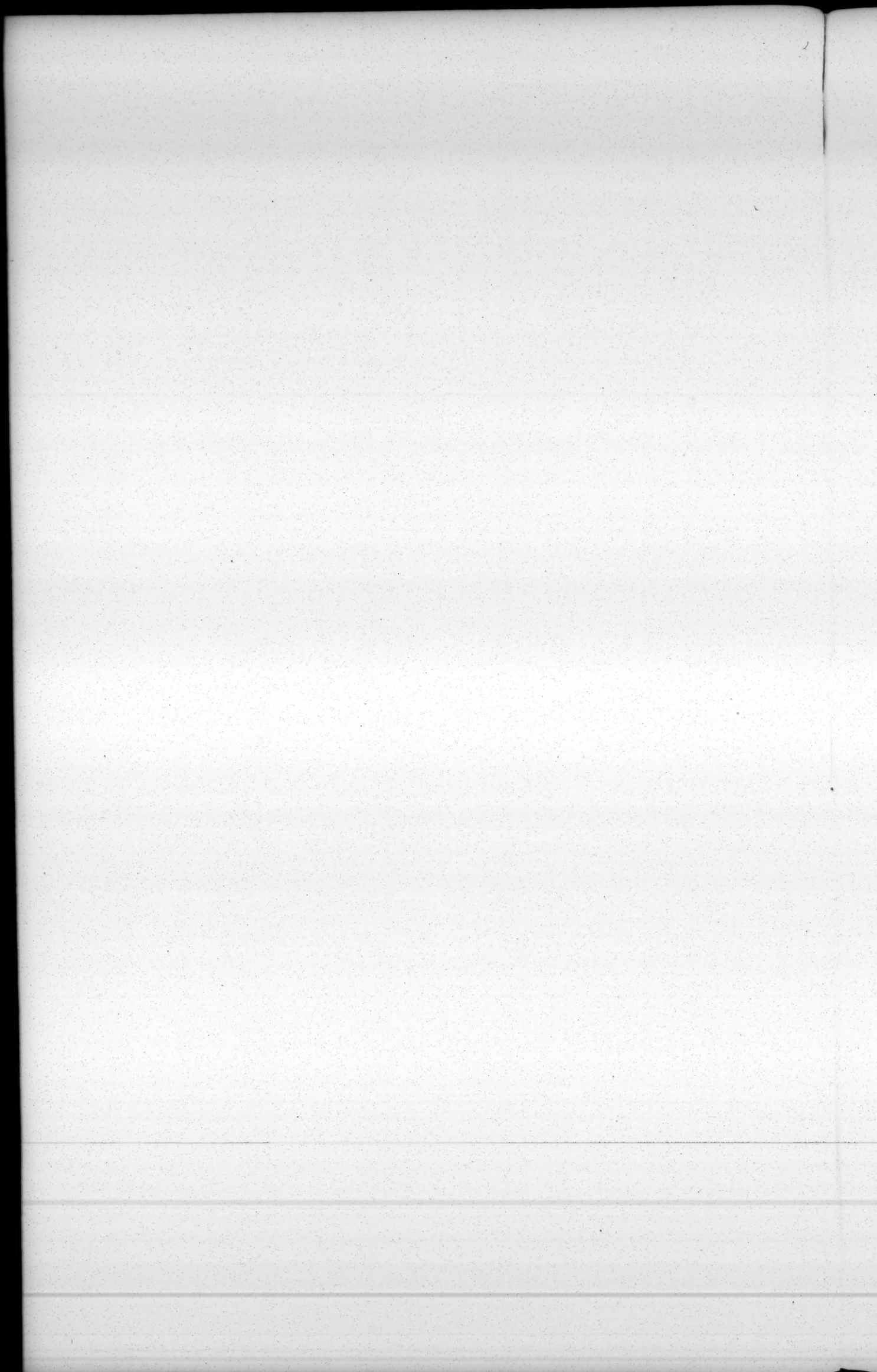
I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
With him, and from our country took their name;
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal breasts did shine.
Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd, the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd.)
Why should we doubt of that, whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that's mortal can so swiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that's past collect.
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;
And therefore that, no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.
And since the matter of our soul is pure,
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts, which not among themselves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.
And nature shews (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern,
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can speak, they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days :
Before their thoughts they plainly can express,
The words and things they know are numberless,

Which nature only, and no art could find,
 But what she taught before, she call'd to mind.
 These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
 Of the great Cyrus were the dying words;
 " Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
 " I shall be no where, or to nothing turn :
 " That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
 " Yet by the actions it design'd, was known;
 " And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
 " Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
 " That soul, which can immortal glory give
 " To her own virtues, must for ever live.
 " Can you believe, that man's all-knowing mind
 " Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
 " Though a foul foolish prison her immure
 " On earth, she (when escap'd) is wife and pure.
 " Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
 " With beasts, and must return from whence it
 " came;
 " But whence into our bodies reason flows,
 " None sees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
 " Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
 " Yet then our minds themselves from slumber
 " keep.
 " When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
 " Then what divine and future things they see!
 " Which makes it most apparent whence they
 " are,
 " And what they shall hereafter be, declare."
 This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.
 Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade,
 Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame
 Gave, from two conqueror'd parts o' th' world,
 their name,
 Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul,
 Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal;
 Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
 To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd
 In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,
 That only Fame our virtuous actions bought;
 'Twere better in soft pleasures and repose
 Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:
 Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
 After my death an happier life to find.
 Unless our souls from the immortals came,
 What end have we to seek immortal fame?
 All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
 Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
 The foolish and short-sighted die with fear,
 That they go no-where, or they know not where.
 The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
 Before she parts, some happy port descries.

My friends, your fathers I shall surely see;
 Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
 But such as before ours did end their days;
 Of whom we hear, and read, and write their
 praise.

This I believe: for were I on my way,
 None should persuade me to return, or stay:
 Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
 And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
 Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
 To be led back to my first starting-place.
 And since with life we are more griev'd than
 joy'd,

We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd:
 Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
 As many wise and learn'd have done before;
 Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
 Which for our country and our friends is spent.
 Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
 Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
 Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
 That peaceful and divine assembly see:
 Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
 But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
 Nor did I weep, when I to ashes turn'd
 His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
 I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
 Where his fixt hopes our interview attend:
 Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
 From age, which is of my delights the chief.
 My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
 (That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
 And if I err, no power shall dispossess
 My thoughts of that expected happiness.
 Though some minute philosophers pretend,
 That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
 If it be so, I hold the other side,
 For none of them my error shall deride.
 And if hereafter no rewards appear,
 Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
 If those, who this opinion have despis'd,
 And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
 Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
 Too late will wish, that me they had believ'd.
 If souls no immortality obtain,
 'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
 The same uneasiness which every thing
 Gives to our nature, life must also bring.
 Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is age,
 Acting too long upon this earth her stage.
 Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
 That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.



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MILTON'S WORKS.

PARADISE LOST.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now falling into Hell, describ'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accus'd) but in a place of utter darkness, fittest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

BOOK I.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark
Illumin, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Tortures him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou bee'st he; but O thou fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;

Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'er-pow'r'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As be'ing the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery furge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foot.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Aetna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have escap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of infernal Power.

Is this the region, this soil, the climate,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be' it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reas'on hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet

Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, 285
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295
Over the burning marie, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflam'd sea he stood, and call'd 300
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Buziris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases 310
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriors, the flow'rs of Heav'n, once your's, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were dash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd

Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell 345
Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands. 355
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones; 360
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rad'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world. 375
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within its sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with curst things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, beset with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405

Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
 And Eleſlé to the Asphaltic pool.
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd
 Iſrael in Sittim on their march from Nile
 To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
 Yet thence his luſtful orgies he enlarg'd 415
 Ev'n to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide, luſt hard by hate;
 Till good Joſiah drove them thence to Hell.
 With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Baälím and Aſhtaroth, theſe male,
 Theſe feminine. For Spirits when they pleaſe
 Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
 And uncompounded is their eſſence pure, 425
 Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
 Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chooſe
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
 Can execute their aery purpoſes, 430
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.
 For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
 Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low 435
 Bow'd down in battel, ſunk before the ſpear
 Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
 Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Aſtarte, queen of Heav'n, with creſcent horns;
 To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon 440
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs,
 In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king, whoſe heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell 445
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
 Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
 The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day,
 While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock 450
 Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
 Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led 455
 His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own temple, on the grunſel edge, 460
 Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
 Dagon his name, ſea monſter, upward man
 And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
 Of Paleſtine, in Gath and Aſcalon, 465
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful feat
 Was fair Damafcus on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
 He alſo againſt the houſe of God was bold: 470
 A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
 Ahaz his ſottiſh conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to diſparage and diſplace

For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the Gods 475
 Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
 A crew who under names of old renown,
 Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,
 With monſtrous ſhapes and forceries abus'd
 Fanatic Egypt and her prieſts, to ſeek 480
 Their wand'ring Gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
 Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
 Doubled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
 Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
 Jehovah, who in one night when he paſſ'd
 From Egypt marching, equal'd with one ſtroke
 Both her firſt-born and all her bleating Gods.
 Belial came laſt, than whom a Spi'rit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more groſs to love
 Vice for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
 Or altar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
 Turns atheiſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd 495
 With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
 In courts and palaces he alſo reigns
 And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
 Of riot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
 And injury and outrage: and when night 500
 Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
 Of Belial, ſlow'n with infolence and wine.
 Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeôn, when the hoſpitable door
 Expoſ'd a matron to avoid worſe rape. 505
 Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
 The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd:
 Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's iſſue held
 Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
 Their boaste'd parents: Titan Heav'n's firſt-born, 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeis'd
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
 His own and Rhea's ſon like meaſure found;
 So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the ſnowy top 515
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
 Their higheſt Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to th' Hæſperian fields, 520
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt lies.
 All theſe and more came ſtocking; but with looks
 Down caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
 Obſcure ſome glimpe of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in deſpair, to have found themſelves not loſt 525
 In loſs itſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
 Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears. 530
 Then ſtraight commands that at the warlike ſound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
 His mighty ſtandard: that proud honor clam'd
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
 Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd 535
 Th' imperial enſign, which full high advanc'd
 Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds: 540
 At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent

A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 With orient colours waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorder; such as rais'd
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battel, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
 Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought
 Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
 Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed files
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of Gods:
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories: for never since created man
 Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd-on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal powers, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, not appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory' obscur'd; as when the sun new risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
 In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had in trench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eyes, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of Spirits for his fault accus'd

Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
 With all his peers: attention held him mute.
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
 O Myriads of immortal Spi'rits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
 For me be witness all the host of Heaven,
 If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war, provok'd: our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd
 For who can think submission? War then, War
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.
 He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
 Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.
 There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
 Of pioneers with spade and pickaxe arm'd
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,

Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
 Mammon, the least erected Spi'rit that fell
 From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ranfack'd the center, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695
 And strength, and art, are easily out-done
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did they want 715
 Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equal'd in all their glories, to inhurne
 Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fix'd her stately highth, and straight the doors
 Opening their brazen folds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
 And some the architect; his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a tow'rd structure high,
 Where scepter'd Angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King 735
 Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land

Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
 From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745
 On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
 By all his engins, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
 Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sovran pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclame
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
 Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling winds. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
 Their state affairs. So thick the aery croud 775
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780
 Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spi'rits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large 790
 Though without number still amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat 795
 A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K II.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferred, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who fate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulph between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far,
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,
For since no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw

Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'r's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will clame in Hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To clame our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now

For while they sit contriving, shall the rest
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose, 60
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engin he shall hear 65
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels, and his throne itself
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumn not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75
 Up to our native seat; descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd, 95
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105
 He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low; 115
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.
 I should be much for open war, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120

Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excels 125
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heaven are fill'd
 With arm'd watch, that render all access 130
 Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
 Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
 All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolled, and th' ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure, 145
 To be no more; sad cure! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
 Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
 Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What when we fled amain, pursued and struck 165
 With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and fought
 The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespir'd, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike

My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's highth
 All these our motions vain sees and derides; 190
 Not more almighty to resist our might
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 'The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And ventrous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit 210
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires,
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215
 Their noxious vapor, or inur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
 Besides what hope the never ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225
 Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
 Either to disenthroned the king of Heaven
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us 235
 Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
 Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forc'd Hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
 Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, 245
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task
 In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255

Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place foe'er 260
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labor and indurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements, these piercing fires 275
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war.—Ye have what I advise.
 He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
 The found of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
 Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: Such applause was heard 290
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
 To found this nether empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.
 Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.
 Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of
 Heav'n, 310
 Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
 And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat,
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd

His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron scepter rule
 Us here, as with his golden throne in Heaven.
 What fit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or fought; for what peace will be given
 To us inflav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return, 335
 But to our pow'r hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dang'rous expedition to invade
 Heav'n whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place, 345
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold, 355
 Or substance, how indued, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves 385
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring
 arms 395
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
 Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we
 send
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
 Upborne with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy isle? what strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict sentinels and stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.
 This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
 Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and
 each
 In others count'nance read his own dismay
 Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be
 found
 So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with monarchical pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
 O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445
 And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought pro-
 pos'd
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share

Of hazard as of honor, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
 High honor'd sits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize 465
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
 Prudent, left from his resolution rais'd
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But
 they
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God
 Extol him equal to the High'est in Heav'n:
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
 Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-
 spread
 Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element 490
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait. 505
 The Stygian counsel thus dissolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers:
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
 Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,
 And God-like imitated state; him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets regal sound the great result: 515
 Tow'ards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
 By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With ceasing shout return'd them loud acclaim.
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat
 rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
 Disband, and, wand'ring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
 As when to warn proud cities war appears
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van 535
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate 550
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spi'rits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense),
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy: 565
 Yet with a pleasing forcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdur'd breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a flow and silent stream,
 Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
 Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,
 A gulph profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns sore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethæan sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment 605
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous bands 615
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades 620
 of death,
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire.
 Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
 Satan with thoughts inflam'd of high'est design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly row'ard the pole. So seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were
 brafs,
 Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
 Impenetrable, inpal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold

Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts 660
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
 In secret riding through the air she comes,
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And inook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on:
 Satan was now at hand, and from his feat
 The monster moving onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began 680
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee: 685
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.
 To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
 Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
 Conjur'd against the High'est, for which both thou 690
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
 Left with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strave horror teise thee, and bangs unfelt before.
 So spoke the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold 705
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
 Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In th' arctic sky and from his horrid hair 710
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
 With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell

Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood ; 720

For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky forcerefs that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son ? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy Father's head ? and know'st for
whom ; 730

For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids ;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forbore ; then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends ; till first I know of thee, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son ;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portrefs of Hell gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgotten me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul ? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's king,
All on a sudden miserable pain

Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,

Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung : amazement seiz'd
All th' host of Heav'n ; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me sin, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me ; but familiar grown,

I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most adverse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n ; wherein re-
main'd

(For what could else ?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 770

Through all the empyréan : down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also ; at which time this pow'rful key

Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb

Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780

At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew

Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart

Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out Death ;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back refounded Death.

I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all disinay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul

Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite

To me ; for when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast ; then bursting forth 800
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,

That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour 805

For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd ; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be ; so fate pronounc'd.

But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd
smooth.

Dear Daughter, since thou clam'st me for thy fire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire
change 820

Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of ; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host

Of Spi'rits, that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high : from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void im-
mense

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply

Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Left Heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils : Be this or ought
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste

To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd

With odors ; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and
Death 845

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famin should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour : no less rejoic'd

His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful king
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantin gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers 875
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maffy ir'on or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host 885
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
highth,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or
slow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyfs, 910
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyfs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona
storms,
With all her battering engins bent to raise
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half-fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power 955
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyfs
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavillion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Damogorgon; Rumor next and Chance, 965
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyfs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy
bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king

Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound; direct my course;
 Directed no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
 Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech and visage incompas'd,
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's king, though over-
 thrown.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
 Weakening the scepter of old Night: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.
 He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more indanger'd than when Argo pass'd

980 Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks:
 Or when Ulysses on the larbord shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labor hard
 Mov'd on: with difficulty and labor he;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell;
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 985 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely indur'd a bridge of wondrous length
 From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb
 Of this frail world; by which the Spi'rits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 995 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
 As from her outmost works a broken foe
 1000 With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds, and tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
 With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
 1050 Of living saphir, once his native seat; 1050
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain
 This pendent world in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 1015 Accurs'd, and in a curst hour he hies. 1055

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K I I I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the Majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey; and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wand'ring he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

HAIL holy Light, off-spring of Heav'n first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
 May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,
 And never but in a napproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
 Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Vol. II.

Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 [2 D]

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more 26
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Maenides, 35
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadieft covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55
 Now had th' almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view:
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son; on earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament; 75
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air,
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
 Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 80
 Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no Bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Thro' all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
 Directly to'wards the new created world,
 And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guide pervert; and shall pervert,
 For Man will harken to his gleeing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, 95
 He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all the ethereal Powers 100
 And Spirits, both them who stood and them who
 Fell;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free what proof could they have giv'n sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
 Not what they would? what praise could they re- 106
 ceive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also 'is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
 Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
 As if predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree 115
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow' of fate, 120
 Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose: for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree 126
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
 By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in mercy' and justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance 135
 fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
 Substantially express'd; and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace,
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.
 O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
 For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
 With his own folly? that be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge

Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and essential might, 170
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew 175
 His laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit and intrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain, 196
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven, 205
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or justice must; unless for him 210
 Some other able, and as willing pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such
 love?

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear? 216

He ask'd; but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf

Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
 And that grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprevented, unimplo'd, unsought?
 Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet.
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring: 235
 Behold me then: me for him, life for life
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and his glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage;
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in myself for ev'r; by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
 stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255
 The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
 Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
 And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal man, above which only shone
 Filial obedience; as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father. Admiration rais'd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither
 tend

Wondering; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
 O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou 275
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
 Though last created; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem

Their nature also to thy nature join ;
 And he thyself Man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wond'rous birth : be thou in Adam's room 285
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce 291
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die, 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate, 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying 306
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than great or high ; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory's bounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal king ; all power
 I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits ; under thee as head supreme
 Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I re-
 duce ; 320
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
 When thou attended gloriously from Heaven
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325
 Thy dread tribunal ; forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels ; they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall
 dwell, 335
 And after all their tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
 Then thou thy regal Sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal Sceptre then no more shall need, 340
 God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies ;
 Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of Angels with a shout 345

Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
 Th' eternal regions : lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the
 ground 350
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold :
 Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offense 355
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there
 grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life
 And where the river of bliss through midst of
 Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream ;
 With these that never fade the Spirits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with
 beams,
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they
 took, 365
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.
 Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King ; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible 375
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
 The next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, divine similitude, 384
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee
 Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein
 By thee created, and by thee threw down 391
 Th' aspiring Dominations : thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd. 396
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
 Not so on Man : Him through their malice fall'n,
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline :
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd, 403
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife

Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For Man's offense. O unexampled love, 410
 Love no where to be found less than Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms 425
 Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
 As when a vulture on Imaus bred, 431
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the
 springs 435

Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams:
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place
 Living or lifeless to be found was none;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up higher like aerial vapours flew 445
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame.
 Or happiness in this or th' other life: 450
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
 All th' unaccomplish'd work of Nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd, 456
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have
 dream'd;

Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
 First from the ancient world those giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
 The builders next of Babel on the plain 466
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd
 A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470

Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
 Pluto's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus: and many more too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars 474
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
 And that crystallin sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
 And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air; then might ye see
 Cows, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travel'd steps: far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high;
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate, 505
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, imitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
 Dreaming by night under the open sky, 514
 And waking cry'd, 'This is the gate of Heav'n.
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd 520
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easy' ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear, 531
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land

Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were
fet

To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
That scal'd up steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn 545
Obtains the brow of some high climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seisd, though after Heav'n seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seisd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas 560
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months and years, towards his all-cheering
lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucid orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir' on with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone or like to that, which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,

In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound -

In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form. 605
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd, 610
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazled: far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
But all sun-thine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and the air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tair 625
Circled his head, nor left his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders sledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge em-
ploy'd

He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay: 635
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright, 645
Ere he drew nigh his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
The Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'
Earth

Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
Uriel, for thou of those seven Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will 655
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye 660
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All those his wond'rous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665

Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze
 Or open admiration him behold,
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd;
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
 The universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss,
 Created this new happy race of Men
 To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and
 Earth: 685
 And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690
 The sharpest-sighted Spi'rit of all in Heaven;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
 Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
 Contented with report hear only in Heav'n:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight.
 But what created mind can comprehend 705
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite

That brought them forth, but hid their causes
 deep?

I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mold, came to a heap:
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven 716
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course; 720
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected,
 shines;

That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere 725
 Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring
 moon

(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower. 734
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
 As to superior Spi'rits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth be-
 neath, 739
 Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K I V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escap'd the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now, 5
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind. 10
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engin back recoils

Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must
ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing
sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower: 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,

Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call, 35
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king:
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. 45
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I scorn'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
 Would set me high'hest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind 55
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his pow'ful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accus'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd, 90
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon un-
 say 95
 What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant

VOL. II.

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double sinart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good; by thee at least 110
 Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his
 face; 114
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud: and was the first 121
 That practis'd falsehood under faintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount 126
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd; and over head up grew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:
 Which to our general sight gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neigh'ring round. 145
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeari'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow, 151
 When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely
 seem'd
 That landscape: And of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail

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Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabe in odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
league

Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd that odorous sweets the Friend 166
Who came their bane, though with them better
pleas'd

Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the
spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, perfive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd.
As one continued brake, the undergrowth 175
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side: which when th' arch fiend saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
At one flight bound high over leap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,

Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure, 186

Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhord the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190

In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So climb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,

The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true lie
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd

For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows 201
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise

Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
Of Eden planted: Eden stretch'd her line 210
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the fons of Eden long before

Twelt in T'elassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;

And all amid them flood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220
Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by,

Knowledge of good brought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy
hill 224

Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mound high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230

Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,

Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account; 235

But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,

With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240

Flow'rs, worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon

Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote

The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this
place

A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
balm,

Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250

If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,

Or palmy hillside; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255

Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, unbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine

Lav'd forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills; dispers'd, or in a lake, 261

That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The birds their quire apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265

The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field

Of Euna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 270

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet

grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

Of Eden strive; nor that Nyctian ile 275
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Had Amalthea and her florid son

Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280

Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line

By Nilus head, inclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad,
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine,
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd
 Whence true authority in men; though both 295
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he and valor form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him:
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She as a veil down to the slender waist
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore 305
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honor dishonorable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met;
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labor than suffic'd
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarin fruits which the compliant bow'ns
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rim 335
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as becomes
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His little proboscis; close the serpent fly

Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gaz'ng fat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th' ocean illes, and in th' ascending scale
 Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose: 355
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.
 O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
 Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps, 360
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath 365
 pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
 Your charge approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe.
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
 Long to continue, and this high feat your Heaven
 Ill fend'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied: League with you I seek, 375
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place, 385
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harms innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.
 So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on t' high tree 395
 Down he alights among the sportive herd
 Of those four-foot'd kinds; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied 399
 To mark what of their state he more might learn
 By word or action mark'd about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
 In some僻处 two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
 His couchant watch, as one who chafes his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Grind'd in each paw: when Adam first of men
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410
 Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys.

Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite; 415
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep 420
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou
 know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
 Confer'd upon us, and dominion given 430
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, sea, and air. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights: 435
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful taste
 To praise these growing plants, and tend these
 flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with these were sweet.
 To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy 445
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
 And what I was; whence thither brought and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd

Mother of human race. What could I do, 475
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I esp'y'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild, 479
 Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him
 thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee clame
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
 So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
 That feed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
 With kisses pure: a side the Devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them apace, and to himself thus plain'd.
 Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms, 506
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least, 510
 Still unfill'd with pain of longing pines.
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
 One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
 Can it be death? and do they only stand
 By ignorance? is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith? 516
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design 522
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd; 529
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wond'ring spirit of Heav'n by fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learn'd. Live while you
 may,
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with shy circumspection, and began

Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale,
his roam.

Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
Accessible from earth, one entrance high:
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even 555
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know, 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait:
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions soul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
'The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian
hour

No creature thence: if Spi'rit of other sort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now
rais'd 590
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were flunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant fung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphirs: Hesperus, that led 605
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Comfort, th'
hour 610

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long 615
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst 635
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth 645
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the goats of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers:
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd:
Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Left total darkness should by night regain 665
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only inlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were
 none, 675

That Heav'n would want spectators, God want
 praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note,
 Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds 686
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand along they pass'd
 On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
 wrought

Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of Man. In thadler lower 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet smelling herbs,
 Effoed hve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710

And heav'nly quires the Lymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
 Indow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715
 In sad event, when to th' unwilful son
 Of Jupiter brought by Hermes, she inflam'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd 721
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and
 heaven,

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole: Then also mad' th' the night,

Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 725
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
 Handed they went; and, eas'd the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
 Strait side by side were laid; nor turn'd I woen
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
 Whatever hypocrites austere talk
 Of purity and place and innocence, 745
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
 But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
 Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human off-spring, sole propriety 751
 In Paradise of all things common else.

By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounce'd,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd, 766
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or frenate, which the starv'd lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These hush'd by nightingales embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
 show'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep

on,
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775
 Now had night mean'd with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublimar vault,
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade, 780
 When Gabriel to his next in-pow'r thus spake.

Uzzel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch; the e other wheel the north;
 Our circuit meets full west. As some they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
 From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in
 charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no
nook; 789

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen.
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?)
escap'd

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct
In search of whom they fought; him there they
found

Squat, like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800

Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
Or fit, inspiring venom, he might taint

Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise 805

Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise

At least dissemper'd, discontented thoughts,

Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,

Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride,

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810

Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure

Touch of celestial temper, but returns

Of force to its own likeness: up he starts

Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark

Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815

Fit for the tun some magazine to store

Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain

With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:

So started up in his own shape the Fiend.

Back slept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820

So sudden to behold the grisly king;

Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spirits adjudg'd to Hell

Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,

Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825

Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,

Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830

The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answer'ing scorn with

scorn.

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same, 835

Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,

As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;

That glory then, when thou no more wast good,

Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now

Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account

To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep

This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,

Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845

Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd

His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd

His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,

Best with the best, the fender not the sent,

Or all at once; more glory will be won,

Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,

Will save us trial what the least can do 855

Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;

But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,

Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly

He held it vain: awe from above had quell'd 860

His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding

guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,

Awaiting next command. To whom their chief

Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet

Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern

Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,

And with them comes a third of regal port,

But faded splendor wan; who by his gait 870

And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell,

Not likely to part hence without contest;

Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,

And brief related whom they brought, where

found, 875

How buffed, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd

To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge

Of others, who approve not to transgress 880

By thy example, but have pow'r and right

To question thy bold entrance on this place;

Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those

Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.

Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wife,

And such I held thee; but this question ask'd

Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?

Who would not, finding way, break loose from

Hell,

Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no

doubt, 890

And boldly venture to whatever place

Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to

change

Tarment with ease, and soonest recompense

Dele with delight, which in this place I sought;

To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895

But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object

His will who bound us? let him surer bar

His iron gates, if he intends our stay

In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.

The rest is true, they found me where they say;

But that implies not violence or harm. 900

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,

Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.

O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wife,

Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905

And now returns him from his prison flap'd,

Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wife

Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither

Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell preferib'd;
 So wife he judges it to fly from pain 910
 However, and to 'scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Seal'd, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief! 920
 The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alledg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.
 To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning
 Stern.
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
 Insulting Angel; well thou know'st I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid
 The blissing vollied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves
 From hard assays and ill successes past
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
 To wing the desolate abyss, and fly
 This new created world, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945
 To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd.
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
 Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve 955
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supreme?
 And thou, fly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd
 Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign? 961
 But mark what I arreer thee now, Avant;
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,

Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.
 So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.
 Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
 Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's king
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.
 While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On t' other side Satan alarm'd 985
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful
 deeds 990
 Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and realms: in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
 mine; 1006
 Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled
 now
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light,
 how weak,
 If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
 Murr'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labors: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forfakes him.

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery light from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapors bland, which th' only
found

Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest; he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee

Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25
Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I erst am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offense and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45
In whose sight all things joy, with rapture
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk,

And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree 51
 Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from
 Heaven 55
 By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man ? is knowledge so despis'd ? 60
 Or envy' or what reserve forbids to taste ?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?
 This said, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd 65
 At such hold words vouch'd with a deed so bold :
 But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men : 70
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows ;
 The author not impair'd, but honor'd more ?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
 Partake thou also : happy though thou art, 75
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd ; the pleasant savory smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various : wond'ring at my sight and change
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly 90
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep ; but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream ! Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.
 Best image of myself and dearer half, 95
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear ;
 Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief ; among these fancy next
 Her office holds ; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes, 105
 Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
 Into her private cell when nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes 110
 To imitate her : but misjoining shapes,
 Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,
 All matching words and deeds long past or late.

Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
 But with addition strange ! yet be not sad.
 Evil into the Mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind : Which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;
 And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was
 cheer'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
 But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim, 140
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
 In various stile ; for neither various stile
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp 151
 To add more sweetness ; and they thus began.
 These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair ; thyself how wond'rous then !
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens 156
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night, 166
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circle, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd-up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 'Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
 'That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215
 To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
 With pity Heav'n's high king, and to him call'd
 Raphael, the sociable Spi'rit, that deign'd 221
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
 His marriage with the sev'n-times-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
 Satan from Hell scap'd through the darksome gulf
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labor with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235
 Left to his own free will, his will though free,
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not too secure: tell him w'ch
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
 Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of bliss; 241

By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Left wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
 All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
 After his charge receiv'd: but from among
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic
 quires, 251

On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
 Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.
 From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,
 Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
 Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:

Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air; till within soar 270
 Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems
 A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
 When to inhume his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A Seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament; the middle pair 280
 Girt like a starry zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
 And colors dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance
 fill'd 286

The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honor rise;
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
 Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam
 needs:

And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd

For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
Of need's rous draughts between, from milky
stream,

Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from
Heaven

To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315

Our heav'nly stranger : well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd
mold,

Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk ;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes : 325
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such
choice

To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confide, that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant. but bring 335
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change ;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
In India East or West, or middle there
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340

Aldinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smoot' rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand ; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meads 345
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to load
Wants her fit vessels pure, then throws the ground
With rose and odor from the shrub unguish'd. 349

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections ; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue brings 355
Of herbs and greens beset with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam though not av'd,
Yet with humble approach and reverence meets,
As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain ;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast design'd a while

To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us 365
Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not sit invite, though Spi'rits of Heaven,
To visit thee : lead on then where thy bower 375
O'erthades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells ; but
Eve

Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess
feign'd

Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n ; no veil
She needed ; virtue proof, no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd 386
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side 393
All autumn pill'd, though spring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold ;
No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
The earth to yield ; unfavoury food perhaps
To spiritual natures ; only this I know,
That our celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
Not in material food : and food alike those pure
Intellectual substances require,
As doth your rational ; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty 410
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,
taste,

Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed ; of elements 415
The grosser feeds the perier, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Etherial, and as lowest first the moon ;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even 425
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees

Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each
morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights, 431
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seeming
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concelive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of footy coal th' empiric alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450
Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to Man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what
compare?
To whom the winged Hierarchy reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the
leaves 480
More aery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare: 495
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unshakably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From center to circumference, whereon 510
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; he advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere 525
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as is our will
To love or not: in this we stand or fall: 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighboring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts

Affur'd me', and full assure: though what thou
tellest

Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me
move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555

The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;

And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request; and Raphaël
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me', O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate

To human sense th' invisible exploits 565

Of warring Spirits? how without remorse

The ruin of so many glorious once

And perfect while they stood? how last unfold

The secrets of another world, perhaps

Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570

This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach

Of human sense, I shall delineate so,

By likening spiritual to corporal forms,

As may express them best; though what if Earth

Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild

Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where
Earth now rests

Upon her center pois'd; when on a day

(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580

To motion, measures all things durable

By present, past, and future) on such day

As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal
host

Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,

Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585

Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd

Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:

Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,

Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear

Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;

Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd

Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love

Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595

Orb within orb, the Father infinite,

By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,

Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top

Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow-
ers,

Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare

My only Son, and on this holy hill

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605

At my right hand; your head I him appoint;

And by myself have sworn to him shall bow

All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:

Under his great vice-gerent reign abide

United as one individual soul 610

For ever happy: Him who disobeys,

Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,

Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls,

Into utter darknes, deep ingulf'd, his place

Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words

All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not
all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent

In song and dance about the sacred hill;

Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620

Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels

Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular

Then most, when most irregular they seem;

And in their motions harmony divine 625

So smooths her charming tones, that God's own
ear

Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd

(For we have also our evening and our morn,

We ours for change delectable, not need)

Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn

Desirous; all in circles as they stood, 631

Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd

With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows

In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,

Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets
crown'd, 636

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet

Quaff immortality and joy, secure

Of surfeit where full measure only bounds

Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd

With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy, 641

Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd

From that high mount of God, whence light and
shade

Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had
chang'd

To grateful twilight (for night comes not there

In darker veil) and roseat dews dispos'd 646

All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;

Wide over all the plain, and wider far

Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,

(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,

Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend 651

By living streams among the trees of life,

Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,

Celestial tabernacles, where they slept

Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their
course 655

Melodious hymns about the sovran throne

Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd

Satan; so call him now, his former name

Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,

If not the first Arch-Angel, great in power, 660

In favor and præminence, yet fraught

With envy' against the Son of God, that day

Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd

Messiah King anointed, could not bear

Through pride that sight, and thought himself
impair'd. 665

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,

Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour

Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd

With all his legions to dislodge, and leave

Unworshipt, unbey'd the throne supreme 670

Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear, what sleep can
close

Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of heav'n's Almighty. Thus to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may
raise 680

In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste, 686
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and insus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move; 701
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host.
Mean while th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full splendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we clame
Of deity or empire; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defense, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,

Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.

So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dew drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globe
Stretch'd into longitude: which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the north 755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven, 765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers,

If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honors new 780
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how indur'd
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect 785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce

Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration to th' abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.
 Thus far his bold discourse without controul
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd, 806
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
 O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
 Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
 That to his only Son by right induc'd 815
 With regal scepter, every soul in Heaven
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
 Confess him rightful king? Unjust, thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of
 Heaven 824
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good and of our dignity
 How provident he is, how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state under one head more near 830
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign:
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spi'rits of Hea-
 ven
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory
 nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virgins,
 Powers, 840
 Essential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,
 But more illustrious made; since he the head
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
 His laws our laws: all honor to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease 846
 The incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
 While pardon may be found in time besought.
 So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
 None accorded, as out of season judg'd, 850
 so singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
 The Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the
 work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
 Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd:
 who saw 856
 When this creation was? remember'st thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now:
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd 860
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
 Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings carry to th' anointed King; 870
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
 He said, and as the sound of waters deep
 Hourse marmur echo'd to his words applause
 Through the infinite host; nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
 Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.
 O alienate from God, O Spi'rit accurs'd,
 Forsaken of all good. I see thy fall
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885
 That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
 Independent, raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895
 So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untir'd, 900
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought; 905
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadiest Angel unparfled
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his
way; till morn,

Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Heaven

Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the Heav'n, tho' darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the
morn

Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the
plain 15

Cover'd with thick imbattel'd squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in prospect, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly Powers, who him receiv'd

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill 25
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear

Than violence; for this was all thy care, 35
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.

Go Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next 45
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,

Equal in number to that Godless crew
 Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms 50
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
 His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55
 So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
 At which command the Powers militant,
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd
 Of union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
 Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds
 Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious bill,
 Nor straitning vale, nor wood, nor stream di-
 vides 70
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
 Came summon'd over Eden to receive 75
 Their names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province
 wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
 Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
 In battalious aspect, and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
 The banded Powers of Satan halting on 85
 With furious expedition; for they ween'd
 That self-same day by sight, or by surprise,
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud 89
 Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
 And in fierce hostility meet, who went to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great sire 95
 Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst exalted as a God
 Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
 Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
 Twist'd host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front 105
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
 In the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Sat with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
 His towering, arm'd in adamant and gold; 110
 Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood

Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
 O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the High-
 est
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty 115
 Remain not: wherefore should not strength and
 might
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120
 Unfound and false; nor is it ought but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
 Most reason is that reason overcome.
 So pondering, and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposit, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130
 Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
 reach'd
 The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms; 135
 Who out of smallest things could without end
 Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness: but thou see'st
 All are not of thy train; there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all: my sect thou see'st; now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands
 err.
 Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
 Of my revenge, first fought for, thou return'st 151
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose 155
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met
 Their deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigor divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
 At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
 To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministering Spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
 Servility with freedom to contend, 169
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove
 To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find

Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
 Or Nature : God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thyself not free, but to thyself intrall'd ;
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministering upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom ; let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ; 185
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect : mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no fight, 191
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd ; as if on earth 195
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest ; ours joy fill'd, and
 shout, 200

Preface of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battel : whereat Michaël bid sound
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet ; through the vast of
 Heaven

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosannah to the High'st : nor flood at gaze 205
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock : now storming fury rose,
 And clamor such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
 Both battels main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
 Had to her center shook. What wonder ? when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions : how much more of power
 Army' against army numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
 Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
 And limited their might ; though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
 A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battel, open when, and when to close 235

The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear ; each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory : deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
 That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, when soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire : long time in even scale 245
 The battel hung ; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and
 fell'd 250

Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
 He halted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference : At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestin war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe judg'd
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began 261

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou see'st
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou fill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false ! But think not
 here

To trouble holy rest ; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with
 threats

To chase me hence ? err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we stile
 The strife of glory ; which we mean to win, 290
 Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
 Thou sakest, here however to dwell free
 If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
 I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295
 They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
 Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue

Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth 300
 Of Godlike pow'r? for likest Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
 Blaz'd opposit, while expectation stood 306
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 310
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both with next to' almighty arm 316
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determin, and not need repeat,
 As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword 320
 Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance
 clos'd, 330
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nect'rous humor issuing flow'd
 Sanguin, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defense, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war; there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame, 340
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live through-
 out
 Vital in every part, not as frail man 345
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air!
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
 Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array 356
 Of Moloch furious king; who him defy'd,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360

Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai, 365
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
 flight,
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
 mail.
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven, 375
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Praisable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory' aspires
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385
 And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle
 swerv'd,
 With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,
 Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd; 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from their place by violence
 mov'd. 405
 Now night her course began, and over Heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence on the odious din of war:
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field 410
 Michael and his Angels prevalent
 Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest, 415
 His potentates to council call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
 O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
 Not to be overpow'r'd, Companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,

Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less signly arm'd,
 Some disadvantage we incur'd and pain, 431
 Till now not known, but known as soon contain'd;
 Since now we find this our empyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound, 435
 Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
 Of evil then so small, as easy think
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nicroch, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And cloudy in aspect thus answer'd spake. 450
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
 Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with
 pain

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend 465
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defense, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereal mold whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gem and gold;
 Whose eye so superficially surveys 476
 These things, as not to mind from whence they
 grow

Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light? 481
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;
 Which into hollow engines long and round

Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth 486
 From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Meantime revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventor mis'd; so easy it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 thought 500

Impossible: yet haply of thy race
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.

Forthwith from council to the work they flew:
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the celestial soil, and lay beneath 510

Th' originals of nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
 Concocted and adust they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd: 515
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor bath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of massive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520

So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they flood
 Of golden panoply, resplendent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd
 four;

Each quarter, to defy the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving high, in flow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing. 535

Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.
 Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight; he thick a crowd
 He comes, and settled in his face I see 540

Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His adamant coat gird with, and each
 Fit well his noon, gape his orb'd shield,
 Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower, 545
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves; and soon

In order, quit of all impediment,
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,
 And onward mov'd imbattel'd: when behold 550
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
 Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
 A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and compofure, and with open breast 560
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
 But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part; ye who appointed stand, 565
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So speaking in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended: when to right and left the front
 Divided, and to either flank retir'd: 570
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
 A triple mounted row of pillars laid
 On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
 With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
 Brads, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce: at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tip with fire; while we suspense 580
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame
 But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
 roar 586

Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
 Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might
 stand,

Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
 The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
 Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift 596
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow 601
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire 605
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we,

To entertain them fair with open front 611
 And breast (what could we more?) propounded
 terms

Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamefome mood.
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbled many; who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory; eternal might 630
 To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them
 arms 635

Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heaven 640
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)

Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
 From their foundations loosning to and fro
 They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
 When coming towards them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
 Till on those cur'd engines triple-row 650
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions
 arm'd; 655

Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and
 bruise'd

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such pris'n, though Spi'rits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661
 The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
 Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread; 670
 Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits

Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all: advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' assessor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n, 685
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient: fore hath been their fight,
As believ'd was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath
wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which
makes

Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past; the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare; 705
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed king.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;

And thus the filial Godhead answer'd spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee, 725
As is most just; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 730
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on

Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeign'd Halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief. 745

So said, he o'er his scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with
whirlwind sound

The chariot of paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself intinct with Spirit, but convey'd
By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous: as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and carreering fires between; 756

Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765

Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God: half on each hand were seen:

He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime 771
On the crystallin sky, in saphir throne'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775
Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head embodied all in one.

Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd; 780
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obedient: Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.

This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790

They harden'd more by what might most reclaim
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reibattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battel drew, disdainful flight.

Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805
Invincibly; but of this curst crew

The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude: stand only and behold 810

God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me; not you but me they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heav'n supreme
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains, 815
Him honor'd me according to his will.

Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld, 825
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.

At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand 835

Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er fields and helms and helmeted heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate, 841
That with'd the mountains now might be again

Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the four-fold visage'd Four 845
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;

One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Star'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accus'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd, 851
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid voly; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven: 855
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd

Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd

Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd 861
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit. 866

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire 876
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 880

Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,

With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King, 886
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,

Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on
Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895

What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which beset, and war in Heaven
Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce

Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;

Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
As a despite done against the most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.

But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example the reward 910

Of disobedience; firm they might have stood
Yet fall; remember, and fear to transgress.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days; the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name

If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasus wing
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou 5
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down 15
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on th' Aëlian field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance

Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say Goddess, what ensued when Raphaël, 40
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasy, by what befel in Heaven
To those apostates, lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race, 45
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his comforted Eve 50
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their
thought

So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss 55
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this
world

Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,

When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done 65
Before his memory, or one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favor sent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not
reach : 75

For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd
Gently for our instruction to impart 81
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom form'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known, 85
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth, what cause 90
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we not to explore the secrets ask 95
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep :
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep lifting thee will watch, 106
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild. 110
This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain : though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and misr 116
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing : such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own invention hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven :
Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know

In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of deity supreme, us dispos'd, he
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no
more ;

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see 145
Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites :

But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
My damage loudly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-bit, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to
Earth, 160

One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heaven.
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee 165
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinite, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170
And put not forth my goodness which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven, 180
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace :
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185
And th' habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of Spirits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence disluse 190

His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies : Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love 195
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old 200
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205
Her ever during gates, harmonious found
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'ful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss 211
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And forging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep,
peace, 216
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end:
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rose
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; 220
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the servid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds
This be thy just circumference, O world, 231
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss: but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth 236
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal drops
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung.
Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began, 246
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light

Exhaling first from darkness they beheld; 255
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.
Again, God said, Let there be firmament 261
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
Chrysalin ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: So even
And morning chorus sung the second day. 275
The earth was form'd: but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe, 280
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiated with genial moisture, when God said,
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear 285
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they 290
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command
impress'd
On the swift floods: as armies at the call 295
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill, 300
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the watry ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those barks, where rivers now 305
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind, 311
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure
clad 315

Her universal face with pleasant green :
 'Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
 Opening their various colors, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed 321
 Imbattel'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,
 And bush with frizied hair implicit : last
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were
 crown'd, 326
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers : that earth now
 Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might
 dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth
 God made, and every herb, before it grew 336
 On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
 Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340
 The day from night ; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of Heaven
 To give light on the earth ; and it was so. 345
 And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altern ; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good :
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first, 355
 Though of ethereal mold : then form'd the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field :
 Of light by far the greater part he took
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive 361
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither as to their fountain other stars
 Requiring, in their golden urns draw light, 365
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road ; the
 gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
 Shedding sweet influence : last bright the moon
 But opposit in level'd west was set 376
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light

From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere : then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose, 385
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth
 day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
 Reptil with spawn abundant, living soul :
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven. 390
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind ;
 And saw that it was good, and blest'd them,
 saying, 395

Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
 And lakes and running streams the waters fill ;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
 Forthwith the founts and seas, each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm ; and shoals 400
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid sea : part single or with mate
 Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through
 groves

Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance 405
 Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal,
 And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait
 Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and shores
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that
 soon

Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclos'd
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledg'd
 They sum'd their pens, and soaring th' air
 sublime 421

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build :
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of flocks, and set forth
 Their acry caravan high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air 431
 Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd
 plumes :

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays :

Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
 The mid aerial sky: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue 445
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.
 The sixth, and of creation last arose 449
 With evening harps and matin, when God said,
 Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and frait
 Opening her fertil womb teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his lair the wild beast where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upspring.
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks. the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mold
 Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav'd 471
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
 The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans 476
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
 These as a line their long dimension drew, 48
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st, and gave them
 names,
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field, 495
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500

First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
 walk'd
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the master work, the end 505
 Of all yet done: a creature who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but indu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven, 511
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent 516
 Eternal Father, (for where is not he
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.
 Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of life; in his own image he 526
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becamest a living soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female for race; then blest'd mankind, and said,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth, 531
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
 And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
 Whencever thus created, for no place 535
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all their pleasaunt fruit for food 540
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth
 yields,
 Variety without end; but of the tree,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou
 dy'st;
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware, 545
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
 Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n his high abode;
 Thence to behold this new created world
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardest)
 The Heav'n and all the constellations rung,

The planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, 565
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung
 The glorious train ascending: He through Hea-
 ven,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led, 575
 To God's eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the se-
 venth
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
 Of Heav'n's high seated top, the imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure, 586
 The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his great Father, for he also went
 Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds
 Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite.

Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or
 tongue
 Relate thee? greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant Angels; thee that day 605
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spi'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another Heaven
 From Heaven gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
 Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy
 Men, 625
 And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshippers 630
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
 Their happiness and persevere upright.
 So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With halleluiahs: Thus was sabbath kept.
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
 How first this world and face of things began,
 And what before thy memory was done
 From the beginning, that posterity
 Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
 Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
 So charming left his voice, that he a while
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to
 hear;
 Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence 5
 Equal have I to render thee, divine
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unfearchable, now heard 10
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
 With glory attributed to the high
 Creator? something yet of doubt remains,
 Which only thy solution can resolve.
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world 15
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute
 Their magnitudes, this earth, a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
 Their distance argues and their swift return
 Diurnal) merely to officiate light
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night, in all their vast survey
 Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire, 25
 How nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater to manifold to this one use,
 For ought appears, and on their orbs impose 30
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives, 35
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.
 So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight, 41
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendence gladder grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
 Adam relating, the sole auditor:
 Her husband the relator she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended, for on her as queen 60
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes to wither still in sight.
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
 Benevolent and facil thus reply'd. 65
 To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heaven
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:

This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
 Impertinent, if thou reckon right; the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scanned by them who ought
 Rather admire; or, if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 He reader, when they come to model Heaven
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere
 With centric and eccentric scribled o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85
 Who art to lead thy off-spring, and supposest
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit: consider first, that great 90
 Or bright infer not excellence: the earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95
 But in the fruitful earth; there first receiv'd
 His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Offices, but to thee earth's habitant.
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could add 109
 Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,
 Who since the morning hour set out from Heaven
 Where God resides, and ere in day arriv'd
 In Eden, distance inexplicable
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to show 115
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
 God to remove his ways from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun
 Be center to the world, and other stars
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then
 hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In fix thou seest, and what is lev'nth to these
 The planet earth, so it ddaft though she seem,
 Infensibly three different motions move? 130
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift

Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day
 Traveling east, and with her part averse
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star
 Inlightning her by day, as she by night
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants: Her spots thou seest 145
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
 Fruits in her fester'd soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry
 Communicating male and female light, 150
 Which two great sexes animate the world,
 Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
 By living soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the sun predominant in Heaven 160
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
 He from the east his flaming road begin,
 Or she from west her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft axle, while she paces even, 165
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree, 176
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
 Not of Earth only but of highest Heaven.
 To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions
 vain.
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
 That not to know at large of things remote 191
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of something not unreasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard; 205
And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven, 210
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace di-
vine 215

Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly
meek.

Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue inelegant; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attend thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor dost think we in Heaven of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 225
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befit,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full legion such command we had
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he incens'd at such eruption hold, 235
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But as he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to insure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast stout
The dismal gates, and barricad'd strong; 241
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the courts of light 245
Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with
mine.

So spake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our sire
For Man to tell how human life began 250
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed. 256
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,

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As thitherward endeavoring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmur'ing streams: by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or
flew, 264
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes
ran

With supple joints, as lively vigor led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
What'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and
Plains; 275

And ye that live and move, fair Creatures! tell
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus: how here?
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in pow'r preëminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whi-
ther,

From where I first drew air, and first behold
This happy light, when answer none return'd, 285
On a green shady bank profuse of flowers:
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My droued sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:

When suddenly flood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And h'd: One came, me thought, of shape di-
vine, 295

And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I
saw 305

Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each
tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
Hap lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell 315
Submits: he rear'd me, and Whom thou sought'st
I am,

Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320
 Of every tree that in the garden grows
 Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 But of the tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect 336
 Retur'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give: as lands
 Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl,
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection; understand the same 345
 Of fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Their element to draw the thin ner air.
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low 350
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God indued
 My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still; 355
 And to the heav'nly vision thus present'd.
 O by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpass'st far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
 What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air 370
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 I find pasture, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
 So spake the universal Lord, and form'd 376
 So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus reply'd.
 Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380
 And thou hast made me here thy substitute,

And these inferior far beneath me set:
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human comfort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lions;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape; 396
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd.
 A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice 400
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone 405
 From all eternity, for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents 410
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
 He ceas'd, I slowly answer'd. To attain
 The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415
 Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
 But in degree, the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Should'st propagate, already infinite, 420
 And through all numbers absolute, though one;
 But Man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his image multiply'd.
 In unity defective, which requires 425
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
 Of union or communion, duty'd; 430
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice divine. 435
 Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
 Excessing well the fit fit within thee free, 440
 My image, not imparted to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike,
 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone, 445
 And no such company as then thou saw'st

Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet :
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th'
highth,

In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazed and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460
Of fancy my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life blood streaming fresh ; wide was the
wound,

But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd :
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;
Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd
now

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure : 480
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable : On she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495
Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted : for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;
And they shall be one heart, one flesh, one soul.

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty, 501
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all, 505
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;
I follow'd her, she what was honor knew,

And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510
Led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each lull ;
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs 515
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On this hill top, to light the bridal lamp. 520

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd, or not, works in the mind no change, 525
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and
flowers,

Walks, and the melody of birds ; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch ; here passion first I felt, 530

Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain, 535
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end 540
Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel,
In outward also her resembling less

His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given 545

O'er other creatures ; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuoudest, discreetest, best ; 550
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loss discountenanc'd, and like folly shows ;
Authority and reason on her wait,

As one intended first, not after made 555
Occasionally ; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560
Accuse not nature, she hath done her part ;
Do thou but think, and be not dissident
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh.
By attributing over much to things 565
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside ? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection : weigh with her thyself ; 570
Then value : Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right

Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou
know'st,

The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows: 575

Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wife
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight 580

Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585

What high'er in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat

In reason, and is judicious, is the scale 591
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd. 595
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds

(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
Those thousand decencies that daily flow

From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605

More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore feign'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free 610

Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the heavenly Spi'rits, and how their love
Express they, by looks only, or do they mix 616
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness. 621

Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars; 625

Easier than air with air, if Spi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun 630

Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Iles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep 634

His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,

And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
Free in thy own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part, 645
Go heavenly Guest, ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be' honor'd ever

With grateful memory: thou to mankind 650
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect, or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat: she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

NO more of talk where God or Angel guest
 With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change 5
 Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
 And disobedience: on the part of Heaven
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given, 10
 That brought into this world a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery
 Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of fierce Achilles on his foe pursu'd 15
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia dislous'd,
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son;
 If answerable stile I can obtain 20

Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplo'd
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse:
 Since first this subject for heroic song 25
 Pleas'd me long chooling, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights 30
 In battels feign'd; the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe races and games
 Or tining furniture, emblazon'd shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds; 35
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust and tournament; then marshal'd fast
 Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneschals;
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40

To person or to poem. Me of these
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years damp my intended wing 45
 Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
 The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter 50
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
 When Satan who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55
 On Man's destruction, musing what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearful return'd.
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel regent of the sun deserv'd 60
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
 That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driven,
 The space of sev'n continued nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled, four times cross'd the ear of night 65
 From pole to pole, travelling each colure;
 On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the
 change, 70
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life;
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 Satan involv'd in rising mist, then fought 75
 Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd and land
 From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
 Maeotis, up beyond the river Ob;
 Thence downward as far antarctic; and in length
 Went from Orontes to the ocean barr'd 80
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
 The Serpent fittest beast of all the field. 86
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power 95
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
 His burning passion into plaints thus pour'd.
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not prefer'd
 More justly, far worthier of Gods, as built 100
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God after better worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heavens
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,

Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
 Is center, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centering receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth 111
 Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
 If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange 116
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest
 crown'd;
 Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my
 state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heaven
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable 126
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
 For only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
 To me shall be the glory sole among 135
 Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
 What he Almighty stil'd, six days and nights
 Continued making, and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer than since I in one night freed 140
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145
 More Angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original, 150
 With heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings, 155
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge: Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find 160
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the high'est, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, 165
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the highest of Deity aspir'd.

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last 170
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite 175
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicker dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self rell'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:
Nor yet in horrid shade or dismal den, 185
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Tearlets unfeared he slept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligent; but his sleep 190
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.
Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that

breathe,
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill 195
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work
outgrew

The hands dispatch of two gardening so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labor still to dress 205
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task injoin'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labor grows
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present;
Let us divide our labors, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct 215
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For while so near each other thus all day 220
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd. 225

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts
employ'd

How we might best fulfil the work which here 230
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235
Labor, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food, 240
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint
hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His with and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need; 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fidelity from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265
That gave thee being, still shades thee and
protects.

The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.
Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's
Lord,

That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275
And from the parting Angel over-heard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers 285
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
breast,

Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd, 290

Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :
Not dissident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe. 295
For he who tempts, though' in vain, at least
asperges

The tempted with dishonor foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation : thou thyself with scorn
An' longer wouldst resent the offer'd wrong. 300
Though in it thou find : misdeem not then,
If such affront I labor to avert.
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight 310
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking
on,

Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst thou not like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose 316
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not indued
Single with like defense, wherever met, 325
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin : only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his soul esteem
Of our integrity : his soul esteem
Sticks no dishonor on our front; but turns 330
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honor gain
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
Favor from Heav'n, our witness, from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd 335
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 340
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.
O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left 345
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power :
Against his will he can receive no harm. 350
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,

Left by some fair appearing good surpris'd
She dictate false, and misinform the will 355
To do what God expressly hath forbid.

Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet 360
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware.

Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me 365
Thou sever not : trial will come unfought.

Would thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think trial unfought may find 370
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely

On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisting, yet submissive, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus fore-warn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd, 381
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train, 387

Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude, 391
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.

To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 395
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd 400
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,

And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return event perverse! 405
Thou never from that hour in Paradise

Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades
Waited with hellish rancor imminent

To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.

For now, and since first break of dawn the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them 415
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,

Their tendence or plantation for delight :
 By fountain or by shady rivulet 420
 He sought them both, but with'd his hap might find
 Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round 426
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though
 gay
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustain'd; then she uplays 430
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
 From her best prop so far, and stem so nigh.
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk trav'ers'd
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm, 435
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
 Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve :
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd 440
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
 Or that, not mythic, where the sapient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
 Much he the place admir'd, the person more.
 As one who long in populous city pent, 445
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
 The smell of grain, or teded grass, or kine, 450
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with nymphlike step fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look fums all delight :
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 455
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture or least action overaw'd 460
 His malice, and with rapin sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :
 That space the Evil-one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon 470
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
 Thoughts, whether have ye led me! with what
 sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 476
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying; other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles; behold alone 480
 The woman, opportune to all attempts!

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Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold, 485
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
 Infeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
 Not terrible, though terror be in love 490
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.
 So spake the enemy' of mankind, inclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve 495
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; 500
 With tumid neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape
 And lovely; never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd 505
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd 511
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail: 515
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the field, 520
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck, 525
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.
 Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less
 arm
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
 Intimate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore 540
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admir'd; but here
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545

2 [K]

Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst
be seen

A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his poem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555

To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;

The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.

Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice indu'd;

Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How can'st thou speakable of mute, and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight: 565

Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all

What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst
be obey'd: 570

I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,

As was my food; nor ought but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:

Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd 575
A goodly tree far distant to behold

Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;

When from the boughs a savory odor blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580

Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,

Unfuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had

Of tasting these fair apples, I resolv'd 585
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once

Pow'ful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.

About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require

Thy utmost reach or Adam's: Round the tree 591
All other beasts that saw, with like desire

Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour

At seed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive

Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech 600

Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep

I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,

In Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine 606

Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine

Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited fly snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:

But say, where grows the tree, from hence how
far?

For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown

To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,

Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands

Help to disburden Nature of her birth.
To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad, 625

Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,

Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630
Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd

In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy

Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night 635

Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,

Which oft, they say, some evil Spi'rit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light, 639

Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,

There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud

Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe; 645

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming

hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess;

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650

But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command

Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd. 655
Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit

Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in earth or air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat, 660

But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.
She scarce had said, though brief, when now

more bold
The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love 665

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,

Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some orator renown'd 670

In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause
address'd

Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay 675
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :
So standing, moving, or to highth up grown,
The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of science, now I feel thy power 680
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die :
How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot. 690
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be, 695
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be just; 700
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd :
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to grieve,
Why but to keep you low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day 705
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can
bring. 715

And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair earth I see, 720
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That who so eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and where lies 725
Th' offense, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit. 731
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taste.
He endc'd, and his words replete with guile

Into her heart too easy entrance won :
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and
wak'd

An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eyes; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be
admir'd, 746
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy
praise :

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use, 750
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want : 755

For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?

Such prohibitions bind not. But if death 760
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone 766

Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty? 775

Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise; what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve 785
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her
thought. 790

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating death: Sate at length,
And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees 795
 In Paradise, of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease 801
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
 Till dicted by thee I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
 Though others envy what they cannot give; 805
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
 In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies 815
 About him. But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power 820
 Without copartner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undefirable, sometime
 Superior; for inferior who is free? 825
 This may be well: but what if God hath seen,
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,
 Shall live with her enjoying. I extinct;
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
 But first low reverence done, as to the Power 835
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant scintillial sap, deriv'd
 From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn 840
 Her tresses, and her rural labors crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
 Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn when first they parted; by the tree
 Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand 850
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she halted; in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay? 856
 Thee I have mis'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence, agony of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more

Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I fought, 860
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
 This tree is not as we are told, a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Opening the way, but of divine effect 865
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
 And hath been tasted such; the serpent wife,
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
 Indued with human voice and human sense, 871
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond: opener mine eyes, 875
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I fought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and edious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal let 881
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit. 885

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed;
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
 Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred fruit forbid'n? some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguild thee, yet unknown, 905
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die:
 How can I live without thee, how forgo
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn? 910
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state 915
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve,
 And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
 Had it been only coveting to eye
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,

Much more to taste it under ban to touch. 925
 But past who can recall, or done undo?
 Not God omnipotent, nor Fate; yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted fruit,
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as Man
 Higher degree of life, inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain 935
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-Gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wife,
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high, 940
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose,
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath 946
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say; Fickle their state whom God
 Most favors; who can please him long? Me first
 He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
 Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe. 951
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom; if death
 Comfort with thee, death is to me as life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel 955
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
 So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd. 960
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high!
 Engaging me to emulate, but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak, 966
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather than death or ought than death more dread
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, 970
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else 975
 So eminently never had been known.
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
 Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before 986
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to' incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
 Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again 1000
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
 Sky loud, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original; while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate 1005
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth
 Him with her lov'd society: that now
 As with new wine intoxicated both
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings, 1010
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn: 1015
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
 Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning favor we apply,
 And palate call judicious; I the praise 1020
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbid'n, it might be wish'd, 1025
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;
 For never did thy beauty since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood 1035
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 He hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
 He led her nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch,
 Pansies and violets, and asphodel, 1040
 And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1046
 That with exhilarating vapor bland
 About their spi'rits had play'd, and inmost powers
 Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
 Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness, 1056
And honor from about them, naked left
To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the harlot-lap 1060
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sat, as stricken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd, 1065
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes 1070
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085
Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening: Cover me, ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together
fow'd, 1095

And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose 1100
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade 1106
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those
leaves 1110

They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what skill they had, together sow'd,
To gird their waste, vain covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late 1115
Columbus found th' American, so girt
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild

Among the trees on illes and woody shores.
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in
part

Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook fore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once 1125
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For understanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran reason claim'd 1130
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and
stay'd

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn, 1136
I know not whence possess'd thee: we had then
Remain'd still happy; not as now, despoil'd
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to ap-
prove 1140

The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus
Eve.

What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145
Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have dis-
cern'd

Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the head 1155
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd Adam reply'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, 1165
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold 1171
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue 1180
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook

And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolved to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEAN while the hainous and despitful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart 6
Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.

For still they knew, and ought to' have still re-
member'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty, 15
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew, 19
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news

From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial villages, yet mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss. 25
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel: they tow'ards the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance, 30
 And easily approv'd; when the most high
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
 I told you then he should prevail and speed 40
 On his bad errand, Man should be seduc'd
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
 His free will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?
 Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
 Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd 56
 All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or
 Hell.

Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
 Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd 60
 Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full 65
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
 Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd 70
 May'it ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain 75
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd, 81
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose 85
 VOL. II.

Of high collateral glory: him Thrones and
 Powers,

Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
 Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended thence; the speed of Gods 90
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
 wing'd.

Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The evening cool, when he from wrath more cool
 Came the mild judge and intercessor both 96
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they
 heard,

And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
 Where art thou, Adam, went with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
 Where obvious duty ere while appear'd sought:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though
 first
 To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discom-
 pos'd; 110

Love was not in their looks, either to God
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
 Whence Adam faulting long, thus answer'd brief.
 I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice 116
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam fore beset reply'd,
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125
 Before my judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
 By my complaint; but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet
 thou 135

Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
 This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
 And what she did, whatever in itself,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the sovran Presence thus reply'd.

Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145
 Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
 Were such as under government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part 155
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.

Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?
 To whom had Eve with shame nigh over-
 whelm'd,

Confessing soon, yet not before her judge 160
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.
 The Serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without de-
 lay

To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent though brute, unable to transfer 165
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,
 As vitiated in nature: more to know

Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew),
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last 171

To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd 175
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
 Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
 Between thee and the Woman I will put
 Enmity, and between thine and her feed; 180
 Her feed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his
 heel.

So spake this oracle, then verify'd
 When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
 Prince of the air; then rising from his grave 185
 Spoil'd Principalities and Powers, triumph'd
 In open show, and with ascension bright
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190
 Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
 And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd.
 Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
 By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will 195
 Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
 Because thou' hast hearken'd to the voice of thy
 wife,

And eaten of the tree, concerning which
 I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat there-
 of: 200

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake: then in sorrow
 shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
 Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Untid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field,

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both judge and saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day
 Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood 211
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now 215
 As father of his family he clad

Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies;
 Nor he their outward only with the skins 220

Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.

To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
 Into his blissful bosom reasum'd 225

In glory as of old; to him appens'd
 All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with
 Man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on
 Earth,

Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230
 In counterview within the gates, that now
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
 Sin opening: who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing 235
 Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides
 For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
 But that success attends him; if mishap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven 240
 By his avengers, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Me thinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing, and dominion give me large
 Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on, 245

Or sympathy, or some connatural force
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kind
 By secret conveyance. Thou my shade
 Inseparable must with me along: 250

For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.
 But lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious, let us try

Adventurous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine 255
 Not unagreeable, to found a path

Over this main from Hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument
 Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.
 Go whither fate and inclination strong 265

Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw

Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The favor of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battel, to a field, 275
Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, hur'd
With scent of living carcases design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air, 280
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse, and with power (their power was
great)

Hovering upon the waters, what they met 285
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Toft up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of
Hell:

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petfora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated foil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move;
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge 301
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to Hell. 305
So, if great things to small may be compar'd
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the sea, and over Hellspont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant
waves.

Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyfs, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he 315
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space 320
The confines met of empyrean Heaven
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:

Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear 330
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 335
Upon her husband, saw their shame that fought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
Met who to meet him came, his off-spring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine
own; 355

Thou art their author and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy
looks 360

Now shew evidence, but strait I felt
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet
felt

That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Deterain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell gates till now, thou us empower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay 370
With this portentous bridge the dark abyfs.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully' aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou shalt monarch
reign, 375

There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd
glad.

Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild
both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race 385
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty King)
Amplly have merited of me, of all

Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one
 realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with
 ease,
To my associate Pow'rs, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You see this way, among these numerous orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the
 earth
Dominion exercise and in the air, 400
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declar'd.
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send you, and create
Plenipotent on earth of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now 405
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.
So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The cauey to Hell gate; on either side 415
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate: for those 420
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd 425
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the
 Grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emper'ror sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowy plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Abdule, in his retreat 435
To Tauris or Casbeen: So these the late
Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of foreign worlds; he through the midst un-
 mark'd, 441
In show plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which under state 445
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:

At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall 451
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the ac-
 clame: 455
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
 Powers, 460
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call you and declare you now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead you forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accus'd, the house of woe, 465
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As Lords, a spacious world, to' our native Hea-
 ven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep 471
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protecting fate supreme; thence how I found 480
The new-created world, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: Him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
From his Creator, and the more to' increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labor, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape 495
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' ac-
 count 501
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?
So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause 505
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long

Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more; 510
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power 515
 Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all as accessories 520
 To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,
 Cerales horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
 And Dipfas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the ile
 Ophiusa) but still greatest he the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
 Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
 Huge Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array, 535
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540
 They felt themselves now changing; down their
 arms,
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they
 meant 545
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There
 stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude 554
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not obtain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, far thicker than the snaky locks
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd 560
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
 'This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
 Chew'd bitter asææ, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they' assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drug'd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd: so oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion, not as Man

Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were
 they plagu'd
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide 581
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair 585
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began. 590
 Second of Satan sprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though
 earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have fat
 watch, 594
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?
 Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.
 To me, who with eternal famin pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven, 598
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.
 To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd.
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and
 flowers
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
 No homely morsels; and whatever thing 605
 The sith of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd;
 Till I in Man residing through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
 This said, they both betook them several ways,
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make 611
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
 From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
 To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice. 615
 See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620
 Folly to me, so doth the prince of Hell
 And his adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
 To gratify my scornful enemies, 625
 That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misrule;
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
 Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh
 burst

With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling 633
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws. 637
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made
pure

To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud 641
Sang Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son, 645
Defin'd restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their
song,

While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty Angels gave them several charge 650
As sort'd best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring 655
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blane moon
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aspects

In sextile, square, and trine, and opposit.
Of noxious efficacy; and when to join 660
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll 666
With terror through the dark aerial hall.

Some say he bid his angels turn ascant
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle, they with labor push'd 670
Oblique the centric globe: Some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins

Up to the Tropic Crab: thence down amain 675
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernal flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow 685
From cold Estotiland, and south as far

Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 690
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow,
produc'd

I like change on sea and land, fideral blast,
Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,

Corrupt and pestilent: Now from the north 695
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed more,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thrafcias rend the woods and seas upturn; 700
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serralliona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds
Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise, 705
Sirocco, and Libeccio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with
fowl, 710

And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glard on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries which Adam saw 715
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end 720
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end 725
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*, 730

Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure, 735
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration! So besides

Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural center light 740
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me Man, did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place 745
In this delicious garden? as my will
Concur'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I fought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late 755
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,

Then cavil the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I fought it not:
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election
 But natural necessity begot. 765
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet 775
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of Man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
 And sin? the body properly hath neither. 791
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? be it, Man is not so, 795
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom death must
 end?
 Can he make deathless death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument 800
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigor
 Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law, 805
 By which all causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without, and so last
 To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenseless head; both Death and I 815
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curs'd: Fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited how would you bless
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind

For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd
 Not to do only, but to will the same 826
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me
 still 830
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath. Fend with! couldst thou
 support
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear, 835
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future, 840
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O Conscience, into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd.
 Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845
 Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
 Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror: on the ground 850
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
 The day of his offense. Why comes not death,
 Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke 855
 To end me? shall truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call, justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,
 With other echo late I taught your shades 861
 To answer, and resound far other song.
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
 Out of my sight, thou Serpent; that name best
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and color serpentine, may show 870
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
 Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pre-
 tended
 To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
 I had persist'd happy, had not thy pride
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
 To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wife
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a show
 Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib

Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O why did God,
 Creator wife, that peopled highest Heaven
 With Spirits masculine, create at last 890
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With Men as Angels without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n, 895
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And frant conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversity, his hate or shame: 906
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

For sake me not thus, Adam: witness Heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915
 I bear thee, and unwepting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
 My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou 930
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
 Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Compassion; soon his heart relented 940
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;
 As one turn'd, his anger all he lost, 945
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thyself; alas,

Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited, 955
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 To me committed and by me expos'd.
 But rise, let us no more contend nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
 In offices of love, how we may lighten 960
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe;
 Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,
 A long day's dying to augment our pain,
 And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd. 965

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd.
 Adam, by sad experiment I know
 How little weight my words with thee can find,
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen, 975
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
 By Death at last; and miserable it is 981
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
 Into this cursed world a woful race,
 That after wretched life must be at last 985
 Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
 It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
 The race unblest, as be'ing yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
 Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two 990
 Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abtain
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope, 995
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be misery
 And torment less than none of what we dread;
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear from both, let us make short,
 Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply 1001
 With our own hands his office on ourselves:
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
 That show no end but death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing, 1005
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime

And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refuses 1016
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
 Of misery, so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than to
 To be forestall'd; much more I feel lest death
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek
 Some sifter resolution, which methinks
 I have in view calling to mind with heed 1030
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
 The Serpent's head; pitious assaults, unless
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head 1035
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days.
 Resolv'd as thou propos'd; to our foe
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
 That cuts us off from hope, and favors only
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke 1045
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
 Without wrath or reviling; we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by death that day, when loss to thee
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold. 1051
 And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse alope
 Glanc'd on the ground; with labor I must earn
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
 My labor will sustain me; and lest cold 1056
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
 Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline. 1061

And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
 Which now the sky with various face begins
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds 1065
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of those fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal war
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter fore lament 1071
 Or by collision of two bodies grind
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
 Jussling or puff'd with winds rude in their shock
 Time the stout lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n 1075
 down
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the sun: such fire to use
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace 1081
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home. 1085
 What better can we do, than to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign 1091
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1095
 What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone?
 So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK XL

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Preventive grace descending had remov'd
The Remy from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead: that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier
flight

Than loudst oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition: then when th' ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than those,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
Th' race of mankind grown'd, befo' the flood
Of Th' flood devout: To Heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruitless: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
With intellect, where the golden altar sm'd,
By their great intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: then the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began:

See, Father, what sad fruits on earth are sprung
From thy unask'd grace in Man, these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden vessel, mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing favor from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which my own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n

From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute; 31
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation: all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those 35
shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.

Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom,
(which I

To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
All thy request for Man, accepted Son, 46
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know 50
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness

And immortality: that fondly lost,
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe; 60
 Till I provided death; so death becomes
 His final remedy, and after life
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,
 Wak'd in the renovation of the just, 65
 Refigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
 But let us call to synod all the Blest
 Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will
 not hide
 My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant Angels late they lav, 70
 And in their state, though firm, stood more con-
 firm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God defended, and perhaps once more 75
 To found at general doom. Th' angelic blast
 Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
 Of amaranth shade, founts in or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light 80
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste 85
 Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got,
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, 90
 My motions in him; longer than they move,
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live 95
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
 Hasten thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair, 105
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
 To them and to their progeny from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
 For I beheld them soften'd and with tears 110
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten; intermix 115
 My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in
 peace:

And on the east side of the garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden castles stands,
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120

Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the tree of life:
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey, 124
 With whose Bos'n fruit Man once more to delude.
 He ceas'd; and th' archangelic Pow'r prepar'd
 For swift descent: with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim: four faces each
 Had, like a double Jactus, all their shape
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse, 131
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while
 To resplend the world with sacred light
 Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd
 The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve 136
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily may fash admit, that all 141
 The good which we enjoy from Heav'n descends;
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heaven
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high blest, or to incline his will, 145
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I fought
 By pray'r th' offended Deity to appease,
 Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart, 150
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
 Bending his ear; periculation in me grew
 That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
 Home to my breast, and to my memory
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
 Which then not minded in disuay, yet now 156
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
 Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek,
 Ill worthy I such title should belong
 To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy Care; to me reproach 165
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
 But infinite in garden was my judge,
 That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
 The fount of life; next favourable thou,
 Who highly thus to comfort me vouchsaf'st, 170
 For other name deserving. But the field
 To labor calls us now with sweat impos'd,
 Though after sleepless night; for see the morn,
 All unconcern'd with our errand, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth, 175
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now in-
 join'd

Laborious, all day drop: while here we dwell,
 What can be tell'd of the sweetest walks?
 Here let us live, content with all in state, content.
 So have, so walk'd much-murder'd Eve, but 181
 Suffer'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd
 On bird, beast, fish, the day's approach

After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, swoop'd from his airy tour, 185
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase 191
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature
shows,

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more? 200
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly
fraught?

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt, 210
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw 214
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220
In their bright stand there left his Powers to sell
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve, 224
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which, I think
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descender
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav'nly host, and by his side 230
None of the meanest, some great Personate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invites him coming; yet not terrible
That I should fear, nor socially mild,
As Raphael, that I should much admire, 235
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and then retire.

He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his heroic arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; his had dipt the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime 245
In manhood where youth ended; by his side

As in a glitt'ring zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done 256
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appear'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious clame;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, sinner soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow flood,
That all his senses bound: Eve, who unseen 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd from the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the residue of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last 275
At even, whilst I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names,
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
To a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accus'd to immortal fruits? 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-sord, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits rear'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd. 295
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or
nam'd

Of them the high'st, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Seats, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else 305
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries: 310

But pray'r against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed countenance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine, and to my soul relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree 320
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd 330
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the
Earth, 335

Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then 340
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this preeminence thou' hast lost, brought
down

To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be con-
firm'd 355

Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: to shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight walkest;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd. 370
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n sub-
mit,

However chaf'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious bread, aiming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labor won, 375
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God: it was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest light
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect
Lay. 380

Not higher that hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever flood
City of old or modern fame, the seat 386
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Carthage, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinean kings, and thence 390
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul
Down to the golden Cherfonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance, 395

Turcheitan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Nigus to his utmost port
Erecco, and the Isles maritim kings
Mombazai and Quilon, and Melind,
And Sofala thence to Ophir, to the realm 400
Of Congo, and Senegal furthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Abanisor, Tan and Suz,
Morocco and Algier, and Tremisin;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw 406
Rich Mexico the seat of Montezuma,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and Peru's shield'd
Orizaba, whose air at city Ceryon's fons 410

Call El Dorado; but soon the sight
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that suffering had promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with heavenly and rue
The vision's force, for he had much to see: 415
And from the well of life three drops insuffl'd,
So deep the power of these ingredients shrou'd,
Then to the instant seat of mental sight,
That Adam now could see to do his eyes,
Sink down, and all his spirits became intur'd:
But like the gentle Angel by the hand 421
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus renew'd.
Adam, now open thine eyes, and first behold
Thy birth, which thy original crime hath wound'd
In sin: to spring from thence, thou never touch'd
Th' exception tree, nor wilt be free of fault;
Nor should'st thou, yet from that sin derive
Communion to bring forth more violent seed.

His eyes he opened, and could n hold,
Part audible and part, whereon were shining 426
New reap'd, the ripest ears of sleep, and fall;
Vainly midst an altar, the lone-bound flood,
Rustic, of grassy field; thence soon
A weary reaper from his sickle brought 434
First fruits, the green ear, and the yell without,
Uncut, as came to hand; a sheaf next

Meek came with the fillings of his flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The inward and their fat, with incense strow'd,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
 His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven 441
 Consum'd with humble glance, and grateful steam;
 The other's not, for his was not sincere;
 Wherent he fully rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone 445
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd; 451
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
 Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain, 455
 For envy that his brother's offering found
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fault
 Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire 460

Alas, both for the dead and for the cause!
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O fight
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horr'd to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By fire, flood, famine, by intem'p'rance more;
 Torments and dribs, which on the earth shall bring
 To man's dire, of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know
 What misery th' unbelief of Eve 475

shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Offer'd his eyes appear'd, sad, noiseless, dark,
 A hearth-hole it seem'd, wherein were laid
 Members of all diseas'd, all maladies 480

Of ghostly pain, or murthering torture, qualms
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine fumes and ulcers, colic pangs,

Hemorrhic phrency, moping melancholy, 485
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pellicles,
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.

Dire was the tolling, deep the groans; Despair
 Tender'd the sick to slide from couch to couch; 490
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 cast. But dur'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
 With vows as their chief good, and final hope.

Still so deform'd what heart of rock could long
 Look on? but Adam could not, but wept, 495
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
 His heart of man, and gave him up to tears.

A voice, till former thoughts restrain'd excess;
 And force recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall 500
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!

Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be thus wretched from us? rather why
 Obscured on us thus? who if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept 505
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 Th' image of God in man created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such wretchedly sufferings be debas'd 510
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd 515
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
 Inclusive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
 But is there yet no other way, besides
 These painful passages, how we may come
 To death, and mix with our conatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from
 thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return:
 So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease 536

Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature:
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will
 change

To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then 540
 Obtrude, all taste of pleasure must forgo,
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would I prolong
 Life much, but rather how I may be quit
 Easier and easier of this cumbrous charge,
 Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
 Of rendring up, and patiently attend
 My dissolution. Michael reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heaven:
 And now prepare thee for another fight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
 Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
 Of cattle grazing; other, whence the sound
 Of instruments that made melodious chime 559
 Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
 Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
 Insin' through all proportions low and high
 Fleed and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
 In other part stood one who at the forge

Lab'ring, two massy clods of iron and brass 565
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by
stream

From underground) the liquid ore he drain'd 570
Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be
wrought

Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their
seat, 575

Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things hid which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain 580
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents bel. 11
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sang
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their
eyes 585

Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
And now of love they treat till th' evening star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
Hymen, then fast to marriage rites invol'd:
With feast and music all the tents are und.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 595
Of Adam soon inclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past; 600
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end 605
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare, 610
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd
none.

Yet thy a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honor and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives 621
Religious tiled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles

Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy, 625
Erelong to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.
O pity and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630
Paths indirect, or in the mid-way faint!
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom and superior gifts receiv'd. 636
But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers, 640
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming speed,
Single or in array of battel rang'd
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood; 645
One way a hand select from forage drives
A herd of bees, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Kwes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with like the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray; 651
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pasur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms th' insanguin'd field
Defiled: others to a city strong 655

Lay siege, incamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall descend
With dart and javelin, frons and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the fiercer'd heralds call 660
To council in the city gates: anon

Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assembled, and harangues are heard, but soon
In faction's opposition, till at last
Of mind and age one rising, eminent 665
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence 671

Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these, 675
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply

Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre 680
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?

To whom thus Michael: These are the produce
Of these ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of
themselves 685

Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;

For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
 And valor and heroic virtue call'd; 690
 To overcome in battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory, and for glory done
 Of triumph, to be fill'd great conquerors, 695
 Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
 Thus now shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.
 But be the seventh from thee, whom thou beholdest
 The only righteous in a world perverse, 701
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious truth, that God would come
 To judge them with his Saints: him the most High
 Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds 706
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
 Exempt from death: to show thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment; 710
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite
 chang'd;
 The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
 Marrying or prostituting, as best,
 Rape or adultery, where passing like
 Allard them; thence from cups to civil broils.
 At length a reverend fire among them came,
 And of their doings great dislike declar'd 720
 And purify'd again their ways; he oft
 Frequented their assemblies, where he met
 Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
 Conversion and repentance, with such
 In prison under judgments imminent: 725
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his tent far off;
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
 Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and 730
 height,
 I mean'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
 Carv'd, and of provisions laid in large
 For man and beast: when lo a wonder strange!
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
 Came flocks, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
 Their order: last the fire, and his three sons 736
 With their four wives; and God made fast the
 door.
 Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black
 wings
 Wide heaving, all the clouds together drove
 From under Heav'n; the hills to their supply 740
 Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up to main; and now the thick'ning sky
 Like a dark ciding flood; down rush'd the rain
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth
 No more was seen; the floating vessel swum 745
 Uplift'd, and secure with beaked prow
 Rode o'er the waves; all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
 Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,

Sea without shore; and in their palaces 750
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755
 Depopulation! thee another flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
 And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.
 O visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
 My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd
 The burd'n of many ages, on me light
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man 770
 seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel 775
 Grievous to bear: but that ere now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd
 Famine and anguish with at last continue
 Wand'ring that wintry desert: I had hope
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth, 780
 All would have then gone well, peace would have
 crown'd
 With length of happy days the race of man;
 But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
 How comest thou thus? unfold, celestial Guide, 785
 And whether here the race of man will end.
 To whom thus Michael, Those whom last
 thou saw'st
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void; 790
 Who having spill'd much blood, and done much
 waste,
 Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and
 sloth,
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
 The conquer'd also, and inflam'd by war,
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
 And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800
 Against invaders: therefore cool'd in zeal
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth shall
 bear
 More than enough, that temp'rance may be
 try'd: 805
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
 Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot;

One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age, against example good,
 Against allurements, custom, and a world 810
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815
 On their impotence; and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd
 The one just man alive; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and household from amidst 820
 A world devote to universal wreck.
 No sooner he with them of man and beast
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
 Of Heav'n set open on the earth shall pour 825
 Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to stirp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,
 And there take root an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals, and ores, and sea-news clang:
 To teach thee that God attributes to place 836
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled, 841
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
 And the clear sun on his wide watry glass
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had
 Slept
 His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd. 851
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
 With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy

Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
 The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign: 860
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
 The ancient sire descends with all his train;
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
 Conspicuous with three list'd colors gay,
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
 Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
 Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
 O thou who future things canst represent 870
 As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive
 At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice 875
 For one man found so perfect and so just,
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger to forget
 But say, what mean those color'd streaks in Hea-
 ven
 Disse'd as the brow of God appear'd, 880
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,
 Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth?
 To whom th' Arch-Angel. Dearously thou
 aim'st;
 So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885
 Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
 Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
 The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
 Corrupting each their way; yet, those remov'd,
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
 And makes a covenant never to destroy
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
 With man therein or beast; but when he brings
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set 896
 His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
 And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
 Seed time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things
 new, 900
 Both Heav'n and Earth wherein the just shall
 dwell.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and re-comforted by these relations and promises descends the hill with Michael; whereas Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

AS one who in his journey bates at noon,
 Though bent on speed; so here th' Arch-
 Angel paus'd
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
 If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
 Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5
 Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
 And man as from a second stock proceed.
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
 Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
 Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
 This second source of men, while yet but few,
 And while the dread of judgment past remains
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
 Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
 With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred
 feast.
 Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
 Long time in peace by families and tribes
 Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content 25
 With fair equality, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate dominions undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess

Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game)
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse 31
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be stil'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
 Or from Heav'n claiming second sovranity; 35
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall
 find 40
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
 A city' and tow'r, whose top may reach to Hea-
 ven;
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd 45
 In foreign lands their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God, who e'er descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
 Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spi'rit to raise
 Quite out their native language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown: 55
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud

Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in
Heaven

And looking down, to see the hubbub strange 60
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.
O execrable son so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65
Authority usurp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself 70
Reserving; human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain 75
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorrest
That son, who on the quiet state of men 80
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd, 86
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since he permits
Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign 91
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft us undeservedly inthrall
His outward freedom: tyranny must be, 95
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
Their inward lost: Witness th' irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes: resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship; O that men 115
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the
flood,

As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone

For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house, 121
His kindred and false Gods, into a land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed 125
All nations shall be bless'd: he strait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldean, passing now the ford 130
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents 135
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet un-
nam'd). 140

From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward, but his sons 145
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be bless'd; by that seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grand child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd de-
parts 155

From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger son 160
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequest king, who seeks 165
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them
slaves

Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Fill'd by two brethren (these two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to clame 170
The people from inthralment, they return
With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.
But first the law's tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unth'd the rivers must be turn'd; 176
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With leas'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Sores and blains must all his flesh imbosh, 180
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,

Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian day,
 And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
 What it devours no herb, or fruit, or grain,
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 125
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
 Darknets must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darknets, and blot out three days:
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
 The river dragon tam'd at length submits 171
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
 Mere harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
 Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to land
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:
 Such wondrous pow'r God to his Lant will lend,
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go 201
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues:
 All night he will pursue, but his approach 206
 Darknets defends between till morning watch;
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot wheels: when by com-
 mand 210
 Moses once more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
 On their imbattel'd ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm their war: the race elect
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215
 Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
 Left entering on the Canaanite alarm'd
 War terrify them ineffect, and fear
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide wilderness, there they shall find
 Their government, and their great senate choose
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws or-
 dain'd: 226
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet sound,
 Ordain them laws; part such as appertain 230
 To civil justice, part religious rites
 Of sacrifice, instructing them, by types
 And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bridle
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
 To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech 236
 That Moses might report to them his will,
 And terror ceases; he grants what they besought
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without mediator, whose high office now 240
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall forecast,
 And all the prophets in their age the times
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Then laws and rites

Establish'd, such delight hath God in men 245
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
 Among them to set up his tabernacle,
 The holy One with mortal men to dwell:
 By his precept a sanctuary is fram'd
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein 250
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
 The records of his covenant, over these
 A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
 Seven lamps in a zodiac representing 255
 The heavenly fire: over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel to the land
 Promis'd to Abraham and his seed: the rest 260
 Were long to tell, how many battels fought,
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
 Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, sun in Gibeon stand,
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon, 266
 Till Israel overcome; so call the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.
 Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heaven,
 Illuminer of my darkness, gracious things 271
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much
 eas'd,
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would be-
 come 275
 Of me and all mankind; but now I see
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
 Favor unmerited by me, who fought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
 So many and so various laws are given:
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them: how can God with such refuse?
 To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that
 In 285
 Will reign among them, as of thee beget;
 And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against law to fight: that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by these shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bullocks and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Not for unjust, but in such righteousness
 To them by which, if used, they may find 295
 Indiscreet towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor make eternal pure
 Perform, and not perform by cannot live.
 So law appears imperfect, and but given 300
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant, which shall
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit
 From imposition of strict laws to free
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.

And therefore, shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call. 310
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary Serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd
man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest. 314
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies:
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom 320
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall indure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal flock 325
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple's shrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd 335
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark 340
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years, then brings them
back, 345
Remembring mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, establish'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for a while 350
In mean estate live moderate till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavor peace: their strife pollution brings 355
Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
The scepter, and regard not David's sons,
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star 360
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire 366
Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The pow'r of the most High; he shall ascend

The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the
Heavens.
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he
breath'd.
O prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What of my steddier thoughts have search'd in
vain;
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail, 379
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most High; so God with Man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain, say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's
heel. 385
To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their
fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed; nor can this be, 395
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high justice rest appead. 401
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall indure by coming in the flesh 405
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits 409
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accur'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power 420
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the seats of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have
dy'd,

In sin for ever lost from life; this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
 Defeating sin and death, his two main arms 431
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings
 Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
 A gentle waiving to immortal life. 435
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on earth than certain times to' appear
 To his disciples, men who in his life
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
 And his salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445
 All nations they shall teach; for from that day
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the air
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
 The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
 Then enter into glory, and resume 456
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and
 dead, 460
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465
 So spake th' Arch-Angel Michael, then paus'd,
 As at the world's great period; and our lire
 Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd.
 O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice 475
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall
 spring,
 To God more glory, more good-will to men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
 But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
 Must reascend, what will betide the few 480
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deal
 Worse with his followers than with him they
 dealt?
 Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from
 Heaven 485
 He to his own a Comforter will send,
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall
 write,

To guide them all in truth, and also arm 490
 With spiritual armour, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
 What man can do against them, not afraid,
 Though to the death, against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompens'd, 495
 And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
 Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the nations, then on all
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts indue
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles, 501
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each nation to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at
 length
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505
 Their doctrine and their story written left,
 They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
 To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left only in those written records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names,
 Places, and titles, and with these to join 516
 Secular pow'r; though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and given
 To all believers; and from that pretence, 520
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind 525
 His comfort liberty? what, but unbuild
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 530
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfied; truth shall retire 535
 Beftuck with flanderous darts, and works of faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just, 540
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid
 The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 East in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve 546
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love, 550
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.
 He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.
 How soon hath thy prediction. Seer blest,

Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyfs, 555
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560

Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good 565
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd
weak

Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory, 570

And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd.
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal
pow'rs,

All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580

And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath 585
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect 591

Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd 595

Portending good, and all her spi'rits compos'd
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,

Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come 600
(For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind:

That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more chear'd
With meditation on the happy end. 605

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st,
I know; 610

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on,

In me is no delay; with thee to go, 615
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,

Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.

This further consolation yet secure 620

I parry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard 624

Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill

To their fix'd station, all in bright array

The Cherubim descended; on the ground

Gliding meteorous, as evening mist

Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides, 630

And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel

Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd

The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,

And vapor as the Libyan air adust, 635

Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat

In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught

Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast

To the subjected plain; then disappear'd. 640

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:

Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them

soon; 645

The world was all before them, where to choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

WHO ere while the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Thron'd in all temptation, and the tempter sold 5
In all his wiles, defeat'd and rebu'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spirit who led'st this glorious hermit
Into the desert, his victorious band,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him
thence 10

By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song die mute,
And bear through highth or depth of nature's
bounds

With prop'rous wing full sum'm'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptis'd: to his great baptisin flock'd 21
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Deserv'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore 25
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long

His witness unconcern'd: on him baptis'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounced him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly staid

Would not be left, and with the voice divine 35
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while serv'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air

To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold invol'd,
A gloomy consistory; and thence amidst
With looks aghaist and sad he thus betpake.

O ancient Pow'rs of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air, 43

This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, 50
Since Adam and his last consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve

Upon my head: long the decrees of Heaven 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd
wound,

At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born. 65
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, dis-
playing

All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim 70
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honor as their king; all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptis'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heav'n, that who he is

Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw
 The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
 Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head
 A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
 And out of Heav'n the sov'ran voice I heard,
 This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
 His mother then is mortal, but his fire
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven,
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven
 snares,

Ere in the head of nations he appear
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
 Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprize
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115
 From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents and potentates, and kings, yea Gods
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
 This man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd: 125
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
 Of the most High, who in full frequency bright
 Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
 Thou and all Angels conversant on earth 131
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son 135
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
 Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
 To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the pow'r of the Highest
 O'er-shadow her: this man born and now up-
 grown, 140
 To show him worthy of his birth divine

VOL. II.

And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his apostasy; he might have learnt 146
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a man 150
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean 155
 To exercise him in the wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance: 160
 His weakness shall overcome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father; and all Heaven
 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180
 And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
 Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his God-like office now mature,
 One day walk'd forth alone, the Spirit leading,
 And his deep thoughts, th' better to converse 190
 With solitude, till far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel myself, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd! 200
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
 What might be public good; myself I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
 All righteous things: therefore above my years,

2 [O]

The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear 211
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge, or their own;
 And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
 To which my spi'rit aspir'd; victorious deeds 215
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;
 As least to try, and teach the erring soul
 Not wilfully mis-doing, but unware 225
 Miss'd; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth inly rejoic'd,
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
 O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high;
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
 Thy father is th' eternal King who rules
 All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men;
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin, he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 241
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room:
 A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing
 Guided the wise men thither from the east, 250
 To honor thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heaven,
 By which they knew the king of Israel born.
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.
 This having heard, strait I again revolv'd
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes 261
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come

Before Messiah and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he 274
 Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclam'd
 Me him (for it was shown him so from Heaven)
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spi'rit descended on me like a dove,
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
 And now by some strong motion I am led 290
 Into this wilderness, to what intent
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
 So spake our Morning star then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side beheld 295
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
 The way he came not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come 300
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild.
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk 311
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray
 ewe, 315
 Or wisher'd sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye 319
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.
 Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
 place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan? for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drouth.
 I ask the rather, and the more admire, 326
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
 Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son
 Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come
 forth
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far)
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,

What happens new; fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me
hither, 335

Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend now un-
disguis'd.

'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigor unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365
Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of
Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge, 376
For what he bids I do: though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385
Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence: by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395

Whereby they may direct their future life.

Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be; but long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that
man,

Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall 411

Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415

To all the host of Heav'n: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven. 420

But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him 425
With all afflictions? but his patience won.

The other service was thy chos'n task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles 43

By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.

But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?

Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?

For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolrous; but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence 445
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy
truth,

But from him or his Angels president
In every province? who themselves disdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,

At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living oracle 460
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain, 466
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke.
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me: where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord; 475
 From thee I can and must submit indure
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th'
 ear,

And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore; permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, though I despair to' attain. 485
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister
 About his altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
 Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st 495
 Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
 Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade 500
 The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to
 roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet
 remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
 With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
 New missing him their joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once

Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15
 And the great Thilbite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho 20
 The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and complaints out breath'd.

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze:
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire 40
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation? God of Israel,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
 Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what highth their pow'r unjust 45
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee; arise and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have convers'd;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him
 hence;

Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their complaints new hope re-
 sume

To find whom at the first they found unsought:
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though
 pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus 65
 clad.

O what avails me now that honor high
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
 Hail highly favor'd, among women blest!
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king; but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice; 85
 I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul 90

A sword shall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now? some great intent 95
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had
 seen,

I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself; but went about
 His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
 Since understand; much more his absence now 100
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things
 And say'ings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
 The while her son tracing the desert wild,
 Sole but with holiest meditations fed, 110
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, and mission high:
 For Satan with sly preface to return 115
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle region of thick air,
 Where all his potentates in council sat;
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Solicitous and blank he thus began. 120

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
 Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
 Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
 Without new trouble; such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was empower'd, 130
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but
 find

Far other labor to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
 However to this man inferior far, 135
 If he be man by mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive you to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst 145
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamor was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissoluteest Spi'rit that fell, 150
 The sensualest, and after Asmodai
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.
 Set women in his eye, and in his walk,

Among daughters of men the fairest found;
 Many are in each region passing fair 155
 As the noon sky; more like to Goddeses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discrete,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach, 160
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
 And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.
 To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself; because of old 174
 Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
 Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
 In valley or green meadow, to way-lay 185
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Anymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy snares on names ador'd,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
 How he furnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his fate;
 Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things; what woman wilt you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
 How would one look from his majestic brow
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty stands 220
 In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honor, glory, and popular praise;
 Recks whereon greatest men have oft'est wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond; 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
 He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud ac-
 clame; 235
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part; 240
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.
 Where will this end? four times ten days I've
 pass'd 245
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast 250
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm.
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will.
 It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
 Command'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
 And dream'd; as appetite is wont to dream, 264
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet;
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
 Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they
 brought:
 He saw the prophet also how he fled 270
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper; then how awak'd
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose, 275
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280

The morn's approach, and greet her with his
song :

As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fast'ning he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw,
Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there 291
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art)
And to a superstitious eye the haunt 296
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it
round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred, 300
And with fair speech these words to him ad-
dress'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God,
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know, 305
Not without hunger: Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race 310
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n Manna; and that Prophet
bold

Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou
hence?

They all had need, as I thou see'st have none.
How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd.
Tell me if food were now before thee set, 320
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal? said the subtle Fiend.
Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Be-
hold

Nature ashamed, or better to express,
Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath pur-
vey'd

From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as befits, and as her Lord 335
With honor, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld

In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And favor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
And exquisite name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest
smells. 365

Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.
What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure; 370
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and
springs,

Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and
eat.

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd.
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own, 381
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant 385
Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have also pow'r to give, thou seest;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd.
And rather opportunely in this place 396
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspic'd;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400

Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With
that

Both table and provision vanish quite
With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only th' impórtune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurements yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home, 415
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'd?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and
realms:

What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne
(Thy throne), but gold that got him puissant
friends? 425

Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favor thrive in wealth again, 430
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd.
Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world

To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus? 446

For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.

And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455

Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,

Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless
nights, 460

To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,

His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears. 465

Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:

And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470
Subject himself to anarchy within,

Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead

To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;

That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480

Besides to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.

Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a scepter, oft best better miss'd. 486

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles, 5
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
 I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape. 11
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old 15
 Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battel, though against thy few in arms. 20
 These God-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erect'd spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest? 30
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode. 36
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory: but augment
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.

VOL. II.

Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The peoples praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth
 the praise?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extol'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 55
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God, 60
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
 When, to extend his fame through Heav'n and 65
 Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
 He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?
 Famous he was in heav'n, on Earth less known;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue 71
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battels win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80
 Then swell with pride, and must be tild Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worthipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice;
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;

2 [P]

Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men, 85
 Relling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory ought of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence: 90
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance: I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience

borne
 Made famous in a land and times obscure:
 Who names not now with honor patient Job? 95
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory ought be done, 100
 Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murr'ring thus reply'd.
 Think not so flight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
 By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
 All we all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift 116
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
 From us his foes pronounce'd glory he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
 And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul 125
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning what would liest render 130
 Contempt instead, dishonor, obloquy?
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence.
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits receiv'd
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
 That which to God alone of right belongs;
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again 145
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,

Yet of another's he might have sought him soon.

Of glory, he might have sought him soon, 150
 Worth or unworth, let it pass:
 But to a king, as he was, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy father David's throne;
 By mother's side thy father; though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part 155
 Easily from possession won with arms:
 Judea now and all the promis'd land,
 Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
 With temperate sway; oft have they violated 160
 The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus: and think 'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
 So did not Maccabeus: he indeed 165
 Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne

usurp'd,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty; zeal and duty are not flow;
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175
 Thy country from her Heathen servitude;
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
 The happier reign the sooner it begins;
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin 185
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
 Contempts, and scorns, and snarcs, and violence,
 Suffering, abtaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best
 Can suffer, best can do; I first reign, who first 195
 We'll hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace; what work? 205
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime

My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign, 216
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool 221
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their
 king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days
 Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou ob-
 serve? 235
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her
 glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd will be ever 240
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and
 state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250
 With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he
 took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
 Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left be-
 tween 255
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
 Fertile of corn the plebe, of oil and wine;
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the
 hills; 260
 Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mighty monarchs, and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.
 To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began. 266
 Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270

Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
 And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall 275
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyrus set them free: Persepolis
 His city there thou seest, and Bactra there; 285
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
 And Hecatempylos her hundred gates;
 There Susa by Chaspes, amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings; of later fame
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 290
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
 Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
 By great Artabaces led, who founded first 295
 That empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host 300
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Segdiana; to her aid
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit; 305
 Of horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and
 wings.

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops 311
 In coats of mail and military pride;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound; 315
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320
 Of Susiana, to Bassara's haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd.
 How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them
 that
 Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
 Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers 330
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay

With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Minutes after these, camels and dromedaries, 335
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican with all his northern powers
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
 The fairest of her sex Angelica 341
 His daughter, fought by many prowess knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd. 346
 'That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no flight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
 All this fair fight: thy kingdom though foretold
 By prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavor, as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means 355
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
 By free consent of all, none opposit,
 Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
 Between two such inclosing enemies
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy 365
 Thy country', and captive lead away her kings
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus bound,
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not, 371
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;
 Ten Sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond 384
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear.
 To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragil arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou' hast set; and in my ear

Vented much policy, and projects deep 391
 Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne: 395
 My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come:
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part ought endeavoring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of war there shown me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full scepter sway 405
 To just extent over all Israel's sons;
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou flood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives 410
 Of threecore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days pestilence? such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Heading would follow; and to their Gods per-
 haps 430
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembring Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440
 So spake Israel's true king, and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve, 6
 This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
 To save his credit, and for very spite,
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still.
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time, 15
 About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; 20
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.
 He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of 30
 men
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
 On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the highth of mountains interpos'd:
 By what strange parallax or optic skill 40

Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire.
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.
 The city which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 46
 Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
 Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine, 50
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 The structure, skill of nobler architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55
 Houses of God, (so well I have dispos'd
 My aery microscope) thou may'st behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hast'ning, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power, 65
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
 Or embassies from regions far remote
 In various habits on the Appian road,
 Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
 Syene', and where the shadow both way falls, 70
 Meroe Nilotic ile, and more to west
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
 From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,
 From India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian ile Taprobané, 75
 Dusk faces with white liken turbants wreath'd,
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain

In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This emp'r'or hath no son, and now is old, 90
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
 To Capree an island small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favorite 95
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne
 Now made a slave, and in his place ascending 101
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r
 Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd
 Will be for thee no fitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophecy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to
 tell

Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of Seria, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal and myrrhine cups imbosc'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
 And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st 121
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125
 Of th' emperor, how easily seduced,
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 I let his tormenter conscience find him out; 130
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That people victor once, now vile and base,
 Deserv'dly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern'd the nations under yoke, 135
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapin: first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still
 And from the daily scene effeminate.
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145

Know therefore when my season comes to fit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd.
 I see all offers made by me how slight 155
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:
 On th' other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world I to thee I give;
 For giv'n to thee, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less, 171
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accus'd, now more accus'd
 For this attempt bolder than that on Eve, 180
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
 Other donation none thou canst produce:
 If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings, 185
 God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the giver now
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd.
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God, 196
 Though sons of God both Angels are and Men,
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invoc'd and world beneath;
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
 The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honor left and more esteem;
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210

Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
 Alone into the temple: there wast found
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair.
 Teaching, not taught; the childhood shows the
 man,
 As morning shows the day. Be famous then 221
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by nature's light:
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st; 230
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd 235
 Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
 Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
 City' or suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 245
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
 Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own. 260
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece, 270
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heav'n descended to the low-roof house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,

Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd. 285
 Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams, 291
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits; 295
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
 By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
 Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all 304
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
 An empty cloud. However many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere
 seek?) 325
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330
 O! if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poesy, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our law and story strow'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms in-
 scrib'd, 335
 Our Hebrew songs and harp in Babylon,
 That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare

That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their Deities, and their own 340
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with ought of profit or delight, 345
 Will be found far unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints:
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd 351
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government
 In their majestic unaffected stile
 Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
 These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 365
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth nor honor, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor ought
 By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
 What dost thou in this world? The wilderness
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee; yet remember
 What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus 376
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read ought in Heaven,
 Or Heav'n write ought of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows, and labors, opposition, hate
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not, 390
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
 Directs me in the flamy rubric set

So saying he took (for full he knew his power
 Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness 395
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Volging to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in louring night
 Her shadowy off-spring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day. 400
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
 After his airy jaunt, though hurried fore,

Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades, 404
 Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might
 shield

From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now 409
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce ran with lightning mix'd, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
 Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terror there;
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
 Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some
 shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds.
 And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire. 431
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous, 436
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440

The prince of Darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desprate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night; I heard the wrack
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear
 them

As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven, 455
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent, 461
 Like turbulences in th' affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:

This tempest at this desert most was bent 465
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is no where told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
 Not when it must, but when it may be best. 476
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's scepter get fast hold; 480
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
 So talk'd he while the Son of God went on
 And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus.
 Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other
 harm 486
 Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me
 none;
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh; what they can do as signs
 Betokening, or ill boding, I condemn 490
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
 Ambitious Spirit, and wouldst be thought my
 God, 495
 And scorn'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will; dost thou art discern'd
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.
 To whom the Fiend now swollen with rage re-
 ply'd.
 Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born; 500
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
 Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field, 505
 On thy birth-night, that sang thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510
 Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
 In what degree of meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525

VOL. II.

Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant, and as a center, firm, 534
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory,
 Have been before condemn'd, and may again:
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
 Another method I must now begin. 540
 So say'ing, he caught him up, and without wing
 Of hippogriff bore through the air sublime
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers, 545
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
 There on the highest pinnacle he set
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn. 550
 There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand up-
 right,
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is
 best,
 Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God: 555
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
 They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.
 To whom thus Jesus; Also it is written, 560
 Tempt not the Lord thy God: he said, and stood:
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell.
 As when earth's son Antaeus (to compare
 Small things with greatest) in Itrahia strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd, and fell;
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Felt whence he stood to see his victor fall.
 And as that Theban monster that propos'd
 Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not, devour'd,
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and
 spite
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ithacian steep; 575
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
 So Satan fell; and drait a fiery globe
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plumed vans receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasy station, and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and sit before him spread

[Q.]

A table of celestial food, divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
 What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud. 595
 True image of the Father, whether thron'd
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, inshrin'd
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
 Wand'ring the wilderiness, whatever place, 600
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with God-like force inducd
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old
 Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
 With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd 606
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou

A Saviour art come down to re-ascend 611
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
 But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod 620
 down
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
 By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
 No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
 Lest he command them down into the deep
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
 Hail, Son of the most high, heir of both worlds,
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635
 Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
 Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refresh'd
 Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
 Home to his mother's house private return'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγῳδία μιμησις παθῶν σπουδαίων, &c.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

"Tragedia est imitatio actionis feriae, &c. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium
"affectuum lustrationem."

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, most rarest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in phsyic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33.; and Parnus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguish'd each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labor'd not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinish'd. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defense, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse us'd in the chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monotrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas fram'd only for the music, then us'd with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be call'd Allotrophia. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be bound not produc'd beyond the fifth act. Of the stile and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequal'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his last purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclam'd by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving from their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him: The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, the Father of Samson.

DALILA, his Wife.

HARAPHA of Gath.

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The SCENE before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON.

A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily' in the common prison else enjoind me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and
sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people held
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,

But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last in fight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious
strength,
Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slavery.

Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke :
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but myself? 46
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know :
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart 65
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd 75
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first-created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree? 85
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part: why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd? 95
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
 But made hereby obnoxious more

To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.
 Chorus. This, this is he; softly a while, 115
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd, 120
 And by himself given over;
 In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd, 125
 Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could
 withstand?
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
 Ran on unarm'd amidst armies clad in iron,
 And weapon'd himself, 130
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantine proof;
 But fust he who stood aloof, 135
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold
 Asealonite
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel; 140
 Or grovelling fold'd their crested helmet in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. 145
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulder-
 bore
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
 Which shall I first bewail, 150
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) 155
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause
 complain)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light 160
 T' incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light alas
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd! 165
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory

Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high estate 170
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises;
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her
mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

SAMS. I hear the sound of words, their sense
the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHO. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless
in might,

The glory late of Israel, now the grief:
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Ephraim and Zora's fruitful vale, 181
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumors of a troubled mind, 185
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMS. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for
I learn

Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superfection) of the most 190
I would be understood); in prosperous days
They swarm; but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O
Friends,

How many evils have inclos'd me round: 194
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
My vessel trust'd to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
Took, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? 205
Innumerable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean:
This with the other should, at least, have paid,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHO. Tax not divine disposal: wiser men 210
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they never to win
Deject not then so overmuch thyself.
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides:

Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe sister, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAMS. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I thought to wed 220
The daughter of an Israelite: they knew not
That what I mention'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance. 225
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
Sh. proving false, the next I took to wife

(O that I never had! fond wish too late.)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act, 235
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Whom vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my sort of silence to a woman. 236

CHO. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240

SAMS. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245
Deliverance offer'd: I on th' other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud
the doer;

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem 249
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judah seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Ephraim was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantage'd best: 255
Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
The harra's of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey, 260
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were
threads

Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favor rais'd
As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CHO. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How smooth and the sort of Peniel
Thine great deliverer condemn'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ingratul Ephraim
Had sent with Jephtha, who by arguments
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle when so many dy'd
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibolet.

CHO. Of such examples add me to the roll, 290

Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

CHO. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all: 295
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrin never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting, 301
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right t' exempt 310
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national oblation, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else who never wanted means, 315
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320
Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his. 325

But see here comes thy reverend Sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him. 329

SAMS. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

MAN. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye
seem,

Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd 335
Your younger set, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

CHO. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in high'est, behold him where he lies.

MAN. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd, 341
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;

Who would be now a father in my stead? 355
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt

Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360
For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Infer'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath chos'n once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err
He should not so overwhelm, and as a thrall 370
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

SAMS. Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on, 375
Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy 380
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft' experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight 385
To them who had corrupted her, my spies
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the secret conceiv'd 390
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might
know; 395

Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence,
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissimbled hate) with what contempt 400
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out, 405
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
Might easily have shook off all her finures.
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To honor and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base 415
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,

That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infect our foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault; 431
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim 435
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnify'd; and God, 440
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
With me hath end; all the contest is now
Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and
these words

I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name: 475
Against all competition, nor will long
Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forget
The in this miserable loathsome plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lord, with whom to treat

About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflict
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMS. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the
trouble

Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
The mark of fool set on his front!
But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son:
Repent the sin; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids; 505
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offense, more than for God offended. 515
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

SAMS. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? When in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploit,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof 526
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fears of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530
On hostile ground, none daring my affront
Then swell'd with pride into the share I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who stole me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540
CNO. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Then couldst represent, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream. 546

SAMS. Whatever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHO. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare, 556
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

SAMS. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not
complete

Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defense, 560
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonor'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to sit idle on the household hearth, 566
A burd'ous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustering down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numness craze my limbs 571
To a contemptible old-age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with
that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemployed, with age out-worn. 580
But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
Alter the brunt of battel, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength 586
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMS. All otherwise to me my thoughts por-
tend, 590
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems 595
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which
proceed
From anguish of the mind and humors black, 600
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

SAMS. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,

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With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,

There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
Rackle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair, 631
And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending.
Under his special eye 636

Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies: 640
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,

Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHO. Many are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude:
And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ

With study'd argument, and much persuasion fough
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st 671
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,

2 [R]

Irrational and brute.

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gift and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory, 675
And people's safety, which in part they effect.
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their highth of noon
Change'st thy count'nance, and thy hand with no
regard.

Of highest favors past 685
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
high,

Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.

If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,

In crude old-age; 700
Though not disorder'd, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of Clio's due part in line,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end. 704

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end. 709

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?

F. male of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarfus, bound for th' iles 715
Of Javan or Cadire

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume 720
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind:
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sams. My Wife, my Traitors, let her not
come near me. 725

Cuo. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes
thee fix'd,

About t' have spoke, but now, with head inclin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her sicken veil: 730
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I come, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,

Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)

My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740
Hath led me on desirous to behold

Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If ought in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed

Sams. Out, out, Hyanna; these are thy wonted
arts.

And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750

Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try

Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears
His virtue or weakness which way to assail: 756

Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men fall oft beguill'd,

With goodness principled not to reject 760
The penitent, but ever to forgive.

Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,

As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
To lessen or extenuate my offence,

But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,

Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
I may, if possible, thy pardon find

The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness

In me, but incident to all our sex,
Circumstity, inquisitive, importune 775

Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:

Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,

Wherein coulded all thy strength and safety? 780
To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.

But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's

frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.

Let weakness then with weakness come to parie
So near related, or the same of kind, 786

Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not

More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,

The jealousy of love, powerful of sway 791
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,

Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me

As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to indure, and hold thee to me firmest: 796

No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much
wee.

Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortal dole exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAM. How cunningly the foretells displays
Her own transgressions, to unbride me mine! 820
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou feel'st
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it design'd: weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incessant, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the
way

To raise in me inexplicable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
In vain thou strive'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determin'st weakness for no
plea

In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what flames belidest, 845
What flames girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best-resolv'd of men,
The constantest, not have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the ma-
gistrates 850

And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honorable, how glorious to intrap 855
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest

Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to insnare an irreligious 860
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To oppose against such pow'ful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths 866
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining. 870
SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles

would end;
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught
thee

Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe 876
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou know'st,
Too well, unbeford'ad my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880

By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: it ought against my life
Thy country fought of thee, it fought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to upbraid their state
By worse than hostile deeds violating the ends
For which our country is to me so dear; 894
Not therefore to be obey'd, but zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy Gods thou didst let Gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd. 900
These false pretences and vanishing colors failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worst, whatever be her cause.

SAMS. For want of words no doubt, or lack of
brav'ry: 905
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to show what recompense 910
Toward's thee I find and for what I have misdone,
I beseech thee; only what remains past cure
Be not too sensibly, nor still insist
I'll afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
Where other senses want not our delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
 Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age 925
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd.
 That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt
 miss.

SAMS. No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
 Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd, 930
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd 936
 To fence my ear against thy forceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all
 men

Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st
 hate me 939

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contain'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will 945

In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This jail I count the house of liberty

To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy
 hand. 951

SAMS. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance
 wake

My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee: go with that;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works 955
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
 To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.

Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
 To mix with thy concernsments I desist

Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd, 971
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds:
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.

But in my country where I most desire, 980
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be nam'd among the famouslest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odors visited and annual flowers;
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
 Jacl, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy 991
 The public marks of honor and reward,
 Confer'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHO. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAMS. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

CHO. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
 power,

After offense returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily 1005
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery indangering life.

CHO. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it) 1015
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
 Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timian bride
 Had not so soon prefer'd
 Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020
 Successor in thy bed,
 Nor both so loosely disally'd
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament 1025
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best

In choice, but oft to affect the wrong? 1030
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whatever it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure, 1035
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry inflav'd

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
 'To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favor'd of Heav'n who finds 1046
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove, 1051
Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe, 1055
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
But had we best retire, I see a storm?

SAMS. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHO. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAMS. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

CHO. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him
hither 1070

I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floting this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHO. His fraught we soon shall know, he now
arrives. 1075

HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy
chance,

As these perhaps, yet with it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og or Anak and the Emims old 1080
That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place 1085
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or lifted field;
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and a climb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

SAMS. The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Cyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune

Had brought me to the field, where thou art
fam'd

To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine, 1099
From the unforeseen race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honor
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAMS. Boast not of what thou wouldst have
done, but do 1104

What then thou wouldst, thou see'st it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAMS. Such usage as your honorable lords
Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd, 1111
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious
arms, 1130

Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou
from Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy
hairs 1136

Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMS. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God, 1145
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now

To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150

Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow 1154
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

HAR. Presume not on thy God, what'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send
thee 1160

Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,

As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boisterous looks, no worthy match
For valor to assail, nor by the sword 1165
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAMS. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon 1171
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Circumspect to re-admit the suppliant:
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in
trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A Murderer, a Revolver, and a Robber. 1180

SAMS. Tongue-daughter Giant, how dost thou
move me these?

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on these thirty men 1186
At Aiscalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber strippt'st them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil. 1191

SAMS. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast;
But your ill meaning politician lords, 1195
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subject'd to your lords. 1205

It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts. 1210
I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Hea-
ven

To free my country; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they
serve.

I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offense
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These faiths refused, answer thy appellant 1220
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave in-
roll'd,

Due by the law to capital punishment? 1225
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMS. Canst thou for this, vain boaster, to
survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy ver-
dict?

Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not then.

HAR. O Saul-zebub! can my ears unuse'd 1231
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAMS. No man withhold thee, nothing from
thy hand

Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMS. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon
thee.

Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one bullet lay thy structure low, 1239
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Ashtaroth ere long thou shalt lament
Th' braveries in irons laden on thee.

CNO. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-
fall'n,

Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
And lower looks, but in a sultry chase.

SAMS. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CNO. He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMS. He must allege some cause, and oft r'd
fight

Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not, 1255
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labors,
The work of many hands, which earns my keep-
ing 1260

With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CNO. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might

To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue 1275
The righteous and all such as honor truth;
He all their ammunition
And seats of war defeats
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigor arm'd, 1280

Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wick'd, who, surpris'd, 1285
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all 1290
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might induc'd
Above the sons of men: but fight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those 1295
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Laboring thy mind
More than the working-day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind, 1300
For I defy this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A scepter or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now 1305
A public Officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Cho. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me
fly; 1310

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honor this great feast, and great assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, there-
fore tell them

Our Law forbids at their religious rites 1320
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. 'This answer, be assur'd, will not content
them.

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and every
fort

Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labor'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more. 1330

Or make a game of my calamities?

Return the way thou can'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself; this will offend them
highly.

Sams. Myself? my conscience and internal
peace,

Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief

To show them fears, and play before their God,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me 1340
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with
speed,

Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sams. So take it with what speed thy message
needs. 1345

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will pro-
duce.

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow
indeed.

Cho. Consider, Samson; matters now are
strain'd

Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? 1351

Expect another message more imperious,
More loudly thundering than thou wilt bear!

Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355

After my great transgression, to requite
Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin

By prostituting holy things to idols?
A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon?
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous, 1360

What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Cho. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the
Philistines,

Idoltrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor
Honest and lawful to deserve my food 1365

Of those who have me in their civil power.

Cho. Where the heart joins not, outward acts
defile not.

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the
sentence holds. 1369

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease

God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer, 1375
Set God behind: which in his jealousy

Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee

Present in temples at idoltrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Cho. How thou wilt here come off firm mounts
my reach. 1380

Sams. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose

To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,

Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor 1385
Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.

If there be ought of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life

By some great act, or of my days the last.
Cho. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man re-
turns. 1390

Off. Samson, this second message from our
lords

To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,

And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their
streets

Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection; 1405
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men!)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution: doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords 1411
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAMS. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy, 1416
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days 1421
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or myself, 1425
The least of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHO. Go, and the holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his
name
Great among the Heathen round; 1430
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need:
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen! 1440
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere-while
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN. Peace with you, Brethren; my induce-
ment hither 1445
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

CHO. That hope would much rejoice us to par-
take 1455

With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords,
Either at home, or through the high street pas-
sing,

With supplication prone and father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemtuons, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale: a third 1466
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHO. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before
them, 1474

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

CHO. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all: 1486
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled 1491
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And, I persuade me, God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair 1496
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHO. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem
vain

Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O
what noise!

Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

CHO. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise.
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the
noise; 1515

Oh it continues, they have slain my son.

CHO. Thy son is rather slaying them, that out-cry

From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be; What shall we do? stay here, or run and see?

CHO. Best keep together here, lest running thither 1521

We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;

From whom could else a general cry be heard?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1525

From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God

Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,

He now be dealing dole among his foes,

And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHO. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible

For his people of old; what hinders now?

MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;

Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief. 1535

A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHO. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

And to our wish I see one hither speeding, An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly

The sight of this so horrid spectacle,

Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?

For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consult-ed,

To have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror, So in the sad event too much concern'd. 1551

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee

With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;

No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath 1555

And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,

All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MAN. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest, 1560

The desolation of a hostile city.

MESS. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

MAN. Relate by whom.

MESS. By Samson.

VOL. II.

MAN. That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESS. Ah Manoah, I refrain too suddenly To utter what will come at last too soon; 1566

Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption

Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESS. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead. 1570

MAN. The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated

To free him hence! but death who sets all free

Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd

Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves 1575

Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring

Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!

Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,

How dy'd he; death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound? 1581

MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

MESS. By his own hands.

MAN. Self-violence? what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself Among his foes? 1586

MESS. Inevitable cause,

At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;

The edifice, where all were met to see him,

Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself!

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge. 1591

More than enough we know; but while things yet

Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,

Eye-witness of what first or last was done,

Relation more particular and distinct. 1595

MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city,

And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,

The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd

Through each high-street: little I had dispatch'd,

When all abroad was rumor'd that this day 1600

Samson should be brought forth, to show the people

Proof of his mighty strength in fates and games;

I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded

Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre 1605

Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,

With seats where all the lords and each degree

Of sort, might sit in order to behold;

The other side was open, where the throng

On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;

I among these aloof obscurely stood. 1611

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice

Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1615

In their state livery clad; before him pipes

2 [S]

And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their
thrall.

He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before
him,

Which without help of eye might be assay'd, 1625
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still per-
form'd

All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while

With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd, 1636
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:

At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying, 1641
Not without wonder or delight beheld:

Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold. 1645
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pil-
lars

With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and
drew 1650
The whole roof after them, with burst of thun-
der

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round, 1655
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only escap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd 1661
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665
Of dire necessity, whose law in death consign'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life hath slain before.

I SEMICHOR. While their hearts were bound
and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670
And sat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright sanctuary:

Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent, 1675
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importun'd 1680
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate, 1685
And with blindness internal struck.

2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd 1690
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched rooks,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle 1695
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imbost, 1700
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, refforishes, then vigorous moit
When most unactive deem'd, 1705
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation
now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit him-
self
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd 1710
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourn-
ing,

And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel
Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them 1715
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To' himself and father's house eternal fame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favoring and assisting to the end. 1720
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt.
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Let us go find the body where it lies 1725
Sok'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in flight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm, 1735
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd

in copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valor, and adventures high: 1740
 The virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHO. All is best, though we oft doubt, 1745
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns, 1750
 And to his faithful champion hath in place
 Borne witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent;
 His servants he with new acquit 1755
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

“ — Baccare frontem
 “ Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.”
 VIRGIL, Eclog. vii.

I.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough.*

I.

O Fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft filken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye 5
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boist'rous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near, 10
 If likewise he some fair-one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach
 was held.

* This elegy was not inserted in the first edition of the author's poems, printed in 1645, but was added in the second edition printed in 1673. It was compos'd in the year 1625, that being the 17th year of Milton's age. In some editions the title runs thus, *On the death of a fair Infant, a nephew of his, dying of a cough*: but the sequel shows plainly that the child was not a nephew, but a niece, and consequently a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled ear, 15
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin-soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no
 power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed, 31
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that show'st thou wast divine. 35

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40
 Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy
 flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof 45
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some Goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And canst again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood 55
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some
good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou
art. 70

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild.
Think what a present thou to God hast lent, 75
And render him with patience what he lent!
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name
to live.

II.

Anno Ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to
speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,

* These verses were made in 1627, that being the 19th year of the author's age; and they were not in the edition of 1645, but were first added in the edition of 1673.

Driving dumb silence from the portal door, 5
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight,
Which takes our late fantasies with delight, 20
But such those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay 25
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may fear
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity 35
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
And misty regions of wide air next under
And hills of snow and lofty of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-cy'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance muttering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth; 60
Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And sweetly finging round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst
still 65

From eyes of mortals walk invisible :
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage, 70
And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Forefaw what future days should bring to pass ;
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet, being above them, he shall be below them ;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing, 81
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
Devouring war shall never cease to roar :
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands can loose this Gordian knot ?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose, then
Relation was call'd by his Name.*

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the son 91
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95
Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens' death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame. 100

[The rest was prose.]

III.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

Compos'd 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy fages once did sing, 5
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity, 11
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
Afford a present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright ?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet :
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ; 25
Have thou the honor first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd
fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child 30
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doft her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her 35
To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinful blame,
The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease, 45
Sent down the meek-cy'd Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly
sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand, 51
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battel's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood, 56
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new inlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could
bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or o'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly
close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night
array'd;

The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-
play'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And hid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tiffed clouds down
steering,
And Heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The bale lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-
brake :
The aged earth aghast, 160
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground,
In stricter limits bound,
Not half so far calls his usurped sway, 170
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiv-
ing. 175
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leav-
ing.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic
ceil. 180

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale, 185
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted
feat.

XXII.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tham-
muz mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled, 205
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Ilis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grafs with lowings
loud : 215
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The fable-stoed forcerers bear his worshippt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide, 225
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling-bands controul the damned
crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fays 235
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have end-
ing :
Heaven's youngest teemed star 240
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-
ing:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

THE PASSION.

I.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did
ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,

My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living
night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than
fo,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight.
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human
might!

III.

He sovran Priest stooping his regal head, 15
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His stary front low-roof'd beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's
side. 21

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce, 25
And former sufferings other-where are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
Me to let air bestit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Bedread me, Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves forth all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
white. 35

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting Cherub feeds,
To bear me where the towers of Saker flood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guileless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit 41
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock, 46
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
VOL. II.

The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant
cloud. 56

[This subject the Author finding to be above the years he
had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with
what was begun, left it unfinish'd.]

V.

On Time.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours, 5
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And hast of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine, 15
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

VI.

Upon the Crucifixion.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors
bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Sweat wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love or law more just! 15
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness; 20
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside

Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

At a solemn Music.

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and
 Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power em-
 ploy
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to your high-raisd phantasy present 5
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Ay sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With faintly shout and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made 21
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion
 sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere
 long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of
 light!

VIII.

*An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.**

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honor'd wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth, 5
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight have one
 She had told; alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death. 10
 Yet, had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,

* Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Viscount
 Savage of Rock-Savage.

Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth and her graces sweet 15
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame; 20
 And in his garland as he stood
 Ye might discern a cypress-bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes, 25
 And calls Lucina to her throes;
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos for Lucina came;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip, 35
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower; 40
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,
 And those pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears,
 Which the sad morn had let fall 45
 On her hastening funeral.
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travel fore
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
 That to give the world increase,
 Shortned hast thy own life's lease!
 Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble house doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan 55
 Wept for thee in Helicon,
 And some flowers, and some bays,
 For thy herse, to strow the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,
 Who after years of barrenness, 65
 The highly-favor'd Joseph bore
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright 70
 Of blazing Majesty and Light:
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

Song. On May Morning.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

X.

On Shakespear. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honor'd bones
 The labor of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,
 Under a stary-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

On the University Carrier; who sicken'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
 Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a snifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

XII.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And, like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the crows doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers.
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't)
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd, More weight!
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains his superscription.

XIII.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, bathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
 unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As rugged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven's ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple fleck;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night.
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow.
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the slack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landkip round it measures,
 Rustic lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set

Of herbs, and other country messes. 85
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And he by frier's lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons hold
 In woods of peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With flore of ladies whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eves by haunted stream, 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares, 135
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice. 150

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

II. PENSOROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The breed of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the sun-beams,
Or likeliest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view 15
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties' praise above 20
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, penfive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Pity, that oft with tears doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in truant gardens takes his pleasure;
But dill, and chieftest, with thee bring
Him that you fears on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak: 60
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green, 65
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd, 70
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far off Curlew found,
Over some wide water'd shore, 75
Swinging slow with fullen roar
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent 95
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Museus from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambesican bold, 110
Of Cambell, and of Algarin,
And who had Odacé to wife,
That could the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride: 115
And I might then the great bard beside
In top and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turnes and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus night will see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounted as the was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,

But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While racking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower fill,
When the gull hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to sing
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloyster's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

XV.

ARCADES*.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Haverfield, by some noble Person of her Family, who appear on the Scene in pastoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with this Song.

* This poem is only *part* of an Entertainment, or *Masque*, as it is also intitled in Milton's Manuscript, the rest probably being of a different nature, or composed by a different hand.

I. SONG.

125 **L**OOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook:
130 This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise,
135 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
140 Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads:
15 This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddess bright,
145 In the center of her light.
Might she the wife Latona be,
20 Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;
150 Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?
25 *As they come forward, the GENIUS of the Wood appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*
155 GEN. STAY, gentle Swains, for though in this
disguise,
I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
160 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
30 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
165 Was all in honor and devotion meant
35 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
170 And lead you where ye may more near behold
40 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the Power
175 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
45 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
50 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet finites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
55 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

With pulsant words, and murmurs made to blefs;
 But else in deep of night, when drowfulness 61
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
 And turn the adamantin spindle round,
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mold with gross unpurged ear:
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless highth of her immortal praise, 75
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds; yet, as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where you may all that are of noble stem
 Approach and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been, 85
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof.
 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

NYMPHS and Shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks;
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore, 100
 A better soil shall give you thanks.
 From the stony Mænalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us;
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place. 105
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

XVI.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend,
 unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from Chester
 on the Irish Seas, 1637, and by occasion foretells the
 Ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their bighth.*

* Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King,
 Secretary for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and inti-
 mate friend of our author.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well, 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destin'd urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurtur'd upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright, 30
 Toward Heaven's descent had stop'd his westering
 wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad found would not be absent long, 35
 And old Dametas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn. 41

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
 deep 50

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream: 55
 Ay me! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Nereus's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
 And flits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
 Nor in the glittering foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea; 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing flow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguin flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 'The pilot of the Galilean lake,
 'Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
 to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! 121
 What recks it them? What need they? They are
 sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their师monel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they
 draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace; and nothing said,
 But that two-handed engin at the door 132
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them higher cast
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes, 139
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet, 142
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false formise.
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 166
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: 171
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the
 waves,

Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in the perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

XVII.

*The Fifth Ode * of Horace, Lib. I.*

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,"

Rendered almost word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odors

Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he 5
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable 10

Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful? Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my
vow'd

Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds 15
To the stern God of sea.

XVIII.

Ad Pyrrham. Ode V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, ejus amore irritos, affirmat esse miseros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

* First added in the edition of 1673.

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem 5
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurca,
Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem 10
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis? Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti 15
Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

*On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament *.*

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate
Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality,
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5
To force our consciences, that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Retherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics 11
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of
Trent,

That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though haue your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

* This was also first added in the edition of 1673.

COMUS, A MASK,

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

The Mask was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 20th year of our author's age. In the title-page of the first edition, printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented on *Michaelmas night*, and there was this motto,

"Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus auctum
"Perditus —"

In this edition, and in that of Milton's Poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Mask the following dedication.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLY, SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO
THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honor of your name; and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long oblig'd to your most honor'd parents; and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression

Your faithful and most

humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of Titus
Comus, with his Crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER.

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

C O M U S.

The first SCENE discovers a Wild Wood.

The attendant SPIRIT descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted
care

Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants 10
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on faintest seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity :
To such my errand is; and but for such, 15
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mold.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods,
By course commits to several government, 25
And giveth them leave to wear their sapphires crowns,
And wield their little tridents : but this Ile,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms :
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
And new-intrusted scepter ; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;

And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from sovran Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defense and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds list'd,
On Circe's island fell : (Who knows not Circe 50
The daughter of the sun? whose charm'd cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus
nam'd,

Who, ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Exceeds his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they
taste,

(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'-
nance,

Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before, 75
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convey,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof.
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs, 85
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass
 in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed
 like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like
 men and women, their apparel glittering; they come
 in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in
 their hands.*

COM. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day 95
 His glowing axle doth alay
 In the steep Atlantic stream,
 And the slope fan his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your locks with rasy twine, 105
 Dropping odors, dropping wine:
 Rigor now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity, 110
 With their grave frowns in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years. 114
 The founts and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in waveling morrice move;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The Wood Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
 Come let us our rites begin, 125
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Corymb, to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, 130
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebony chair, 134

Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your throuds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unpleasible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds, 174
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,
 Stopt, as they said, to the next thicket side 185
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain,
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return, 194
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,

Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the flame,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the mistle and lonely traveller? 210
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies 215
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended 221
By a strong siding champion, conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 225
I see you visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glittering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd. 230
Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 235
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new inviv'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SON G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By flow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well; 235
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where, 240
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they flote upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it finish'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Nymphs
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,

And lap it in Elysium: but she wept,
And chid her looking waxes into attention,
And still Charybdis maw'd a left applaus:
Yet they in pleasing slumber hail'd the sense, 260
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
Ere such a sacred, and so late felt delight,
Such loss of certainty of soaring bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her, 265
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog 269
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LA. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Nor any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my fever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft
you thus?

LA. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-usher'd
guides?

LA. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LA. To seek I th' valley some cool friendly
spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded,
Lady?

LA. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
return.

Com. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented
them. 285

LA. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports themselves, beside the present need?

LA. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly price, or youthful
bloom! 289

LA. As smooth as Hæbe's their unrazor'd hair.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swiftest hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood
I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300
And play with plighted elements. I was aw Struck,
And as I sat, I wonder'd if they were a flock,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

LA. Gentle Villager, 305
What ready way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due well it risks from this shrubby point.

LA. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtake the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practic'd men. 310

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every holky bourn from side to side.

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, 315
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
From her thatcht palat' rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
Till further quest.

L.A. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'dry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretend'd: In a place 326
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on.

The two BROTHERS.

1 BRO. Unmuffled, ye faint Stars, and thou fair
Moon, 331
That won't sit to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades; 335
Or if your influence be quite damn'd up

With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long level'd rule of streaming light, 340
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 BRO. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their warled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 350
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amaze, and affright, 356
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 BRO. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils: 360
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown
What need a man forecast his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion? 365

I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness lessons ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mid-becoming plight.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude, 376
Where with her best nurse contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 BRO. 'Tis most true, 385
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchant'd eye, 395
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps

Of misers' treasure by an out-law's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness it reck's me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

1 BRO. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagin; she' has a hidden strength 415
Which you remember not.

2 BRO. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?
1 BRO. I mean that too, but yet a hidden
strength,

Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity: 420
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Inferous hills, and lonely perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity, 425
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,

Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfew time, 435
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity? 440

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the blind lions
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men 445
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th'
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450

And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her, 455

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460

The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
'Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin, 465

Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
'The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
'The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchers, 471

Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

2 Bro. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 Bro. Lift, lift, I hear 480
Some far off hallow break the silent air.

2 Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?
1 Bro. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

2 Bro. Heav'n keep my Sister! Again, again,
and near;

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
1 Bro. I'll hallow;

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defense is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant SPIRIT habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPI. What voice is that? my young Lord?
speak again.

2 Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd,
sure.

1 Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft
delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any
ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or dragging wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPI. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering weth; not all the fleecy wealth 504

That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

1 Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

SPI. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee
briefly shew.

SPI. I'll tell you; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse, 516

Of dire chimera's and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520

Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe horn, great Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer

By fly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison

The village quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast

Fixes in stead, unmolding reason's mintage
Charact'rd in the face; this have I learnt 530

Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by

night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

Like fabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535

In their obscur'd haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,

To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unwitting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb

Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank

With my crooked, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, 545

Wrought in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,

Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods.

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted flocks,
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing found 555
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor Lark's nightingale, thought I, 566
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
 Where that damn'd wizard hid in fly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his with'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 575
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

2 BRO. O night and shades, 580
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and help'd! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, Brother?

1 BRO. Yes, and keep it still, 585
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unpaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of force, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd; 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's
 on.

Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the foxy flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 Twist Afric and Ind, I'll find him out, 606
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his lie.

Spr. Alas! good ventrous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and hold emprise; 610

But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms, and other weapons, must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

1 BRO. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd, 615
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

Spr. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasy, 625
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Feeling their strange and vigorous faculties:
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he call'd me out; 630
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; 635
 And yet more medicinal is it than that Moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
 He call'd it Hæmomy, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sovran use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly faries' apparition. 641

I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd;
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd, 645
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his
 glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battel make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

1 BRO. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us!

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Com. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LA. Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good

Com. Why are you vext, Lady? why do
frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these
gates

Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season. 671

And first behold this cordial juice here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena, 676

Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?

But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition 685

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

L.A. 'Twill not, false traitor, 690
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul de-
ceiver; 696

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquerish baits fit to ensnare a brute? 700
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand, 711
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715
That in their green shops weave the smooth-
hair'd silk

To deck her sons, and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world 720
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear fiream, and nothing wear but
frieze,

Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be un-
prais'd,

VOL. II.

Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth, 726
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own
weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with
plumes, 730

The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unfought
diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof 740

Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unfavor in th' enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown 745
In courts, in feasts, in high solemnities,

Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
The sampler, and to tease the hufwife's wool.
What need a vermillion-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young
yet. 755

L.A. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prankt in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 760
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good caterefs,
Means her provision only to the good, 765
That live according to her sober laws,

And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,

Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd, 775
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony

Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude

Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780

Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend

2 [X]

The sublime notion, and high mystery, 785
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrin of Virginitie,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not
know

More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympa-
thize,

And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
shake,

Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering
dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissem-
ble, 805

And try her yet more strongly. Come, no
more,

This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810
But this will cure all strait, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest
his glass out of his hand, and break it against the
ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all
driven in: The attendant SPIRIT comes in.*

Spr. What, have you let the false inchanter
scape? 814

O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dislevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd, 821
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn
stream, 825

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrihe,
That had the scepter from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing
course.

The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,

Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her strait to aged Nereus' hall, 835
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank
head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 840

And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845

That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her
stream 850

Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming
spell,

If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 855
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-befetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake. 865
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace, 870
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wifard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-faying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands, 875
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 885
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot strays,
Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet,
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.

SPI. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest inchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast

Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd feat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath left his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

SPI. Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needful sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate

His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting London town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and the LADY.

SONG.

SPI. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

NOBLE Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought you new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,

Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,
 After her wandering labors long,
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

1000	But now my task is smoothly done, I can fly, or I can run Quickly to the green earth's end, Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,	1015
1005	To the corners of the moon. Mere is that would follow me, Love Virtue, she alone is free, She can teach you how to climb Higher than the sphery chime;	1020
1010	Or if Virtue feeble were, Heav'n itself would stoop to her.	

SONNETS.

I. *To the Nightingale.*

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late 11
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'erbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Quol tuo spirito gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora 5
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpefre legno 10
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia fola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disufata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, 5
 Così Amor meco infu la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Beh! fols' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

Canzone.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M'accoltandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi? 5
 Dinne, se la tua speme fia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
 L'immortal guiderdon d'etern frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con meraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
 E du suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia. 5
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero, 10
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemisfero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ci suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia, 5
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove me duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si celsa 10
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovole
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante, 5
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S' arma di fe, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro, 10
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

On his being arrived to the Age of 23.

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth
 year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
 Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII.

When the Assault was intended to the City.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenseless doors may
 seize,
 If deed of honor did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the
 green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labor up the hill of heav'nly truth,

The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues vent their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be
 sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

To the Lady Margaret Ley.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament 5
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chazonea, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honor'd to repeat.

XI.

*On the Detraction which followed upon my writing
 certain Treatises.*

ABOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and
 stile;
 The subject new; it walk'd the town awhile,
 Numbering good intellects; newfeldom por'd on.
 Cries the still-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5
 A title-page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to
 Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow
 sleek, 10
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Son of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king
 Edward Greek.

XII.

On the same.

IDID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:

As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny, 6
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearls to hogs;
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty; 11
 For who loves that must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

To Mr. H. Larue on his Airs.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng;
 With praise enough for envy to look wan; 6
 To after-age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our
 tongue.

Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honor thee, the priest of Phoebus' quire, 10
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give fame leave to let thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV.

*On the religious Memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson,
 my Christian Friend, deceas'd 16 Decemb. 1646.*

WHEN faith and love, which parted from
 thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth
 sever.

Thy works and aims and all thy good endeavor 5
 Stray'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod:
 But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best,
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple
 beaus 10

And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

To the Lord General Fairfax.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms thro' Europe
 rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5

Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand, 9
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
 While avarice and rapin share the land.

XVI.

To the Lord General Cromwell.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through
 a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
 plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud 5
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots im-
 brued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise 10
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

To Sir Henry Vane the younger.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms re-
 pell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
 'Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides to know
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
 have done: 11
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,
 whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they 9
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

On his Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and
 wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more
 bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd?
 I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best 10
 Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX.

To Mr. Lawrence.

LAURENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are
 mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a fullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? time will run 5
 On smoother, till Fœvius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

To Cyriac Skinner.

CYRIAC, whose grandfire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the
 French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

XXII.

To the same.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes,
 though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, 5
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them over-
 ply'd 10
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain malk,
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

On his deceased Wife.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad husband
 gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and
 faint.
 Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the old Law did ſave, 6
 And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
 Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
 Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight 10
 Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhine'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
 I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my
 night.

XXIV.

On occaſion of the Plague in London.

*Found on a glaſs Window at Chalfont, in Buckingham-
 ſhire, where Milton reſided during the Continuance
 of that Calamity.*

[From Birch's Life.]

FAIR mirror of ſoul times; whoſe fragile ſeen
 Shall, as it blaſeth, break; while Providence
 (Aye watching o'er his ſaints with eye unſeen)
 Spreads the red rod of angry peſtilence,
 To ſweep the wicked and their counſels hence;
 Yea, all to break the pride of luſtful kings, 6
 Who Heaven's lore reject for brutiſh ſenſe;
 As erſt he ſcourg'd Jeſſides' ſin of yore,
 For the fair Hittite, when, on ſeraph's wings,
 He ſent him war, or plague, or famine ſore. 10

P S A L M S

Psalms 1. Done into verse, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watery streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

Psalms 11. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth
 up stand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth
 dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then se-
 vere
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, faith he,
 Anointed have my king (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full
 low
 With iron scepter bruis'd, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 VOL. II,

Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear 25
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay!

*Psalms 111. Aug. 9, 1653.**When he fled from Absalom.*

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say, 5
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count;
 Aloud I cry'd 10
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou
 Hast smote ere now 20
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
 Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

Psalms 114. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare, 5
 New pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity; 10

To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart 15
 (For whom to choose he knows):
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone. 20
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say 25
 Who yet will show us good?
 'Talking like this world's brood;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light.
 Lift up the favor of thy countenance bright. 30
 Into me I seek more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds 35
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie; 40
 And in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

Psalms v. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah, thou my early voice 5
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I th' morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight, 10
 Evil with thee no bidding makes,
 Fools or madmen stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hast; and them abhorr'st
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie; 15
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress:
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes;
 For in his faltering mouth unstable 25
 No word is firm or sooth;
 Their inside, troubles miserable;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they
 smooth.

God, find them guilty; let them fail
 By their own counsels quell'd; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favor and good-will. 40

Psalms vi. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
 For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ache, 5
 Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord,
 restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
 prayer,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd 20
 With much confusion; then grown red with
 shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

Psalms vii. Aug. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Gush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.
 Lord, my God, if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace, 10
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not free'd my foe for nought;
 Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth, and roll 15
 In the dust my glory dead,

In the dust, and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonor foul.

Rise Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury's affwage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. — On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise,
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

Psalm VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name thro' all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To still th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That lends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that thro' the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth,
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

Nine of the Psalms done into Meter,

*Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are
the very words of the text, translated from the origi-
nal. April, 1648. J. M.*

Psalm LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed;

45 That sitt between the Cherubs bright,
Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
50 Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen
To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
15 And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy † smoking wrath, and angry brow
Against thy people's prayer!

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them ‡ largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
25 To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they ‖ laugh, they ‖ play,
And ‖ flouts at us they throw.

7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
O God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
30 And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drow'st out nations, proud and haughty,
35 To plant this lovely vine.

* *Gnorerat.* † *Gnashantia.* ‡ *Skatib.* ‖ *Filgnaga.*
2 [Y] 2

- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last. 40
- 10 With her green shade that cover'd all,
The hills were *over-spread,*
Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*
Advanc'd their *lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And upward to that river wide
Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence, 50
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With ruff violence?
- 13 The *trifling* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their feed 55
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
Behold us, *but without a scorn,*
And visit this thy vine. 60
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hast set, and planted long,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire, 65
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be laid,
Upon the ion of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name. 75
- 19 Return us, and thy grace divine,
Lord God of Hosts, *merciful;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe. 80

Psalms LXXXI.

- 1 TO God our strength sing loud, and *loud,*
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song, 5
The timbrel higher bring,
The cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp *with pleasant string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
With trumpets *lofty sound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comes round.
- 4 This was a *figure giv'n of old*
For Israel to *observe,*
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This be a testimony ordain'd
In *judgment,* *not to change,*

- When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, and from slavish toil,
I set his shoulder free :
His hands from pots, and miry soil,
Deliver'd were by me.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail, 25
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee did not fail,
And led thee out of thrall.
- I answer'd thee in § thunder-deep
With clouds compass'd round ; 30
I try'd thee at the water sleep
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
- 8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel, 35
If thou wilt list to me,
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honor bend thy knee. 40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear,* 45
Nor hearken to my voice ;
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*
Mistak'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind ; 50
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my people would be *wise,*
To serve me *at their days,*
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways. 55
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all these
That are their enemies. 60
- 15 Who hate the Lord should then be *fair*
To bow to him and bend,
But they, *his people,* should remain,
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the rock* 65
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

Psalms LXXXII.

- 1 GOD in the * great * assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
† Among the Gods, † on both his hands
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye † pervert the right
With † judgment false and wrong, 5
Favoring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong ?
- § De Seiber ragnom.
* Bagnadath el. † Bekerev. † Tisfphetu gnarel.

- 3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless,
 * Dispatch the * poor man's cause,
 And † raise the man in deep distress
 By † just and equal laws.
 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands*.
 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are † mov'd,
 And † out of order gone.
 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
 The sons of God most high;
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes die.
 8 Rise God, § judge thou the earth *in night*, 25
 This *wicked* earth § redress,
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

Psalm LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
 O God, hold not thy peace;
 Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
 2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* || swell,
 And || storm outrageously,
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
 Exalt their heads full high.
 3 Against thy people they ¶ contrive
 * Their plots and counsels deep,
 † Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
 † Whom thou dost hide and keep.
 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory.
 5 For they consult §§ with all their might,
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind.
 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell;
 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*,
 And *bateful* Amalec,
 The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
 8 With them great Asshur also bands
 And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the sons of Lot.
 9 Do to them as to Midian *old*,
That wrested all the coast,
 To Sifera, and as is *told*
 Thou didst to Jabin's host,

* Shiphthi-dal. † Hat-diku. ‡ Jimmota.
 § Shiphthi. || Jehenajim. ¶ Zagnarimu.
 * Sed. †† Jiribjagnatsa gual. †† Tsephuneca.
 †† Leo jachdan.

- When at the brook of Kishon *old*,
 They were *repuls'd* and slain,
 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the plain. 40
 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 15 As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bleed*,
 So let their princes *bleed*.
 12 *For thou, O Lord, their will have said*,
By us now shall they be
 God's *holy* host, and *we* shall *now invade*
 * Their stately palaces. 45
 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
 No quiet let them find, 50
 Giddy and *refless* let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind.
 14 As when an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden frays,
 The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher 55
 Till all the mountains blaze;
 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;
 16 † And till they † yield thee honor due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face. 60
 17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
 Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, and *scape it never*.
 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is alone 66
 Art the most high, and *thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one*.

Psalm LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
 2 My soul doth long and almost die 5
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see:
 20 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
 3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*
 Hath found a house of *rest*, 10
 The swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her *breeding* nest;
 25 Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God. 15
 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise:
 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways. 20
 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful watery dale
 Where springs and showers abound.

* North Elohim bears both.
 † They seek thy Name. Heb.

7 They journey on from strength to strength 25
With joy and gladness cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear.
 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear ~~now~~ my prayer; 30
 O Jacob's God, give ear,
 9 Thou God our shield, look on the face
 Of thy anointed dear.
 10 For one day in thy courts to be
 Is better, *and more blest,*
 Than in the joys of vanity
 A thousand days at best.
 11 In the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abide,*
 With sin far evermore.
 12 For God the Lord both sun and shield
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
 13 Lord God of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,* 45
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

Psalm LXXXV.

1 **T**HY land to favor graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive 5
 That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid where none shall know.
 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And calmly didst return 10
 From thy * fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
 Far worse than fire to burn.
 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cause to cease 15
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus,
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us? 20
 6 Wilt thou not † turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again † revive,
 That so thy people may rejoice,
 By thee preserv'd alive?
 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 25
 To us thy mercy shew;
 Thy saving health to us afford,
 And life in us renew.
 8 And now what God the Lord will speak, 30
 I will so *fruit* and hear,
 For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full* dear,
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *let farcess* 35
 To trespass as before.

* Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.

† Heb. Turn to quicken us.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *ere long* appear
 To dwell within our land. 40
 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
 Now *joyfully* are met:
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
 And hand in hand are set.
 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,* 45
 Shall bud and blossom then,
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down on mortal men.
 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good, 50
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits to be our food.
 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
 His *road* barbing;
 Then * will he come, and not be slow, 55
 His footsteps cannot err.

Psalm LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me, *I thee pray,*
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay.*
 2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod 5
 Thy ways, and love the just;
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee 10
 I call; 4. O make rejoice
 Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul and voice.
 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone 15
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call
 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry 20
 Of my incessant prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously.
 7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid;*
 20 For thou wilt grant me *free access,*
 And answer *what I pray'd.*
 8 Like thee among the Gods is none, 25
 O Lord, nor any works
 Of all that other Gods have done
 Like to thy glorious works.
 9 The nations all whom thou hast made 30
 Shall come, *and all shall frame*
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.
 10 For great thou art and wonders great 35
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou in thy everlasting seat
 Remainest God alone.

* Heb. He will set his steps to the way.

† Heb. I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honor and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
 And thou hast free'd my soul,
 Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set
 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art still'd*
 Most merciful, most true.
 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son.
 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then see*,
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

Psalm LXXXVII.

1 **A**MONG the holy mountains high
 Is his foundation fast,
There reared is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
 2 Zion's fair gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings fair
Of Jacob's land, though there be store,
And all within his care.
 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee abroad are spoke;
 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,
 Lo this man there was born:
 5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
 Be said of Zion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.
 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there,
 In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
 And all my fountains clear.

Psalm LXXXVIII.

1 **L**ORD God, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry;
 And all night long before thee weep,
 Before thee prostrate lie,

2 Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
 Thine ear with favor bend.
 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
My life at death's uncheerful door
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dim'd* pit,
 I am a man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit.
 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep*,
 And like the slain in bloody fight
 That in the grave lie *deep*.
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 55 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
 6 Thou in the lowest pit profound
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness hovers round,
 In horrid deeps to mourn.
 60 7 Thy wrath, *from which no sifter saves*,
 Full sore doth press on me;
 † Thou break'st upon me all thy ways,
 † And all thy waves break me.
 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.
 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceas'd arise
 And praise thee *from their leathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave hath bold,
 Or they who in perdition dwell,
 Thy faithfulness unfold?
 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
 Or wondrous acts be known,
 Thy justice in the gloomy land
 Of dark oblivion?
 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 20 And up to thee my prayer doth hie,
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me?
 15 That am already bruise'd, and † shake
 With terror sent from thee?
 Bruise'd, and afflicted, and † low
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire.

* Heb. A man without manly strength.

† The Hebr. bears loss.

† Heb. Pre Concession.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm cxiv.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and silencing fled,
And sought to hide his foam-bellied head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams receiv'd
As a faint host that hath receiv'd its fall.
The high, huge-bellied mountains did receive
Amongst their ewes, the male kids they receive.
Why fled the ocean? and why slept the mountains?
Why turn'd Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountain?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence beaghast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can creep,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones creep.

Psalm cxxxvi.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God;
For his *etc.*
O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his *etc.*
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For his *etc.*
Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'n so full of state.
For his *etc.*
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his *etc.*
Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his *etc.*

65 And caus'd the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run.
For his *etc.* 30
The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his *etc.* 35
He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.
For his *etc.* 40
And in despite of Pharaoh fell
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his *etc.*
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythraean main.
For his *etc.* 45
The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his *etc.* 50
But full soon they did depart
The tawny king with all his power.
For his *etc.* 55
His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his *etc.* 60
In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his *etc.*
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.
For his *etc.* 65
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his *etc.* 70
And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his *etc.* 75
He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
For his *etc.* 80
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his *etc.*
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his *etc.* 85
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his *etc.* 90
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. 95

JOANNIS MILTONI LONDINENSIS POEMATATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderunt. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villorensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hebræica, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thameſis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Ma-
ronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
SELVAGGI.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra o Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,
VOL. II.

Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtù celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Suo l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ſerirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia reſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il ſuo valor l'umana eccede:
Queſta ſeconda ſà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovran tra noi.

Alla virtù ſbandita
Danno ne i petti lor ſilo ricetto,
Queſta gli è ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zenſi l'indufire ardente brama;
Ch' odio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle idee traſſe il più raro.

Così l'Ape ingegnosa
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
 Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
 Le peregrine piante
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
 Vide in ogni confino
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
 L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
 Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babeſſe
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vatio,
 Che per varie favelle
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
 Ch' à ingegni sovrumani
 Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
 Fermisi immoto, e in un sermìn sì gl' anni,
 Che di virtù immortale
 Scorrer di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
 Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
 Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
 Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di farti huom celeste ottiene il vanto.

In Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
 Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e pregiato
 So che fatico indarno,
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentiluomo
 Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studia cuncta
 orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed * venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum sonitus astrononiæ duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, cruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

*Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
 At cur nunc in arduum?*

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

* varietate. Edit. 1645.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS

Eligia prima ad Carolum Decadum.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas;
 Pertulit occidua Deæ Cefirentis ab orâ
 Vergivum prono quâ petit amne salum.
 Multum crede juvat terras aluisse remotas 5
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua fodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamefis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri 15
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
 Latius & exilii conditione fruor. 20
 O utinam vates nunquam graviera tulisset
 Ille Tomitano fiebilis exul agro!
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cefiffet Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Mufis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri. 25
 Excipit hinc fefsum finuofi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plaufus garrula scena fuos.
 Sen catus auditur fenior, feu prodigus hæres,
 Seu procus, aut politâ caffide miles adest, 30
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
 Sæpe vafè gnato fuccurrit fervus amanti,
 Et nafum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo narrata calores 35
 Quid fit amor nefeit, dum quoque nefeit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum turiofa Tragedia fceptrum
 Quæffat, & claufis criminibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, & fpecto, juvat & fpectaiffe dolendo,
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amator ineft: 40
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Syga criminis ultor;

Confeia funereo pectora torre movens,
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, feu nobilis Ili, 45
 Aut luit inceftos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque fub tecto fempè nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicina confitus ulmo,
 Atque fuburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
 Sæpius hic blandas fpirantia fidera flammæ
 Virgineos videas præteriiffe choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ itupui miracula formæ
 Quæ poffit fenium vel reparare Jovis!
 Ah quoties vidi fuperantia lumina gemmas, 55
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fuit puro neftare tinéta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulofque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 60
 Pellacefque genas, ad quos hyacinthina fordet
 Purgura, & ipfe tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ, 65
 Et quot Sufa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danææ faices fubmittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Mufa columnas
 Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra ftolis. 70
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera fat tibi fit fœmina poffe fequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ftructa colonis
 Turrigerum latè confpicienda caput,
 Tu nimum felix intra tua mœnia claudis 75
 Quicquid formofi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo fcintillant aftra ferenò
 Endymioneæ turba miniftra deæ,
 Quot tibi confpicuæ formæque aurôque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
 Creditur huc geminis veniffe iavefta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cinéta Venus,
 Huic Onidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & rofeam poff habitura Cypron.
 Aft ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci, 85
 Mœnia quàm fubito linquere faufta paro;
 Et vitæ procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atia, divini Molyos ufus ope.

Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholae. 90
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternis verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Acadæmici Cantabrigiæ.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore cedere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis 5
Sub quibus accipimus delinisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hamonio juvenescere sacro,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea. 10
Tu si iussus eras atres accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllæius aula
Alipes, athercâ missus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furantis Achillei 15
Rettulit Attidæ iussa severa duci.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, fœdæ Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terre,
Turba quidem est talis ista petenda tuis. 20
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luce,
Et madeant lacrymis nigra fœtra tuis.
Fundat & ipsa modos querubunda Elegia tristes,
Personet & totis nania mœsta fœolis.

Elegia Tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præfalis Wintoniæ.

MÆSTUS eram, & tacitus nullo comitante
fedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,
Protinus en subitâ funestâ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
turres, 5
Dira sepulchrali mors metumenda face;
Pellavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapura sternere fœce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fœdæque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata regis: 10
Et memini Hercum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præfal,
Wintoniaque olim gloria magna tuo;
Defecit fœtu, & trahi sic ore decessit, 15
Mors fœra Tartareo diva fœdâ Jovi.
Nonne fuis quod syva transpenderat iras,
Et quod in herbæ sos ius illa dederat agros,
Quodque allata tuo marcescenti lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchra Cyprii sacra rosa, 20

Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25
Et quæ alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideumque animam sede fugâsse suâ? 30
Talia cum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessio submerferat aquore currum
Phœbus, ab cœo littore mentus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo potui refovenda cubili, 35
Condiderant oculos nexque soporque meos:
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Hic nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nixit multicolore soloni.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinœ, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, 45
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levio aura Favoni,
Aura sub inauventis humida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terra Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis singula esse domus, 50
Ipse immiseris dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellicentes mitor ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præfal Wintonius astat,
Siderum nitido fuisse in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluit candida talos, 55
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali mœdite venerandus amicu,
Intremuit læto fœra terra sono.
Aguina gemmatâ plaustrum cœlestis pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra rubâ. 60
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hic quoque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
Nate, veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc dato, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ, 65
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
Talis contingunt somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia Quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Theodam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris mœris fungentem.

CURARE per immensum subito mea literarum
patrum,
I, prætorumonicos læve per liquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, & nunc, precor, obstat eunti.
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Hic ego Sicanio frangentem carcere ventos 5
Ædon, & virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cumulamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis.
Ut tibi deest placidam per sua regna viam.

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 27, 1666.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10
 Aut quis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleutherae in flus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgae mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, 15
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præful Christicolas pascere doctus oves:
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vine vivere cogor ego 20
 Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt atq. parte carere mei!
 Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
 Clinias, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
 Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alutano, 25
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræus Heros
 Myrmadonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego. Aonios ille præeunte recessus
 Lultrabam, & bisidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Chioque favente,
 Castalio sparfi lacta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthion,
 Induxitque auro lancea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlora senilem 35
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Ausiter opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora charo suo,
 Forſitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, 45
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum decima
 modestos
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui 50
 Hinc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Mæor,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit lera, salutem;
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Særa quidem, sed vera fuit, quam costa recepit 55
 Icaris à lento Penelopæa vultu.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare negat?
 Arguitur tardus meritis, ætæque tæteur,
 Et pudet officium cœcitate suum. 60
 Tu modò da veniam mæor, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina dimittas, quæ pascere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidis fideis cunctis hantes
 Vultifico pœnos nec rapit ungues leo.
 Sæpe sacrifici crudelia pectora Thracis 65
 Supplicis ad mœstas delibere preces.
 Extorqueque manus avertit ut fulminis ictus,
 Placet & fratres hunc parva Deca.
 Jamque distansq. ante oculos fuit Imperis illi,
 Nunc meras ultra ducere passus Amor. 70
 Nunc vaga fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
 In tibi tantis bella timere locis,

Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo, 75
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illic Odrysiæ Mars pater egit eques;
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærissonam Diva perosa tubam, 80
 Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas jussa volasse domos.
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solas inopique solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibere penates, 85
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura patens, & saxis sævior albis
 Syamea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere særus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90
 Et sis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et quæ lata serunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, 95
 Æternæque animæ digna perire fume!
 Haud aliter vites terre Thebitidis olim
 Pressit inasuetæ devia teliqua pede,
 Desertaque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talis & horridono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsam Gergeesse civis læsam
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
 Nec tua cœcutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus ætæ,
 Intentenque tibi nulla tela necem,
 At nullis vel incerne latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore biber. 110
 Nuncque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi cuspis, & pugil ille tibi;
 Ille cionem, qui tot sub membris aris
 Ægyptios fudit nocte fante viros,
 Inque sagam venit quos in Samariâ das aras 115
 Milet ab ætæque prælia Lemæus agris,
 Æthiæ & dentas pavidæ cum rege cohortes,
 Atque dum vacuo buccina clera sonat,
 Cæcis paucereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Quærens arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120
 Quærens hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentem,
 Te præcipue ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Non (quod superest miseris) sperare memento
 In tua ingenuo pectore vince mala;
 Non cunctas quandoque frui melioribus aris, 125
 Atque herum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia Quarta, Anno Ætatis 20

In adventum veris.

Ut se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro
 A jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos,
 Inducturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humus.

Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penēide lauro
 Implicitos crinēs, Delius ipse venit,
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cæli, 15
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia va-
 tum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deūm;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat dissono spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto pœdita dona modo.
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25
 Instituit modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipimus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canit.
 Veris io rediere vices, celeberrimus honores
 Veris, & hoc subeat Musa ꝑ perennis opus, 30
 Jam sol Æthiopa fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flecīt ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Bootes 35
 Non longâ sequitur festus ut ante viâ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
 Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hæc, ait, hæc certè caruisti nocte puellâ
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retinet equos.
 Lata suas aperit sylvas, phœtremque resumat 45
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro? 50
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos oculus urget equos.
 Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
 Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniſeros luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat melleſ, & ab ore venusto,
 Mixta cum Paphiis fundit amoma resis! 60
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luo,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinæ turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos 65
 Lenario placuit diva Siquæ Deo.
 Phœbe tui faciles hortantur amores,

Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
 Cinnamæ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria querit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, & hinc titulos adjungit ipsa tuos.
 Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinjectis montibus addit opes.
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
 Hesperis recipit Cærua mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lymphis,
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ, 85
 Huc ades, arduentes labre rore comas.
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quæque jaces circum malecabit levis sustulans
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelcæia fata,
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
 Cum tû Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos inspirat amores; 95
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languenteſque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro telæ corusca novo. 100
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant. 106
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Punicum redelet vestis odors crocum.
 Igrediturque frequens ad amantî gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
 unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet. 115
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinæſque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepusculâ surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri floreâ rura choro, 120
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalibus Pan, 125
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male testa videri, 130
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervehit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas.

Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris 135
 Sæcia, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
 Quâ potes, & sensim tempora veris eant;
 Brumæque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat & nostro ferior umbra polo. 140

Elegia Sexta.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem.

*Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset, & sua carmina
 excusari postulasset se solito minus essent bona, quod
 inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud
 satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat,
 hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa camœnam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas. 6
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decem-
 brim,
 Festaque cœlisugam quæ coluere Deum, 10
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid queris refugam vino dapibusque possin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, 15
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eue
 Mistâ Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat: 20
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
 Cantavit brevibus Tēia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumestius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 25
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mentia paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
 Massica sæcundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fusuque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te 35
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter iēta manu;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineus tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos.
 Percipies tactum per pectora serpere Phœbum, 45

Quale repentinus perment ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irraet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levis mulierum cura Deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 50
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpurei matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cælum, 55
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superam consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè Saniæ pro more magistri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & causta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacri, & lustralibus undis 65
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchantia, senemque
 Orpheon edomitæ sola per antra feris; 70
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poter Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Persice Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis infidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divamque sacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Fausæque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagiturque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
 Steliparumque polum, modulanteque æthere ty-
 mas, 85
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patris medicata cicuta,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

Elegia Septima, Anno Ætatis 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen Amor.
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transige columbas, 5
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid iuvania dirigit arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. 10
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus illius ad
 iras
 Promptior) & duplici jam serus igne calet
 Ver erat, & summas radians per culmina villa
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctis.

Nec matutinam sustinere iubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, piæis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mora pharetra Deum :
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit. 20
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamanteus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares, 25
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapiisses tutius, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi ;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiū arcum, 35
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques :
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torquant in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ, 45
 Nec tibi Phœbus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
 Et modo quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, faciæque simillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat, 55
 Fallor ? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus & quod me fort juvenilis, agor.
 Luminina luminibus malè providas obvia mihi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65
 Solus & Los nobis texuit ante dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vaser lauit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc claus hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Infilis hinc labiis, infidet inde genis : 70
 Et quæcumque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus interme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores.
 Uxor amans intus flammæque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 At ego progredior tacite querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui saepe referre pedem.
 Funder, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptæque tam subito gaudia flere juvat. 80

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vetus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus ? amores 85
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coram tristitia verba loqui ;
 Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras furdeat illa preces. 90
 Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
 Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus, 95
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens.
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans : 100
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105
 Indoçilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Bri-
 tannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor ? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli, 5
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcæ
 Lquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SICCINE tentasti cælo donasse Iacobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates ?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te confortia ferus adivit 5
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius scædos in cælum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter. 10

In eandem.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
 Frenuit hoc trinit monstrum Latiale corerâ,

Movet & horridum cornua dona minas.
 Et nec inulius ait tenebris moenibus Britanni,
 Surplicitum fœta religione dabis.
 Et si stelligetas unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammam trille patebit iter.
 O quàm sancto decemisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque penderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartaræ sublimis rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem bombarde.

I Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic creditæ gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis aies ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque
 fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab infans cecidit amore furor.

Ab miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
 Perlitus, & propter te Leonora foret!
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
 Aërea intermæ fila movere lyrae,
 Quamvis Dirceus torisset lumina Pantheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli
 jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes sana Achelôidos,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, & amcenâ Tiberidis undâ
 Mutavit ranci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

* *Apologus de Rustico & Hero.*

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quo-
 tannis
 Legit, & urbano læta dedit Domino:
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hæcena illa serax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc perire mihi & fœtus & ipse parens.

* Added in the Edit. 1673.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno *Ætatis* 16.*In ditum * Procancelarii medici.*

PARERE luti discite legilus,
 Manuque Perem jura dat superplex,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iuperi colitis nepotes.
 Vos si nichilo mors vega Tanaro
 Demer vocarit flebilis, seu moris
 Tentantur incertum dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatum pellere cœtera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
 Nefci venenatus cruce
 Æmathiâ jacisset Octâ.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invide
 Vidisset occisum filium Hecatom, aut
 Quem serena Pelidis perant
 Ense Lœro, Jove herymante.
 Si triste futum verba Heratila
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parvus
 Vixisset infamis, poteritque
 Agiali forer una virgâ.
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentini, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypili cecidisset hâcâ.
 Iacisset & nec te Philyrchie
 Sagitta echidne perita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avium
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo
 Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togate cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha læget,
 Et mediis Hæleon in undis,
 Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superites, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lastrasse Charentis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Periclyphone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus

Suscepitque pollenti tot annis

Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

40

Colende Virgines, membra precor tua

Melli quiescant capite, & ex tua

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,

Tursureque hyacinthus ere.

Se tanto de te judicium Æaci,

45

Subridetque Atreia Proserpina,

Interque felices perantis

Elysio spectare campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM plus extremâ veniens lacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patientia reges
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniæ conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo solia divæque sedebat
 In solio, occultique domi securus & hostis:
 Cum ferus ignis Acheronte regnans,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Denumerans fœderis locos, vernasque fideles,
 Particeps regni post funera mœssa futuros;
 Illic tempestates medio dictaere diras,
 Illic unanimes odum fruit inter amicos,
 Arnat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
 Et quæcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, frandumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum secleri corrumpere pedes,
 Indidasque locat tacitas, cautesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incantes repas, seu Cœspia tigris
 Insequitur trepidam desertâ per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illumi, & tomæ nocturnibus adsis.
 Tantis infestat populos Sammarum & arces
 Cinctus cœruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentis albentia rupibus arva
 Apparet, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Equore tranato furiali pœcere bello,
 Ante expugnata crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

30

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealiis agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri

* Dr. John Goulyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1716.

Sancti Dei populum, tandem suspiria rapit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur, 35
Qualis Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstruosus ab ore Tiphæus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemnitque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis; 45
Quæ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisicque Sabini, 50
Dextra venentis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te larciva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Triceronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulique virorum
Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
Cereæque in manibus gestant funalia cæci.
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitæque trahentes. 60
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer ille Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum,
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65
Dum tremuit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi & citurna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchatemque fero-
cem, 71
Atque Acherontæo pregnatam patre Siopen
Torpida, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegætonius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (inque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes) 76
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, & æorque silentium,
Prædatorque hominum subâ sub imagine tæctus
Assit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80
Dum sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Eyanate verrit humum vellis, pendetque cucullus
Verrice de naso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cum alio lumbos contrixit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratæ figens vestigia calceis, 85
Talis, uti fama est, vadâ Franciscus eremo
Petro vagabatur solus per lustra Serenum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verbo salutis
Lupos, atque lupos domuit, I & yedipe lones.
Subactis at rati serpenti velatus arctico 90
Solvit in las fallax ora execrantia voces;
Lornis, nato? Etiamne tuos opor opprimis artus?
Inimemur O fidei, peccorumque obliuiscimur!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademæque tri-
plex
Ridet Hypophoreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 95
Læque phœtæti tyrannunt una jura Potamæ;

Surgere, age, surgere, Ictus quam Cæsar ado-
rat,
Cum res tanta patet convelli juncu cæli,
Turgentes animos, & fatis frange procaces,
Sicilicque scint, tua quid maledictio possit, 100
Et quid Apollonius possit custodi reclusis;
Et minor Hesperia disjectam ulcifere classem,
Merisque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fira probrosa,
Thermodecontea nuper regante puella. 105
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrenum implebit numero militum pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis, 111
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare bacia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
Irritus ille labor. tu callidus utere fraude,
Qualibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est; 115
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerem de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabem, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
Ædibus injecto, qui convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quicquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non iussa ficeffere Papa?
Percussosque metu subito, casuque stupentes 125
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel savus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, dives divæque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit & adscitos ponens maleficus amictus 131
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illatibile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eos pandens Tithonia portas
Vellit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aule,
Nocturnos vifos, & somnia grata * revolvens.
Est locus æternæ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamenta recti, 140
Nunc tervi spelunca Phoni, Prodatæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic letæ cæmenta jacent præruptæque saxa,
Ossa inlunata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145
Iurgique, & simulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque vici moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguique locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exulant, telus & sanguine confusa flagrat. 150
Infi etiam pavidæ luctant penetralibus antri
Et Phobos, & Prodoles, nulloque siquente per
antrum,
Antrum horrens, sepulchrum, atrum feratilis um-
bris
Diffingunt fortes, & retro lunina vertunt;
Hic pugiles Romæ per sacula longa fideles 155

* Solana—reclivus.

Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita satur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit arquer
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite grassu, 160
 Tartareoque leves disilentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii locos adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupide parvæ gemelli. 165

Interea longo flectens curvamine cæles
 Despiciat ætheræa dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Afide terra
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Marceidas undas; 171
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Væmæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior ætheri
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
 Nulle fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestras,
 Amplaque per tennes translucent æria muros : 176
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata saefuros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut tecto per ovilla junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua culmen. 180
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet ossi,
 Quæis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima
 captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli consiliis orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvenæ 185
 Idios, immitti velvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subiectas late spectantia terras.

His illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli : 190

Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linquis
 Caillibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195
 Nobis digna cani, nec tamen esse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.

Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmissis alloquitur, terræque tremante :
 Fama fides? an te latet impia Papitarum 201

Conjurata cohors in meque meoque Britanno,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditara læcho?
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas, 205
 Induit & variis exilia corporis plumis;

Dextra tubam gestat Temestæo ex ære sonorem.
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :

Et primo Angliacas solito de mare per urbes 211
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,

Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis 215
 Insidiis loca struenda silet; stupore relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere pueri.

Effectique senes pariter tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad aetatem subito penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserefecit ab alto 220
 Ætheræus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad aëres;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvantur honores;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novem-
 bris 225
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

Anno ætæ 17. In exitum * Persælis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squaliebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mæsta charo iusta persolvi rogo 5
 Wintoniensis Præsulis.

Cum centilinguis fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britannia,
 Populi, quæ Neptuno latus 10

Cessasse mentis, de ferreis tororibus
 Nequæque laniant decus,
 Quæ ræta sanctorum illa fuisti in insula
 Quæ non in Angulæ rebus.

Tunc in quædam pectus irâ protinus
 Benthæz fervida, 15

Tamulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Natis in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcus 20

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Spontaneque Neobolen suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos 25
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas,

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subiteque ad iras pericita? 30

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebore patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao :

Alt illa cælo missa stellato, Dei 35
 Messes ubique colligit ;

Animasque mole carnæ reconditas
 In lucem & auras evocat ;

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque illuc ; 40

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris :
 At iusta raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito 45
 Fordum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :

Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex
 Auriga currus ignei 50

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5, 1626.

Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longæque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum cœrebat suos
Framis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum, siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, & regiam crystallinam, &
Stratum smaragdinis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati finium.

HU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa
profundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat heris.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obstita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterili fecit ab ævo?
Et se falsa senem malè certis patibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque stansque
Sidera verabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvia iera
Stridat uterque polus, superæque ut Olympi
aulæ

Decidat, horribilisque retectâ Corgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Iunonia Lemnon
Deturbato sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe cui casus imminere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nerius,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibilis ponto.

Tunc etiam ærei divinis sedibus Hæmi
Dissolutabit apex, imoque alissa lurchro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Cœnæa Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraterneque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortis æthere
Consuluit rerum summi, certæque per regit
Pondere fatorum lanceas, atque ordine summi
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.
Velvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitus locâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturni, & æcer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ cuspide Mavori
Luribus ætremum Phœbus juvenis cœlestis,

Nec sovet effetas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amictâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympos
Mianē vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis & gemino dispartit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alio quo Delia cornu,
Cæruleæque ignem paribus complectitur albis.
Nec variant clemens fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida percussas jactantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane turis leviori marmure Cerus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Triax Aquilo, spirantque hyemem, nimbosque vo-
lunt.

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raudâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vultu mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balaërica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi fœli vigor ille vetusti
Præscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille ævum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuncque & Cypri tuus, nec didici olim
Terra datum fœleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in
ævum

Itit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
Donec flammam orbem populabitur ultima, late
Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

DICITE sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primas ejus ex imagine
Natura solera fluxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unicus & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis genitilis iunior;
Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
Sed quolibet natura sit committitur,
Tamen scordis extat ad moerem omnis,
Ite, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Sed sempiternus ille saltem cœli
Cœli pererrat ordines decem, quæ
Circumvæte totius incolit hunc globum
Sive inter animas corpus aditus ad ædem
Obliviosas temper ad lachryas adant
Sive in remota forte terrarum angusta
Incolit ingens, & cœlestis archæ, typus, imago,
Fœdus æternitatis erigit cœlestis, quæ
Adhuc te major portat in fide.
Non cui profundum cœlestis lumen dedit
Diræ at augur videri hunc, & cœlestis;
Non hunc silenti nocte puerum in pos
Vatum sagaci præpocetent cœlestis,
Non hunc sacerdos novis, & cœlestis, hæc
Longos vetusti cœlestis, & cœlestis, hæc
Puer, & cœlestis, & cœlestis, & cœlestis,

Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit ſiſidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholic)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tunc
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabit foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per peſtora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, torunquæ per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcumque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguunt meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptius à nobis quæ poſſint munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint
Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par grãtia donis
Iſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros offendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum charã numeravimus illã,
Quæ mihi ſunt nulla, niſi quæ dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni pæperere ſub antro.
Et nemoris laureta fieri Parnallides umbra.
Nec tu vatis opus divini deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthercos ortus, & ſina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens veſtigia flamma.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque Tartara
carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora ſilyiæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſolennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornu thurum;
Sic cum ſata ſagax fumantibus abdita ſbris
Conſultat, & tepidi Parcæ ſeratur in exitis.
Nos etiam patriam tunc cum reſpetemus Olympum,
Alteraque moræ ſtabunt immobilis avi,
Imus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Tutela ſuaviloquio ſociantes carmina plectro,
Altra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſunt.
Æquus & rapidus qui circumat ignis orbes,
Nunc quoque ſidereis intencit ipſe choris
Immutabile melos, & inenarrabile carmen.
Torrida dum ruſſus compeſcit ſilva ſerpens,
Demilloque Rex gladio manuſcit ille ſonans
Stellæ nec ſentit natus Mauruſus Arctos.
Carmina regales epulis orbat ſolennat,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtoque immanis vorago
Neta gula, & modico ſpumabat vena Lyco.
Tum de more ſedens ſiſta ad convivia vates
Æſculæ intonſos redimitus ad arbore crines,
Heroûmque actus, imitandaque geſta cunctot,
Et chaos, & poſiti lotè fundamina mundi.
Reptanteſque deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum ætæo quæſitum ſulmen ab antro.
Denique quid voce modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Sylveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orpheæ cantus,

Qui tenuit ſtævies & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharã, ſimulachraque ſuncta ca-
nendo
Compulſit in lacrymas; habet hæc à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Moſas,
Nec vanas inopique puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poſſam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiûmque affine ſequamur?
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſperſire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe Camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quam via lata patet, quã pronior arca lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec infulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis exultam cupiens diteſcere mentem.
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abduſum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbeo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cum mihi Romulæ patuit ſacundia lingue,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Græcis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquellam
Fundit, barbarices teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interſius ær,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotæque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni ſuſciſſe velim, ni ſit libante molle ſtum.
Nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus aritas
Adriaci gazas, Perſianaque regna præoptas.
Quæ poſuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora cedit, quamvis & tuta fuiſſent,
Palæſta qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hypæriados curruſ, & fraena diei.
Et circumſtudentem radiatâ luce tiarant.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima cæteræ
Victrices hedernæ inter, lauroſque ſedebo.
Junque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inertî,
Vigilantem oculos veſtigia noſtra præſanos.
Iſte procul vigilet curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Lividæque oſſes tranſverto tortilis hirquo.
Sævæ nec anguſtiſque ros extende culumina ridus;
In me tu ſi miſiſſiſſima turba potuiſſis,
Nec veniſſi ſum jam ego; ſecuraque tuas
Peſſera, viſperem gradior ſublimis ab ætu.
At ſiſi, charè pater, poſtquam non à qua merenti
Poſſe reſerre datur, nec dona reſpondere ſatis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera præto
Perceſſere animo, ſiſtaque reſponſa menti.
Et vos, O noſtri, juvenina carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſpectare audibitis ænos,

Et d'inihi sapere esse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivio nigra sub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabilis ævo. 120

Pſalm cxiv.

Ἰσχυρὸν ὅτι παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶς Ἰακώβ
Αἰγυπτίῳ λίπε δῆμον, ἀπερχόμεν, βαρβαροφῶνται
Δὴ τότε μέντοι ἐν ὅσῳ γένος οἱ; ἰδοὺ.
Ἦν δὲ Θεὸς λαοὶν μέγα κρεῖον βασιλεῖον.
Ἰδοὺ καὶ ἐντροπὰν φῦγαν ἔρπονσι θάλασσα ὅ
Κύματι εἰλημένη βόθῳ, ὅδ' αὖ ἐντροπὴν χέλι
Ἰδοὺ Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
Ἦν δ' Ἰρεα σκαρβαλίσιν ἀπειρέσι κλονέσθαι,
Ὡς ποταμοὶ σφραγισμένοι εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἄλσιν.
Βασιτεῖαι δ' αὖ καὶ πύργοι ἀνασκήρτησαν ἐρήναι,
Ὅσα παρὰ σύβην φιλῇ ὑπὸ μητρὶ ἄλσιν. 11
Τίπτε σὺ γὰρ αἰνὰ θάλασσα πύγαν φῦγαν ἔρποντας
Κύματι εἰλημένη βόθῳ; τί δ' αὖ ἐντροπὴν χέλι
Ἰδοὺ Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
Τίπτε Ἰρεα σκαρβαλίσιν ἀπειρέσι κλονέσθαι 15
Ὡς ποταμοὶ σφραγισμένοι εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἄλσιν;
Βασιτεῖαι τί δ' αὖ πύργοι ἀνασκήρτησαν ἐρήναι,
Ὅσα παρὰ σύβην φιλῇ ὑπὸ μητρὶ ἄλσιν;
Σείει γὰρ τρεῖς Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέντα
Ταῦτα Θεὸν τρεῖς ἱππὶν σείει Ἰσραηλῆος, 20
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμῶν χειμῶν ἔρποντας,
Νέηται ἀνὰ πύργους ἀπὸ θαλάσσης.

*Philosophus ad regem quemdam, qui cum ipso in
hyemem inter eos forte captum infans amiserat,
τὸν ἐπὶ θαλάττῃ περιπατοῦντα εὐρήσας πύλιν.*

Ὁ ἀνα, εἰ ἴδωμι με τὸν ἔνομον, εἰδὲ τὴν ἀνδρῶν
Διὸν ὅπως ὁρίσαντα, σέφεται ὡς ἰσὶ κάθηται
Ῥηιδῶς ἀφ' ὧν, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθις νήσους,
* Μαριδινας δ' αὖ ἱππῶν τρεῖς ποταμῶν ὁδῶν,
Τοὺν δ' ἐκ πύργων ἀνὰ πύργους ἀπὸ θαλάσσης.

In epistolâ ejus scripserunt.

Ἀνὰ δὲ γυναικὶ καὶ παιδὶ τὴν δὲ μὴ εἰδὼτα
Φαίει παρὰ σὺν, σέφεται ὡς ἰσὶ κάθηται.
Τὸν δ' ἐκ πύργων ἀνὰ πύργους ἀπὸ θαλάσσης.
Πύλιντα φέρει δὲ πύργους ἀπὸ θαλάσσης.

* Μαρὶδινας δ' αὖ ἱππῶν τρεῖς ποταμῶν ὁδῶν,
Τοὺν δ' ἐκ πύργων.

— Edit. 1645.

Adue in the Edition of 1673.

21. Sappho Poetam Rerumque agrotantem.

STAZONNES.

○ MUSA gressum quem volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque turda gressus incessi,
Nec sentis illud in loco nunc statum,
Quam cum Jecentes flava Delphi feras
Aternat autem ante Junonis Colun.
Adellum & hæc sis verba pauca salillo
Refer, Camæna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immenso divi.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Musæ,
Diebus hæc qui sumi laqueus nidum
Polique tractum, (pessibus ubi ventorum,
Infantis impotentisque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet ilabro)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superba cognitas urbes farsæ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa salillo,
Habituque fesso corpori penitus sanum,
Qui nunc profunda bilis infectat renes,
Præcordiisque sua damnosum spirat.
Nec id peperit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, O salus Hebæ
Germana! Tuque Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone caſo, five tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoſo.
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen agro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicinia dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur licos
Numa, ubi beatum degit etiam æternum,
Suum reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tandemque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in cunctis ibit obſcūm reges
Nimium sinistro latus irruens loro:
Sed fraena melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi farsæ regni Portumni. 40

MANUS.

*Joanni Baptista Martini Marchio Villenſe, vir inge-
nii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non & bellica
virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem
Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus.
erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter
Germania principes celebratur, in illo promissum cui
latus Gerusalemme conquirit, lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimo, e cortesi
Risplende il Manio —

*Is authorem Neapoli cœmmerantem summa benevolentia
prosecutus est, multaque ei ditulit humanitatis officia.
At hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe de-
cesseret, ut ne ingratus se offenderet, hoc carmen
misit.*

HÆC quoque Manse tua meditantur carmina
laudi

Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud a quo est dignatus
honore,

Post Galli cineres, & Mœcœnatia Hætrusci
Tu quoque, si nollas tantum valet aura Camœnæ, 5
Vidisti hæc hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.

Te priſtem magno ſelix concordia ſeſſo
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.

Mox tibi cœcilæque non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnus, 10

Dura cepit Aſſyrios divum præluxus amores:
Mollis & Auſonias ſuſcepit carmine nymphas.

Ille ſitidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.

Nec manes pietas tua chara ſeſellit amici, 15
Vidimus ardentem opereſo ex ære poetam.

Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia
ceſſant

Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:

Amborum genus, & varia ſub ſorte peractam 20
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Minervæ;

Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam ſacundus Homeri,

Ergo ego te Clîus & magni nomine Phœbi,
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum 25

Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere Muſam,

Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas aula eſt volitare per urbeſ.

Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes ſumme cygnos 30
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,

Quâ Thameſis late puris argenteus urnis
Cœcat i glaucos perſundit gurgite crines.

Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,

Quâ plaga ſepteno munit ſulcata Trione 35
Et inſulam patitur longâ ſub noſſe Boœten.

Nos etiam coſimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,

Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choras.

Gens Druides antequam ſacris operata deorum
Hæcſina laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)

Hinc quoties ſeſto cingunt altaria cantu
Deſo in herboſâ Graige de more puellæ 45

Carminibus lætis meminerant Corinſida Loxo,
Fætidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecæorge,

Nuda Caledonio variatas pedera ſuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quicumque per orbem

Thæmæti decus, & nomina celebrabitur ingens, 50
Quæque perpetui ſuſceſſat læna Marini.

Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque
viroſum,

De pœſili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Ducor tu ſponte tua habitariſſe penates

Cynthius, & ſimulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas: 55
At non ſorte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit

Ævum Phœreſiadæ ceſſo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille læt magnam Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;

Tantum ubi clameſos plauſu vitare bubulcos,
Mœdie manuſcripti coſſi Chilonis in antrum, 60

ſed inter ſilvas frondeſque teſta

Pœſium prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad cythereæ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victas amici

Exilli duras lenibat voce labores. 65
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec ſixa ſub imo

Saxa ſtatere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immmania pondera, ſylvas,

Emoteque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.

Diis dilectæ ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet 70
Nâſcentem, & mihi læſtarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno ſaviſſe poetæ.

Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Ælonios lucratur vivida ſuſos, 75

Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigenſ, & adultum mentis acumen.

O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbeos decoraviſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,

Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem; 81

Aut dicam invictæ ſociali ſœdere menſæ
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus adſit)

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges,
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permienſus tempora vitæ,

Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam, 86
Ille mihi læto madidis aſtaret ocellis,

Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos

Curaret parva componi molliter urna. 90
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,

Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnâſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.

Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cæciliolum ſemotus in æthera divum, 95

Quò labor & mens para vèhunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo

(Quantum ſita ſinunt) & tota mente ſerenum
Ridens purpureo ſuſfundar lumine vultus, 99

Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

*Thyſis & Damon quædam vicinia paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſequenti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyſis animi cauſâ proſectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuntium accepit. Domum poſtea reſerſus, & rem ita eſſe * comperto, ſe, ſuamque ſolitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ ite intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hætruræ Luca palerino genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctriâ, clariffimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregias.*

HIMERIDES ſymphæ (nam vos & Daphnia
& Hylan,

Et plorata diu meminiffis ſata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:

Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyſis,
Et quibus affiduis exercuit antra querelis, 5

Flaminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque re-
ceſſus,

* comperiens Edit. Fenton.

Dum sibi præceptura queritur Damona, neque
altam

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista.
Et rotidem flavas numerabant herrea messes, 10
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub uolvas,
Nec dum ad rat Thyrsis; pastorem Kili et illum
Dulcis amor Atula Thutca retinebat in urbe.
At ubi mens explata domum, pecorisque reliqui
Cura vocat, simul affecta feditque sub ulmo, 15
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cæpit & immensura sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina coelo,
Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere Damon! 20
Siccine nos linguis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur ambris?
At non ille, animas virgæ qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen, 24
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nil me lupos antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminere sepulchro,
Constatibique tuis tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebant, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, plenumque,
Palladiasque artes, faciùmque habuisse canonum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia
Damon, 36

At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sepe solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, sui merentibus herbis? 40
Sive opus in magnos fuit cunctis ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus alris;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantumque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit 45
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, præto cum silulat igni
Melle pyram, & nucibus læpetat focus, ut malus
gaster

Misceat cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut estare, dies medio dum vertitur ævo, 51
Cum Pan æsculeæ sortium caput abditus umbra,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi noti sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, itertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiæque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cæcropiosque sales referat, cultosque lepores? 56

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramose densantur valibus umbræ,
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus 60
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata cæpustula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa sua seges alta satiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo, 65
Nec myrtæta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at
illæ

Mærent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum,
VOL. II.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad coryles vocat, Alphesibæus ad ornos,
Ad silices Argos, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas, 70
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita graminis musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placida interstrepit arbutus
undæ:

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopli ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
Et calabat avium linguas, & sidera Mopli, 76
Thyrsi quid hoc? dicit, quæ te coquit improba
lila?

Aut te perdidit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sepe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intinæque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphae, & quid te Thyrsi? 82
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc fœda
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque
Illa choros, luscique leves, & semper
Jure petit, bis ille mihi qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat,
Venit Hyas, Dryopæque, & filia Baucidis Ægle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdidit fastu,
Venit Idamanti Chloris vicina fluenti; 90
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludant per prata juveni,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales, 95
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum

De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus jaunguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocærum numerat, vilisque volucrum 100
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,

Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu. 105
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines alieni animis, & pectore discors,
Vix sibi quique parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quæ non speraveris hora 110
Surripit, internum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagæ error in oras
Ire per æreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
Equid erat tanti Romam visisse sepultam, 115
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem carnisse sodale,

Possim tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes! 120
Ah certe extremam liquisset tangere dextram
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse
pigebit, 125

Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thufcus tu quoque
Damon,

Antiquæ genus unde petis Luvionis ab urbe.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior
herba, 130

Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere
myrtos,

Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, & ceræ vincla cicutæ, 135
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat rescida luna, 140
Dum solus teneros claudebam Cratibus hædos.

Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura 145
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,

Hæc bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte re-
tardat,

Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborumque, humilisque crocos, foliumque
hyacinthi, 151

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque meden-
tium.

Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentium,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte, 156
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
Disfluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quæ ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennumque Arvigarumque duces, priscumque
Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colo-
nos; 165

Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernem,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorgöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camænis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet
uni 171

Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus, (sim ignotus in
ævum

Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ula, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne
Trecantæ, 176

Et Themæsis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lætâ sub cortice lauri, 180
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula
Mansus,

Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,

Eina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circum gemino exclaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama
sylvæ, 186

Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cœruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipotens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pietæque in nube
pharetæ, 190

Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina tor-
quens

Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes 195
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad idus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica,
Damon,

Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis
abiret,

Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida
virtus? 200

Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrâ,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit
arcum;

Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes, 205
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis
Diodorus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210

Cœlicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215
Lætæque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Gantus ubi, chereisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia thyrsio.

Jan. 3, 1646.

*Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academiae Biblio-
thecarium.*

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denno mitti
postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica
reponeret, Ode.*

Strophe I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Frondæ licet geminâ,
Munditiæque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim, 5
Sedula tamen hand nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
Insons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10

Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cerulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque facer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si satis noxas luinus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Appollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinæamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasæo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantia
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Latere felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roësius sui
Optat peculi, numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
Tæque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præfuit Iôn
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iôn Actæâ genitus Creüsâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Æoniâ quam valle colit
Delo posthabitâ,
Bisidoque Parnassi jugo;

Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque fortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graicæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem; sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit sceleris Roësi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
longè
Turba legentum prava faceffet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
Roësis favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophais, totidémque Antistro-
phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tamen si om-
nes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique co-
lis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secumimus, com-
modè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi
modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus
rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat.
Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχῆσιν, partim ἀπολε-
λυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio
loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Ca-
tullus ad libitum fecit.

At Christinam Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.*

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, septem Regina Tric-
num,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora gero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

Translation †, from Toland's Life of Milton.

BRIGHT martial maid, queen of the frozen
zone,
The northern pole supports thy shining throne;
Behold what furrows age and steel can plow,
The helmet's weight oppress'd this wrinkled brow.

* These verses were sent to Christina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by some ascribed to Andrew Marvell, as by others to Milton: but they were probably Milton's, being more within his province as Latin Secretary.

† By Sir Fleetwood Shephard.

Through late's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands :
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

A Fragment, from the Italian ;

*Addressed to a young Lady at Florence, who did not
understand English.*

WHEN, in your language, I, unskill'd, ad-
drefs

The short pac'd efforts of a trammel'd Muse ;
Soft Italy's fair critics round Me press,
And my mistaking passion thus accuse.

Why, to our tongue's disgrace, does thy dumb
love

Strive, in rough sound, soft meaning to impart ?
He must select his words who speaks to move,
And point his purpose at the hearer's heart.

Then laughing they repeat my languid lays ;
Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps—they
cry

For whom thou hast a tongue, may feel thy
praise ;

But we must understand ere we comply !

Do thou, my soul's soft hope, these triflers awe !
Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I write ;
Since love from silent looks can language draw,
And teorns the lame impertinence of wit,

H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he fall'd forth,
His arms and equipage, are shown,
His horse's virtues, and his own:
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.**

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle founded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;

* A ridicule on Ronfard and Davenant.

Ver. 1.] To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in an edition 1674, to *civil fury*. Thus it stood in edit. of 1684, 1689, 1694, and 1700. *Civil dudgeon* was restored in the edition of 1704, and has continued so ever since.

Ver. 2.] It may be justly said *They knew not why*; since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

Ver. 3.] By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predestinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themselves.

Ver. 11, 12.] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

VOL. II.

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Baffle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And bold of War, as well as Peace
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water):
But here our Authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoever they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a gain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more the would Sir Hudibras
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write):
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.

Ver. 13.] Our Author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kinds of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

Ver. 14.] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament-army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country. His peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The succeeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces, but here the Poet seems impatient till he get into the description and character of his hero.

Ver. 17, 18.] i. e. He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

Ver. 22.] *Chartel* is a challenge to a duel.

Ver. 23.] In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human learning are finely satirized: philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

3 [B]

As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about ;
 Unless on holy-days or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
 Being rich in both, he never wanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although they re found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd ;
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps.
 He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, charge hands, and still confute :
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl ;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And looks Committee-men and Trustees.

Ver. 55, 56.] This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate persons, who makes a mighty pother about books and languages there, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

Ver. 62.] Here is an alteration without any amendment ; for the following lines,

And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps,
 are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684,
 1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly so perhaps he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

Restored in the edition of 1704.

Ver. 75.] Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) a *malignant palm*.

Ibid.—] Lord Clarendon observes, "That after the declaration of No more Add.esses to the King, they who were not above the condition of ordinary constables six or seven years before, were now the justices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, That the "town of Chelmsford in Essex was governed, at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two coblers, two tailors, and two pedlars."

Ver. 76.] In the several counties, especially the Afflicted ones (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Suffex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire) which

He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination :
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by ;
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk ;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew 't, his speech,
 In loftiness of sound, was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect ;
 It was a party-colour'd drefs
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on fattin ;
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 Least of languages at once,
 This he as volubly would vent,
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent :
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large ;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit ;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.

sided with the Parliament, Committees were erected for the Good Cause, as they called it, who had authority, from the members of the two Houses at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they pleased.

Ver. 109.] The Presbyterians coined a great number, such as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingness, Workings-out, Gospel-walking-times, &c. which we shall meet with hereafter, in the speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem ; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkinhead.

Ver. 115.] This and the three following lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in the edit. 1674. Demosthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his speech.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by fines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over:
Whate'er the crabbed st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
For every Why he had a Wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And know their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Duncce:

Ver. 120.] An eminent Danish mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

Ver. 129.] This and the following line not in the two first editions of 1664, and first inserted in that of 1674.

Ver. 131. *Enquire.*] *Inquire*, in all editions to 1686, inclusive.

Ver. 152. *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, so called; he was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*; that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be resisted.

Ver. 153, 154. *Duncce.*] Thus they stood in the two first editions of 1664, left out in those of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and not restored till 1704. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle* of divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high

Profound in all the Nominal 155
And Real ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That 's empty when the moon is full: 160
Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve them in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd 165
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mount-bank, did wound
And stab herself with doubt profound,
Only to shew with how final pain
The sores of Faith are cur'd again; 170

value on his merits, so that they offered him bishopricks, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunfe in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunfeetus*: Morel, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the *Supplement* to Dr. Cave's *Histria Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures: that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine: and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Ver. 155, 156.] Gulielmus Occam was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Duns Scotus of the Reals. These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

Ver. 157, 158.] Altered thus in edit. 1674, and continued till 1704.

And with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand.

Although by woful proof we find
 The, always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies,
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
 Below the moon, or else above it;
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side;
 Whether the devil tempted her
 By a High-Dutch interpreter;
 If either of them had a navel:
 Who first made navel malleable;
 Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all:
 All this, without a gloss or comment,
 He would pariddle in a moment,
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By apostolic blows and knocks;

Ver. 181.] Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels: and, among the Moderns, the late-learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

Ver. 189.] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion; it was necessary that he should be so, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper person to set up for a Reformer, and whether the religion he professed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolish. Whether the Poet has been just in the portrait must be left to every reader's observation.

Ver. 193, 194.] Where presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration: much blood was shed to get it established in England; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

Ver. 195, 196.] Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, He should see them presently: and so drawing up his troop in the inward court, "These, Sir, (said the Cornet) are my instructions."

Ver. 199, 200.] Many instances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy*.

Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended:
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss:
 More peevish, cross, and spleenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
 That with more care kept holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spite:
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for:
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow:
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin:
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with mine'd pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
 Eat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:

Ver. 207, 208.] The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

Ver. 213, 214.] They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

Ver. 215, 216.] Added in 1674.

Ver. 235, 236.] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him: but refused, because he said, it was stolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlett of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world, that the old Pharisees and new Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, "To strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
The hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grizzly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as fullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution,
To oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Mangle all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as Monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
280 So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,

Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech,
But when the date of Nock was out,
285 Off dropt the sympathetic inout.
His back, or rather burthen, shov'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Aeneas bore his fire
245 Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
250 Hand of his head; for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
295 A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
255 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country house affords;
300 With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
260 The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
305 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
265 His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
310 To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
270 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
315 For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
275 That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprize;
320 And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
325 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough desarts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
330 Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there 's not one word
Of their provision on record:

Ver. 241.] Mr. Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jacques's description of the Country Justice, in Shakespeare's play, *As you like it*. It may be asked, why the Poet is so particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain; the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had subdued the King: hence it became necessary to have it fully described.

Ver. 257. It was *monastic*.] Altered to *canonic*, 1674. Restored, 1704.

Ver. 281.] Gasper Taliacotius was born at Bonna, A. D. 1553, and was Professor of Physic and Surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the Anatomy Theatre, holding a nose in

its hand. He wrote a treatise in Latin called *Chirurgia Nova*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. This book has passed through two editions.

Ver. 310.] This and the seven following lines are not in the two first editions of 1663, and added in that of 1674.

Which made some confidently write,
 They had no stomachs but to fight.
 'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
 Round table like a farthingal,
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights din'd;
 Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
 In which he carry'd as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat,
 When laying by their swords and truncheons, 345
 They took their breakfasts, or their nunchcons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digress,
 As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
 With basket-hilt that would hold breath,
 And serve for seat and dinner both;
 In it he melted lead for bullets
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore to sell a grutch.
 He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack:
 The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devour'd, 'twas so manifold
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not shew its face.

In many desperate attempts
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
 That was but little for his age,
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging:
 When it had stab'd, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
 Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth 385
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where tis and more it did endure,
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get:
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent,
 And sometimes catch them with a snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap:

335 They were upon hard duty still,
 And every night stood centinel,
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose 400
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble active force 405
 He got on th' outside of his horse:
 For having but one stirrupty'd
 T' his saddle on the further side,
 It was so short, h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desperate toe; 410
 But after many strains and heaves,

He got up to the saddle-eaves
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over 415
 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behoove us to say something
 Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
 The beast was sturdy, large and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall; 425
 I would for ever, for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none.

He was well stay'd, and in his gait
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
 At spur or switch no more he skipt,
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt; 430
 And yet so fiery, he would bound
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground;

That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender-hoof, 435
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his rider up;

So Hudibras's ('tis well known)
 Would often do to set him down. 440
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back;

For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd 445
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd;
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a channel:

His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he would flurt, 450
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing could he stir
 To active trot one side of 's horse, 455
 The other would not hang an arse.

A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half,

Ver. 457.] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) says, This famous Squire was one Isaac

Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one; 460
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain *Ralph*;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)
An equal stock of wit and valour 465
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty *Tyrian* queen, that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir; 470
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody *Cannibal*,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy *Squire* he had, as well 475
As the bold *Trojan* knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The *Knight's*, but of another kind, 480
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-light*;
A liberal art, that costs no pain.
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token, 485
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—"To and from my love"—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth, 490
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But, as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free. 495
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle: 500
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way,

Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moor-fields, who was conceiving some new queue cut in church government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. it is observed, "That *Hudibras's Squire* was one *Pemle* a tailor, and one of the Committee of *Sequestrators*."

Ver. 485.] *His wits were sent him*, in all editions to 1704 inclusive.

Ver. 487, 488.] Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpence or thillings, and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, "To my love, and From my love;" and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens of love.

Whate'er men speak by this *New-light*,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right. 505
'Tis a dark-lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that hear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
Anign's fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches, 510
To make them dip themselves, and found
For *Christendome* in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon 515
The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering-hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual eaves-droppers can bear: 520
So *Phœbus*, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second hand rehearse,
Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
Thus *Ralph* became infallible 525
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair:
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able 530
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam's first green breeches*;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences; 535
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,
Or *Sir Agrippa*, for profound 540
And solid lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Bennen*, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm; 545
In *Rosierucian* lore as learned,
As he that *Vere adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Cou'd tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean; 550
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise; 555
For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.

Ver. 511.] Alluding to *Ralpho's* religion, who was, probably, an Anabaptist or Dipper.

Ver. 546.] Alluding to the *Philosopher's Stone*.

By help of these (as he profess)
 He had First Matter seen undrest :
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
 Not that of Pateboard, which men shew
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
 But its great grandfire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble :
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.
 He could foretel what's ever was
 By consequence to come to pass :
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations :
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood :
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They 'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ;

Ver. 573.] The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following instance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham in Suffolk : " O my good Lord God, I praise thee for discovering the last week, in the day-time, a vision, that there were two great armies about York, one of the malignant party about the King, the other party Parliament and professors ; and the better side should have help from Heaven against the worst ; about, or at which instant of time, we heard the soldiers at York had raised up a sconce against Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces against Hull ; against which fort Sir John Hotham, Keeper of Hull, by a garrison, discharged four great ordnance, and broke down their sconce, and killed divers Cavaliers in it.—Lord, I praise thee for discovering this victory, at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected three or four days, and no arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching ; but when she had prayed to be established in faith in thee, then presently thou didst, by this vision, strongly possess her soul that thine and our enemies should be overcome."

Examine Venus, and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon :
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods :
 They 'll question Mars, and by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They 'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies :
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And form positions to be guest on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of Native's birth, till what will come on't,
 They 'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves :
 But not what wise, for only' of those
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians :
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endued
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd :
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
 Their valour, too, were of a rate,
 And out they sall'd at the gate.
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged
 But fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;
 For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat :
 But ere we venture to unfold
 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned poets use,
 Invoke th' assistance of some Muse ;
 However critics count it sillier
 Than jugglers talking to familiar ;
 We think it no great matter which,
 They 're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.
 Thou that with ale, and viler liquors,
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Tickars,
 And force them, though it was in spite
 Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;
 Who (as we find in-sullen writs,
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
 With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B' himself, or wit-insuring friend ;

The itch of picture in the front,
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
 All that is left o' th' Forked hill
 To make men scribble without skill;
 Canst make a Poet spite of Fate,
 And teach all people to translate,
 Though out of languages in which
 They understand no part of speech;
 Assist me but this once, I implore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.
 In western clime there is a town,
 To those that dwell therein well known,
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader;
 For brevity is very good,
 When w' are, or are not understood.
 To this town people did repair
 On days of market or of fair,
 And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
 In merriment did drudge and labour:
 But now a sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together village rabble;
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
 A bold adventurous exercise,
 With ancient heroes in high prize;
 For authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemean game;
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole does make
 A circle, like a bear at stake,
 That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble-rout:
 For after solemn proclamation
 In the bear's name (as is the fashion

655 According to the law of arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presumes to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of bear,
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 660 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim,
 Although the bear gain much' being bound,
 In honour to make good his ground
 665 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
 If any pres upon him, who 'tis,
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 670 Which always wait on feats of arms
 (For in the hurry of a fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way);
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
 675 As he believ'd h' was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
 We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than constables in curule wit,
 680 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low Pleetarian tything-men:
 685 And therefore being inform'd by bruit
 That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same;
 (For where the first does hap to be,
 690 The last does coincide)

Ver. 665.] Brentford, which is eight miles west from London is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II. Cant. iii. Ver. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befel him there:

And though you overcame the Bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

Ver. 673.] This game is ushered into the Poem with more solemnity than those celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, so it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the description: and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures, and, consequently, to a Briton, preferable to those in Homer or Virgil?

Ver. 689, 690.] Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordshire; where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward before the bull was turned loose; "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come

"near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril." See Dr. Plot's *Staffordshire*.

Ver. 714.] This speech is set down, as it was delivered by the Knight in his own words: but since it is below the gravity of Heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

Ver. 715.] Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the Constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least: "That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels;" but they proceeded not so far as to name any body; because Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying, the power was too great for any man.

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expence of Christian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cause and the Cause's sake?
But in that quarrel! Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented;
By evil council is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though every man is fact it not)
And deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that conside,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane & lingue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynastomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Frothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,

Ver. 736.] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and by the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

Ibid.—and *Cause's sake*] Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause: I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this is not God's cause, then God is no god for me: but the Devil is got up into heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, "I may truly say, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause;"

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the laws.

To set up an Idol, then nick-nam'd The Cause,
Like Bell and Dragon to gorge their own maws;

as it is expressed in "The Ramp Carbonaded."

Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast? 730
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant nor Protestation,
Nor liberty of Consciences, 735
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the King; 740
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worship'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and some 745
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *medicus* to death; 750
But no beast ever was so fight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so:
But we, who only do infuse 755
The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time the Heathen, 795
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came,
Of this lawd antichristian game. 800
To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point seems very plain to me;

Ver. 765.] *Nor for free Liberty of Conscience*. Thus the two first editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674, and all the subsequent editions; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worse; *free liberty* being a most beautiful and satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

Ver. 766.] The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes, An Ordinance of Parliament.

It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.
 First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting 805
 Is carnal, and of man's creating;
 For certainly there 's no such word
 In all the Scripture on record;
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
 And so is (secondly) The thing: 810
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
 Provincial, Classic, National,
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
 Thirdly, It is idolatrous: 815
 For when men run a-whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatso'er
 The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
 It is idolatrous and Pagan,
 No less than worshipping of Dagon. 820
 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st
 Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
 (For that bear-baiting should appear 825
Jure divino lawfuller
 Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)
 Yet there 's a fallacy in this;
 For if by fly *bomafis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
 Under a cough to stir a f—t,
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful, I deny.
 And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt 835
 But Bear-baiting may be made out,
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is
 Provincial or Parochial Classis;
 And that both are so near a kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That, put them in a bag, and shake them,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake them,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness:
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de hunc, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
 Thou wilt at best but sack a bull,
 Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool;

For what can synods have at all,
 With Bear that 's analogical?
 Or what religion has debating 855
 Of Church affairs with Bear-beating?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things *quidem generis*:
 And then what *gens* rightly doth
 Include and comprehend them both? 860
 If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for bears as they;
 For we are animals no less;
 Although of different specieses.
 But Ralpho, this is not fit place, 865
 Nor time, to argue out the case:
 For now the field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit 870
 Another manner of dispute:
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words;
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of proofs and conduct adequate
 To what our place and fame doth promise, 875
 And all the godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 We're surr'd and outed by success;
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 Or surest hand, can always hit: 880
 For whatso'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons 885
 Of great and mighty resolutions;
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth;
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have borne us out;
 Which though they're known to be so ample,
 We need not copy from example;
 We're not the only person durst 895
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a valourous knight
 D. Whitton kill his Bear in fight,
 And wound a Fiddler: we have both
 Of these the objects of our wrath, 900
 And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt, or victory to come.
 'Tis sung there is a valiant Mumpsuke,
 In foreign land yclep'd —;

Ver. 831, 832.] These two lines left out in the editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and restored 1724.

Ver. 851.] This and the following line thus altered 1674.

Thou canst at best but overstrain
 A paradox, and thy own brain.
 Thus they continued in the editions 1684, 1686, 1700. Restored in 1724, in the following blundering manner.

Thou'lt be at best but such a bull, &c.
 and the blunder continued in all the editions till Dr. Gray's.

Ver. 860. *Inclut*, &c.] In the two first editions of 1663.

Comprehend them inclusive both.

Ver. 891.] *Ad libitum*, in the two first editions.

Ver. 891.] The writers of the *General Historical Dictionary*, vol. vi. p. 231, imagine, "That the 'c' in *clut* were i' to be filled with the words *Sir Samuel Laro*, because the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure of the verse generally used in this poem is of eight."

To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For person, parts, address, and beard;
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same cause both have fought;
 He oft in such attempts as these
 Came off with glory and success.
 Nor will we fail in th' execution;
 For want of equal resolution.
 Honour is like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on;
 With entering manfully, and urging;
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
 This said, as erst the Phrygian knight,
 So our's, with rusty steel did smite
 His Trojan horse, and just as much
 He mended pace upon the touch;
 But from his empty stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow beast did found,
 And angry answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
 So have I seen, with armed heel,
 A wight bestride a Common-weal,
 While still, the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The less the fullen jade has stirr'd.

H U D I B R A S.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The catalogue and character
 Of th' enemies best men of war,
 Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
 Defies, and challenges to fight:
 H^e encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
 And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
 Conveys him to enchanted castle,
 There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
 That had read Alexander Ross over,
 And swore the world, as he could prove,
 Was made of fighting and of love.
 Just so Romances are, for what else
 Is in them all but love and battles?
 O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
 To treat of, but a world o' the latter,
 In which to do the injur'd right,
 We mean in what concerns just fight.
 Cries our authors are to blame,
 For to make some well-sounding-name
 A pattern fit for modern knights
 To copy out in frays and fights
 (Like those that a whole street do raze
 To build a palace in the place)

905 They never care how many others
 They kill, without regard of mothers,
 Or wives, or children so they can
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
 910 Just like the manhood of nine tailors:
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wife,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit:
 915 As if just so much he enjoy'd,
 As in another is destroy'd:
 For when a giant's slain in fight,
 And mow'd o'er hwart, or cleft downright,
 920 It is a heavy case, no doubt,
 A man should have his brains beat out,
 Because he's tall, and has large bones,
 As men kill heavers for their itones.
 But as for our part, we shall tell
 The naked truth of what befel,
 925 And as an equal friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
 With neither faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due desert,
 40 And never coin a formal lye on 't,
 To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
 This b'ing profess'd, we've hopes enough,
 And now go on where we left off.
 They rode, but authors having not
 45 Determin'd whether pace or trot,
 (That is to say, whether collutation,
 As they do term 't, or succussion)
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how;
 50 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
 Mysterious light it was a trot:
 But let that pass; they now begun
 To spur their living engines on:
 For as whipp'd tops and banay'd balls,
 55 The learned hold, are animals;
 So horses they affirm to be
 Mere engines made by Geometry,
 And were invented first from engines,
 As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
 60 So let them be, as I was saying,
 They their live engines ply'd, not staying
 Until they reach'd the fatal champain
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
 The dire Pharfalian Plain, where battle
 65 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle
 And force auxiliary men,
 That came to aid their brethren;
 5 Who now began to take the field,
 As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.
 70 For as our modern wits behold,
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,
 Much further off, much further he,
 10 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
 Yet not sufficient to descry
 75 All postures of the enemy:

15 Ver. 74. Rais'd on, &c.] From off, in the two first editions of 1663.

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
 T' observe their numbers and their order,
 That when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own.
 80 Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed:
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows or to ward;
 85 Courage and steel, both of great force,
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard;
 90 And after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms fat loose;
 And, rais'd upon his desperate foot,
 95 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
 Portending blood, like blazing star,
 The beacon of approaching war.
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed
 Than Hugo in the forest did;
 100 But far more in returning made:
 For now the foe he had forvey'd,
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
 105 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

Ver. 85, 86.] Thus altered, 1674,

Courage within, and steel without,
 To give and to receive a rout.

Ver. 92.] Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

Ver. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
 Than could b' expected from his steed.

Restor'd in 1704.

Ver. 101, 102.] But with a great deal more return'd—For now the foe he had discern'd—In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 106.] So call'd, from *crowd*, a fiddle. This was one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Roundheads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one alehouse to another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciously places him at the head of his catalogue; for country diversions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper. I would ob-

Instead of trumpet and of drum,
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
 110 By thunder turn'd to vinegar;
 (For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
 A squeaking engine he apply'd
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,
 115 Just where the halgman does dispose,
 To special friends, the knot of noose:
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
 120 Which was but fouse to chitterlings:
 For guts, some write, ere they are foddin,
 Are fit for music or for pudden;
 From whence men borrow every kind
 Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
 125 His grisly beard was long and thick,
 With which he flang his fiddle-stick;
 For he to horse tail fear'd to owe
 For what on his own chin did grow.
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 130 A beard and tail of his own growth;
 And yet by authors 'tis aver'd,
 He made use only of his beard.
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, nor birth,
 135 Where bulls do chafe the boldest king
 And ruler o'er the men of string
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 King's were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd),
 He, bravely venturing at a crown,
 140 By chance of war was beaten down,
 And wounded fore: his leg then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak:
 For when a shin in fight is cleft,
 The knee with ore of timber 's propt,
 145 Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
 And takes place, though the younger brother.
 Next march'd brave Orfin, famous for
 Wife conduct, and success in war;
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 150 Now Marshal to the champion Bear.
 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
 The warrior to the list he led;
 With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face;
 155 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge or for retreat:

serve in this place, that we have the exact characters of the usual attendants at a bear-beating fully drawn, and a catalogue of warriors, conformable to the practice of Epic poets.

Ver. 147. Next march'd brave Orfin.] Next follow'd, in the two first editions of 1663. Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris-garden in Southwark. However, says Sir Roger, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back, and retreat as well.
So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on 't,
Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry Whoop, and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden Paris:
For soldiers, heretofore, did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now;
Until some play-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
For licensing a new invention
They had found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not do e! quoth Statesman; Yes, an 't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you 'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo: 185
We 'll beat a drum, and they 'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that 's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president, 190
We such loud music do not profess,
The Devil 's master of that office,
Where it must pass; if 't be a drum,
He 'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*;
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so; but it prov'd so ill,
They 'd better let them grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orfin;
That which of oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may be ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder, 205
Both of a chieftain and a foldier.

Ver. 159, 160.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

Knew when t' engage his bear pell mell,
And when to bring him off as well.

Pell-mell, i. e. confusedly, without order.

Ver. 194.] The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the Royal Prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line; 210
Not as the ancient heroes hid,
Who, that their base-births might be hid
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himself, and others 215
O' th' Gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons)
Arclophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor; 220
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225
That wounds nine miles point-blank would folder;
By skilful chemist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heavenlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense; 230
Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when flovens do amiss
At others' doors, by stool or pifs,
The learned write, a red-hot spit 235
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure. 240
Thus virtuous Orfin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far 245
Than half an hundred men of war;
So he appear'd and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.
The gallant Brum march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim, 250
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king, 255
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as herald's cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged: 260
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,

Ver. 211.] This is one instance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

Ver. 238. *Unto the part, &c.*] Unto the *branch*, in the two first editions 1663.

So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittles with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin :
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws :
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And every man ate up his saddle ;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in 's way.
He 'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orfin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a fav'd citizen ; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog ; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows ;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftener than he fought ;
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil :
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made ;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd :
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote ;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdued : as poets say, long ago,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deleterious medicines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent to visit a colony
To both the under worlds as he ;

For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred ;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean :
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame ;
Yet when with Orfin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't :
Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist ;
Nor could the hardest ir'n hold out
Against his blows, but they would through 't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen-head ;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart :
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the devil as a collier ;
As like as hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :
The cannon, blunderbuss, and fiker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker :
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight ;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Jone of France, or English Mall :

Ver. 331.] Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs ; who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the archangel giving battle to the Devil.

Ver. 365.] The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Magnano the tinker. So called, because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his *trull*. See "The Coxcomb," a comedy.

Ver. 368.] Alluding, probably, to Mary Carlton, called *Kentish Moll*, but more commonly *The*

Ver. 299.] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him
In every adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook :
At breach of wall, or hedge surprize,
She shou'd of th' hazard and the prize ;
At casting quarters up, or frage,
Behav'd himself with matchless courage,
And had a bout in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Pen-hesile.
And though some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stoutest dame
To swear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks ;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride ;
To run a-tilt as men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field ;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass :
They say 'ti false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose ;
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that 's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen 't,
Or, what 's as good, produc'd in print ;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record,
The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'st :
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Hercules, for repair of wrong :

German Princess: a person notorious at the time this First Part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica 1671: but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn Jan 22 1672-3.

Ver. 382.] This and three following lines not in the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 400. *Cerdon*.] A one-eyed cobbler, like his brother Colonel Hewson. The Poet observes, that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into such rough company? No; it is probable he had but newly set up the trade of a Teacher; and we may conclude that the Poet did not think that he had so much sanctity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved diversion of Bear-baiting.

He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side :
Hl has he read that never hit
On him in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That though a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece's, 420
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten years' war :
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425
For well-fol'd boots no less than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ; 430
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :
But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435
Or argument, in which being valiant,

Ver. 435.] Mechanics of all sorts were then Preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian Reader," (says Dr. Featley, preface to his *Dipper dipp'd*, wrote 1645, and published 1647, p. 1.) "This new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables (as was that of St. Paul's, and many more), stalls into quires, shopboards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed; on such a day, such a brewer's clerk exerciseth; such a tailor expoundeth; such a waterman teacheth.—If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up from the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen threads, if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—Do we marvel to see such confusion in the Church as there is!" They are humourously girded in a tract entitled, *The Reformation, precisely character'd, by a modern Church-worm*. p. 11. "Here are felt-makers (says he) who can roundly deal with the block-heads and neutral dimicasters of the world; cobbler who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a bristle; coachmen who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolences of this bristly age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that

He us'd to lay about and fickle,
Like ram or bull at Conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls. 440
Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago 445
Was said, and has been wrestled to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece;
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wrath: 450
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes:
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas!
It may be true, for flesh is graft.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat. 460
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he
Or 's horse were of a family
More worshipful: till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almost pord out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide.
The business on the horse's side, 470
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of several counties round about, 480
From villages remote, and shires
Of east and western hemispheres.
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs: some to fight 485
For fame and honour, some for fight.

" can sweetly inform us of the shuttle-swiftness
" of the times, and practically tread out the vicissitude of all fabulous things till the web of
" our life be cut off: and here are mechanics, of
" my profession, who can separate the pieces of
" salvation from those of damnation, measure
" out every man's portion, and cut it out by a
" thread, substantially pressing the points, till
" till they have fashionably filled up their work
" with a well-bottomed conclusion."

Ver. 441. *Colon.*] Ned Perry, an hostler.
VOL. II.

And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490
With Squire and weapons to attack them;
But first thus from his horse bespake them.
What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Dost you to these dire actions hurry?
What ostrum, what phrenetic mode 495
Makes you this lavith of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghost?
What towns, what garrisons, might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue, 500
Which now y^e are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodish wallow
Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
The Cause, for which we fought and swore 505
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then became quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam-merant, 510
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do 515
For God and for Religion too;
For if Bear-beating we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Were in their hats like wedding garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House 525
Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,

Ver. 495.] *Ostrum* signifies the gad-bee or horse-fly.

Ver. 496.] Sir W. Waller was defeated at the Devises.

Ver. 503. 504.] Mr. Walker observes, " That
" all the cleaving, covetous, ambitious persons of
" the land, were united together under the title
" of the Godly, the Saints, and shared the fat of
" the land between them;" and he calls them
the Saints who were canonized no where but in
the Devil's Calendar.

Ver. 513, 514.] The Presbyterians, in all their
wars against the King, maintained still, That they
fought for him; for they pretended to distinguish
his political person from his natural one; his political
person, they said, must be, and was, with the Parliament,
though his natural person was at war with them.

3 [D]

And make all cries about the Town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;
No fow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform:
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudge'd away, to cry No Bishop;
The moule-trap-men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
Butchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House:
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry:
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these Carryings-on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this taken up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin pifs-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A tumbler, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' offerings, consecrate,

Ver. 530.] "Good Lord (says the *True Informer*,
"p. 12.) what a deal of dirt was thrown in the
"Bishops' faces!—what infamous ballads were
"sung! what a thick cloud of epidemical hatred
"hung suddenly over them: so far, that a dog
"with a black and white face was called a Bi-
"shop."

Ver. 553, 554.] Those flights, which seem most
extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by
matter of fact. The Scots (in their *Large Decla-
ration*, 1637, p. 41.) begin their petition against
the Common Prayer-book thus:—"We men,
"women, and children, and servants, having
"considered, &c." *Paul's Hist. of Wicked
Pies.*

Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 535
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that farcasmous scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Pears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 540
Have powerful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sin'iter,
I th' power of Gospel-preaching Min'ister?
Have they invented tones to win 545
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Providence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 550

Ver. 586.] It was a common practice to inform
God of the transactions of the times. "Oh, my
"good Lord God (says Mr. G. Swathe, *Prayers*,
"p. 12.) I hear the King hath set up his standard
"at York against the Parliament and city of Lon-
"don. Look thou upon them, take their cause
"into thine own hand; appear thou in the cause
"of thy Saints, the cause in hand—It is thy cause,
"Lord. We know that the King is misled, de-
"luded, and deceived by his Popish, Arminian,
"and temporizing, rebellious malignant faction
"and party, &c."—"They would (says Dr.
"Richard) in their prayers and sermons tell God,
"that they would be willing to be at any charge
"or trouble for him, and to do, as it were, any
"kindness for the Lord; the Lord might now
"trust them, and rely upon them, they should
"not fail him: they should not be unmindful of
"his business; his work should not stand still,
"nor his designs be neglected. They must needs
"say, that they had formerly received some fa-
"vours from God, and have been, as it were,
"beholden to the Almighty; but they did not
"much question but they should find some op-
"portunity of making some amends for the many
"good things, and (as I may so say) civilities
"which they had received from him. Indeed, as
"for those that are weak in the Faith, and are
"yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that they should
"keep some distance from God, should kneel
"before him, and stand (as I may say) cap in
"hand to the Almighty: but for those that are
"strong in all Gifts, and grown up in all Grace,
"and are come to a fulness and ripeness in the
"Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to take a great
"chair, and sit at the end of the table, and, with
"their cock'd hats on their heads, to say, God,
"we thought it not amiss to call upon thee this
"evening, and let thee know how affairs stand;
"we have been very watchful since we were last
"with thee: and they are in a very hopeful con-
"dition; we hope that thou wilt not forget us;
"for we are very thoughtful of thy concerns:
"we do somewhat long to hear from thee; and if
"thou pleasest to give us such a thing (*Victory*,

Discover'd the Enemy's design,
And which way best to counter mine?
Preferib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made prayers, not so like petitions
As overtures and propositions
(Such as the Army did present
To their Creator, the Parliament);
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parliament dress'd up petitions
To itself, and sent them like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In every city and great town,
With power to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that shew'd
As if they to the pillory ode?
Have all these courtes, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,

Veni & remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service,
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the Covenant swore,
Each man of us, to run before
Another still in Reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest?
And bid the Devil take the hin'most.
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our business, to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
To an unknown Church-discipline,
What is it else, but before-hand
T' engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best-reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be;
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et ceteras*;
Or the French League, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The Cause and Work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather than Gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal:
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge you all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,

"we shall be (as I may so say) good to thee in something else when it lies in our way." See a remarkable Scotch Prayer much to the same purpose, *Scourge*, by Mr. Lewis, No. xvi. p. 130. edit. 1717.

Ver. 602.] Alluding, probably, to their fancy expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-bar, used the following words: "O Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fasting: what dost thou mean, O Lord, to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And one *Robinson*, in his Prayer at Southampton, Aug. 26, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner: "O God, O God, many are the hands that are lift up against us: but there is one God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who does us more mischief than they all." They seemed to encourage this fanciness in their public sermons. "Gather upon God" (says Mr. R. Harris, *Fast Sermon before the Commons*) and hold him to it as Jacob did: press him with his precepts, with his promises, with his hand, with his seal, with his oath, till we do *δυσωμεν*, as some Greek Fathers boldly speak: that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put the Lord out of countenance; put him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be matters of our requests."

Ver. 651.] The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for, after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend. And as our Covenanters swore every man to run before another in the way of Reformation, so did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood.

Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and engineer of mischief;
 That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends.
 He and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
 To condign punishment, as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon reduce you all by force.
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress'd
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
 As e'er in meatless pork was hatched;
 Thou rail of Worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow;
 How durst thou with that mislaid luggage
 Of thine self, old iron, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither;
 How durst th' I say, adventure thus
 To oppose thy lumber against us?

Ver. 673—676.] The threatening punishment to the Fiddle, was much like the threats of the pragmatistical troopers to punish Ralph Dobbin's waggon, *Plain Dealer*, vol. I. "I was driving" (says he) into a town upon the 29th of May, "where my waggon was to dine: there came up "in a great rage seven or eight of the troopers "that were quartered t'ere, and asked "What "I bush'd out my horses for?" I told them, "To "drive flies away." But they said, "I was a Ja- "cobite rascal; that my horses were guilty of "high treason, and my waggon ought to be "hanged."—I answer, "It was already drawn, "and within a yard or two of being quartered; "but as to being hanged, it was a compliment we "had no occasion for, and therefore desired them "to take it back again, and keep it in their own "hands, till they had an opportunity to make use "of it."—I had no sooner spoke these words, "but they fell upon me like thunder, stript my "cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black and "blue with my own oak-branches."

Ver. 683, 684.] It may be asked, Why Talgol was the first in answering the Knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the Bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary; and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture.

Ver. 694.] Is *lorn'd*, and *tir'd in halting hither*. These words in the two m. & c. editions of 1663.

670 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow
 Thy busy vanity might show? 700
 Was no dispute a-foot between
 The caterwauling Brethren?
 675 No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
 No prize between those combatants 705
 O' th' times, the land and water fairs,
 Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
 And not, for want of business come
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710
 To interrupt our better fort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 685 Was there no felony, no bawd,
 Cutpurse, or burglary abroad?
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
 To tie thee up from breaking loose? 715
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the Devil? 720
 Did no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee.
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up sale and sequestration,
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725
 All parties and the common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee
 He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
 Or sent th' on business any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither: 730
 But if th' hast brain enough in skull
 To keep itself in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of stones,
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st, 735
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 From whence, at length, these words broke out:
 Was I for this entitled Sir, 740
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,

Ver. 732.] *To keep within its lodging*. Edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored to the present reading 1704.

Ver. 741.] Hudibras shewed less patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occasion, where he calmly distinguishes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the satirical answer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly suited to his character; and when his passion was worked up to a height too great to be expressed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at his first entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky disappointment; an omen that the success would be as indifferent as the cause in which he was engaged.

For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell 745
As big as thou dost blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old-age in tough lean ware, 750
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Nor all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military: 760
Nor shall these words, of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to sling on me,
Counterveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the same throat shall devour them:
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for them: 765
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
With gantlet blue and bates white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd 770
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir farther,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder: 780
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might, 785
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel up-heav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword: yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his not-brown sword was out,
With stomach hug he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon: 800
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword (some understood) 805
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valant't:
For wood, with honour being engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd, 810
Though iron hew and mangle fore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
Expecting which should take or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow; 820
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit as sure as that below.

Ver. 751.] Turn death of nature to thy work.
In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 781—783.] This, and another passage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this Poem: as it was not intended for an Epic Poem, consequently none of the heroes in it needed supernatural assistance: how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarce perform any action (even the most feasible) without the sensible aid of a deity; and to manifest that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid such subterfuges. He has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only; That the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown so rusty, that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.

Ver. 784.] *Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.* In editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710.

Ver. 786.] *Smote the Knight.* In the two editions of 1664.

Ver. 787, 788.]

And he with rusty pistol held—
To take the blow on like a shield.

Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694. 1700. Restored 1704.

Ver. 797.] *But when his rugged sword was out.* In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 798.] *Courageously,* 1674 to 1704, inclusive.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vy,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having crott them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he 'ad been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage, from his back;
And blundering still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's freed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did sloop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For, catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;

825 The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down,
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound: 830
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit, 875
Being heavy, did not so well bear it,
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worried by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his mouth: 880
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him:
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd 885
From squeelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy; 890
Who never so much hurt had done him:
As his own side did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unfoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty fight 905
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the rabble chae'd;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way. 910

Ver. 825.]

But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
To aid the distress'd champion.

In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 838.] A fierce dispute. 1674 to 1704, inclusive.

Ver. 844.] With prickles sharper than a nail.
Edit. 1674, to 1704, inclusive.

Ver. 846.] And feel regret on fundament. In
the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 855.] That stagger'd him. Edit. 1674, to
1700, inclusive.

Ver. 864, 865.] I would here observe the judgment of the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas had been before to his disadvantage.

appointment. It was reasonable that the God of War should come in to his assistance, since a Goddess had interested herself on the side of his enemies (agreeably to Homer and Virgil). Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably disabled from future action; and consequently the battle would too soon have been determined: beside, we may observe a beautiful gradation, to the honour of the hero: he falls upon the Bear, the Bear breaks loose, and the spectators run: so that the Knight's fall is the primary cause of this rout, and he might justly, as he afterwards did, ascribe the honour of the victory to himself.

Ver. 926.] Avoid the conquering Knight. In editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1705, Keftor'd 1710, as above.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore
I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, suppoied wound,
And loss of urine, in a swoond,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And, fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicious
Approaching Knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed
(As rats do from a falling house),
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconece
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to finite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm,
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.

Ver. 920.] *Cast in swoond.* In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 923.] *And lifting it, &c.* In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 924.] *to fall on Knight.* In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 935, 936.] *Looking about, beheld the Dard, —To charge the Knight encounter'd prepar'd —* Thus the editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1726, 1791. Restored 1710.

Ver. 944.] *The skin encounter'd, &c.* In the two first editions.

Ver. 947.] *on side and arm.* Two editions of 1663.

Ver. 948.] *To shield the Knight encounter'd from harm.* In the two first editions.

To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desperate frenzy 955
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship, 960
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all th' limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965
With all its rhetoric, nor th' jail,
To keep from faying scourge thy skin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare. 970
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To raise him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock't on his breast, as if 't had been 975
To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great, 985
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled, 990
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
And he lies prisoner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches; 1000
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong 1005
Conclusion, whether right or wrong:
Although Out-goings did confirm,
And Owning were but a meer term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by night, 1010

Ver. 1006.] It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace

The property is in the foint,
 From whom they' injuriously detain 't;
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
 All which the saints have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if they 'd their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was ours by right before : 1020
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouze,
 And by degrees grew valourous :
 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain but one, 1025
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood:
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's business, sooner
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction : I that am
 A Nothingness in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
 Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case : 1040
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
 Will you employ your conquering sword
 To break a Fiddle, and your word?
 For though I fought and overcame,
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name : 1045
 For great commanders always own
 What 's prosperous by the soldier done.
 To save, where you have power to kill,
 Argues your power above your will;
 And that your will and power have less
 Than both might have of selfishness,
 This power which, now alive, with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead
 Would no more keep the slave in awe, 1050
 Than if you were a Knight of straw :
 For Death would then be his conqueror
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrue,
 Or honour from his death, to you,
 'Twere policy and honour too
 To do as you resolv'd to do :
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
 To say it needs, or fears a crutch. 1055
 Great conquerors greater glory gain
 By foes in triumph led, than slain :

(In their opinion) if he was not a faint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattles. The Saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.

The laurels that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
 And living foes : the greatest fame
 Of cripple slain can be but lame : 1070
 One half of him 's already slain,
 The other is not worth your pain :
 Th' honour can but on one side light,
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight ;
 Wherefore I think it better far 1075
 To keep him prisoner of war.
 And let him fast in bonds abide,
 At court of justice to be try'd ;
 There if h' appear so bold or crafty,
 Where may be danger in his safety, 1080
 If any member there dislike
 His face, or to his beard have pique :
 Or if his death will save or yield,
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085
 Y' have power to hang him when you please;
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great conquerors, you know whom ;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wife justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the Cause 1095
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak ;
 But to the wicked or the weak 1100
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.
 This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105
 Resolv'd to see the business done ;
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The wooden member to reduce, 1110
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
 Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,

Ver. 1084.] When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promis'd to save his life; yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying it was revealed to him that such a one would die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made. Dr. South observes of Harrison the Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, "using these words in doing it; "Curfed be he "who doth the work of the Lord negligently!"

He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
 To lead the captive of his sword
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The Squire, in state, rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinnyard bore
 The trophée-Fiddle and the case,
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride,
 Leading Crowdero by his side;
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
 Like boat, against the tide and wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,
 Until quite through the town they 'ad gone;
 At further end of which there stands
 An ancient castle, that commands
 Th' adjacent parts in all the fabrick
 You shall not see one stone or a brick,
 But all of wood, by powerful spell
 Of magic made impregnable:
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
 With roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit:
 And yet so foul, that who's in, in
 Is to the middle-leg in prison;
 In circle magical confin'd,
 With walls of subtle air and wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until they 're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' adventurous Knight
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built to imprison hands;
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater:
 For though the body may creep through,
 The hands in grate are fast enough:
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist
 Is made by beadle exorcist,

1115 The body feels the spur and switch,
 As if 't were ridden post by witch,
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160
 On top of this there is a spire,
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
 The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
 In manner of a trophée place.
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165
 And let Crowdero down thereat,
 Crowdero making doleful face,
 Like hermit poor in pensive place,
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,
 And the survivor of his feet; 1170
 But th' other, that had broke the peace,
 And head of Knighthood, they release,
 Though a delinquent false and forged,
 Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged,
 While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175
 Is clapp'd up fast in prison for 't:
 So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

H U D I B R A S.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The scatter'd rout return and rally,
 Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
 And is made prisoner: then they seize
 Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
 Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
 I should have first said Hudibras.*

Ver. 1122.] Plac'd on his shoulder. Editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700. *Leaning on shoulder*, restored 1704.

Ver. 1130.] This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surpris'd so noble a structure could be rais'd from so ludicrous a subject. We perceive wit and humour in the strongest light in every part of the description: and how happily imagined is the pun in ver. 1142! How ceremonious are the conquerors in displaying the trophies of their victory, and imprisoning the unhappy captive! What a dismal figure does he make at the dark prospect before him! All these circumstances were necessary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiserate his favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowdero's place.

Vol. II.

AY me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron!
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after claps!
 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile, 5
 And leer upon him, for a while,
 She 'll after shew him, in the nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
 This any man may sing or say
 I th' ditty call'd, What if a Day? 10
 For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
 The field as certain as a gun,
 And having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop,
 Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase 15
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
 3 [E]

And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of Diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All that the Dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to 't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick,
Of warrior stout and politick,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such;

Ver. 35.] *Took heart again, and fac'd about.*
Took heart of grace, in the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 27.] *For now the half-defeated Bear.* Thus altered 1664, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored above, 1704.

But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight, against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives, charging home,
To blows and handy gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some every where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being done, still laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *bum-drum*,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as atchiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;

Ver. 102.] *As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot.* Thus it stands in the two first editions of 1663, and, I believe, in all the other editions to this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that *long-fled* would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith, of Herleston, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement:

As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot.

But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125
About their heads to clear the ground,
And, joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run. 130
Meanwhile they' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Massives loos'd their hold: 135
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arm defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel:
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head, so Bruin fared;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scrivener newly crucify'd:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murmuring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-turn'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader and the rest.
For Orfin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chace,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursued
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules, for loss of Hylas;

Forcing the vallies to repeat 185
The accents of his sad regret:
He beat his breast, and tore his hair;
For loss of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound 190
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhimes,
That make her, in their ruthless stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose 195
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my—Echo, Bruin. 200
I thought thou 'adst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry quap.
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head 205
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget.
Think'it thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210
To run from those thou 'adst overcome,
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast no thought of me, 215
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, a Puddin. 220
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe 225
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed 230
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight; and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd 235
He 'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew 240
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245
And resolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orfin thus bespoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
3 [E]

The vile affront that paltry afs,
 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
 As if they' had routed us in battle?
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said
 I for the washing gave my head:
 Nor did I turn my back for fear
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo;
 For whether these fell wounds, or no,
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretel:
 Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome;
 But if I can but find them out
 That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
 Where'er they in hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handy work,
 And wish that they had rather dar'd
 To pull the devil by the beard.

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orfin, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,
 And so has every body here,
 As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:
 Others may do as they see good;
 But if this twig be made of wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
 And th' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
 That brav'd us all in his behalf.
 Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
 Myself and Trulla made a shift
 To help him out at a dead lift;
 And having brought him bravely off,
 Have left him where he's safe enough:
 There let him rest; for if we stay,
 The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
 Their forces in the same design,
 And forthwith put themselves, in search
 Of Hudibras, upon their march:
 Where leave we them a while, to tell
 What the victorious Knight befel;
 For such, Crowdero being fast
 In dungeon shut, we left him last.
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
 No-where so green as on his brow,
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd
 With conquering toil, he now retir'd
 Unto a neighbouring castle by,
 To rest his body, and apply
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
 To mollify th' uneasy pang
 Of every honourable bang,
 Which being by skilful midwife dress'd,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

Ver. 258.] *Of them, but losing of my Bear*, 1674,
 and all editions to 1704; exclusive.

But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
 By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure land
 (For he in all his am'rous battles,
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattles),
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall him in the purtenance;
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain;
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in 's belly like a coal
 (That belly that so oft did ache,
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
 Had almost brought him off his legs)
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one.
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange, and mad;
 She could love none but only such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;
 Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!
 So cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight.
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart, must say her
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
 To compass what he durst not ask:
 He loves, but dares not make the motion;
 Her ignorance is his devotion:
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his face to rump of steed;
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
 Look one way, and another move;
 Or like a tumbler that does play
 His game, and look another way,
 Until he seize upon the coney;
 Just so does he by matrimony.
 But all in vain; her subtle snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out;
 Which she return'd with too much scorn,
 To be by man of honour borne;
 Yet much he bore, until the distress
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress

Ver. 315, 316.] In the two first editions of
 1663, this and the following line stand thus:

As how he did, and aiming right,
 An arrow he let fly at Knight.

Ver. 338.] *Hey-day!*—*Ha-d-y!* in all editions
 till 1704; then altered to *Hey-day!*

Did stir his stomach and the pain
 He had endur'd from her disdain,
 Turn'd to regret so resolute,
 That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play least in fight.
 This resolution being put on,
 He kept some months, and more had done, 370
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,
 The victory he achiev'd so late
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
 A door to discontinued hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win
 His dame too, now his hand was in;
 And that his valour, and the honour
 He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With amorous longings to be at her.
 Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the troop?
 If nothing can oppugn love,
 And virtue invious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do,
 That brings both love and virtue too?
 But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
 Which women oft are taken in:
 Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
 To be, that art a conqueror?
 Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
 But lets the timidous miscarry:
 Then, while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick-and-span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest.
 Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep;
 And as an owl, that in a barn
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
 So from his couch the Knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart,
 Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
 Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
 And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd
 Up to the fort where he enconced,
 And all th' avenues had possest,
 About the place, from east to west.
 That done, a while they made a halt
 To view the ground, and where t' assault: 420
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.
 This being resolv'd, in comely sort
 They now drew up t' attack the fort;

When Hudibras, about to enter
 Upon another gates adventure,
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger,
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435
 The glory he had newly got;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed,
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound. 440
 His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight:
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh; 450
 Till, recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder 's rally'd, and appears 455
 As if they had out-run their fears;
 The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat;
 And to their wills we must succumb,
Quæcunque trahunt, 'tis our doom. 460
 This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue,
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield 465
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory: and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads, 405
 They 'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
 And they 'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they felt to-day again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home, 475
 And make no doubt to overcome.
 This said, his courage to inflame,
 He call'd upon his mistress' name,

Ver. 437.] *Sad* is the spelling used in all editions to 1704, inclusive. Altered to *said*, 1610.

Ver. 444.] *To take the field, and sally at.* In edit. 1674, and the following ones, to 1704, exclusive.

Ver. 472.] *And haunts by fits. Haunts by turns,* in the two first editions of 1663.

His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows,
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which fairs twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits, half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, prefs'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous Knight,
Most foldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, chusing out a stone,
Level'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw,
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,

Ver. 523.] *He loos'd his whinyard.* Thus it stands in the first editions of 1663. Altered, 1674, to, *He loos'd his weapon*: so it continued to 1700. Altered, 1704, to, *He lost his whinyard.*

Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing 535
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brags habergeon,
Who straight, A surgeon cry'd, A surgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell. 540
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won (the second time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras's hurt, forbore
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten. 550
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of Death 555
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560
Ralpho prefs'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was.
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you know
To use your victory as subdue, 570
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from so formidable a foldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You 'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day. 580

Ver. 545.] In the two first editions, for this and the three following lines these two are used,

As Ralpho might, but he with care
Of Hudibras his hurt forbore.

Ver. 548.] In 1674, *Hudibras his wound, to* 1704, exclusive.

Ver. 551.] *He had with Cerdon, &c.* Editions 1674 to 1704, exclusive.

Ver. 553.] *So desperately.* 1674, &c.

Ver. 560.] *And force their sullen rage to part.* Thus altered 1674 to 1704, exclusive.

Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;
To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond :
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail ;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course ; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat :
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.
This said, the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance :
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras their natural lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He halted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast ;
When Orsin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,

And now was searching for the spot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,
Preparing to climb up his horse-side ;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally ;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be 's dole.
This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard on his back ;
Till, stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruise'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess :
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd,
This with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire ;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out ;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm ;
Then stoutly preening on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least crop'd off a limb,
But Orsin came and rescued him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite :
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruise'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to ;
So far'd the Knight between two fires,
And knew not which of them to oppose ;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria* ! lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another
To bear thee company in death ;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe ;

Ver. 587.] *The knotted blood.* Thus it is in all editions to 1710, and then altered to *clotted blood*.

Ver. 597.] *Curtal.* In all editions to 1704, inclusive.

Ver. 609, 610.] Not in the two first editions of 1663, but added in 1674.

Ver. 617.]

The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.

Thus altered 1674. Restor'd 1704.

As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had received,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infect.
This being resolv'd, he spur'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
Then like a warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruise'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and fore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.

Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run:
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say, twice I
In one day *veni, vidi, vici*.
The foe 's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,
And they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow;
Then, lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the business o'er,
Get up, and mount thy steed: dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Adventuring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruise'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
We read, the Ancients held it was
695 More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary;
The one we oft to-day have done, 750
The other shall dispatch anon:
And though thou 'rt of a different church,
700 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently towards the Squire, 765
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
705 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about 770
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the shot
710 That had so startled him was got:
But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last, 775
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's;
715 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
720 On th' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die; 785
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think 'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy
725 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
730 And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword;
735 That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble spinster matcht,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
740 By which no honour 's to be gain'd:
But if thou 'lt take m' advice in this, 805
Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force:
745 For if with conquest I come off,
(And that I shall do sure enough) 810
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case;

750

755

Ver. 791—795.] What a generous and undaunted heroine was Trulla! She makes the greatest figure in the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem. There are few instances, I believe, in either romance or history that come up to this.

Both which I now do offer freely.
 I scorn (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly,
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
 Quarter or counsel from me be:
 If thou canst force me to it, do:
 But lest it should again be said,
 When I have once more won thy head,
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
 This said, she to her tackle fell,
 And on the Knight let fall a peal
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
 That he retir'd, and follow'd to burn.
 Stand to 't (quoth she) or yield to mercy;
 It is not fighting *à la-terse*
 Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
 More than the danger he was in,
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Although th' already made him reel;
 Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
 At once into his stomach came;
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
 Above his head, and rais'd a storm
 Of blows so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hush her quick:
 But she upon her truncheon took them,
 And by oblique diversion broke them,
 Waiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury,
 Which long she fail'd not of; for now
 The Knight with one dead doing blow
 Resolv'd to decide the fight,
 And she with quick and cunning sleight
 Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost swav'd him to the ground:
 No sooner the th' advantage found,
 But in the flow; and seconding,
 With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And, mounting on his trunk astride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum:
 Say, will the law of arms allow
 I may have grace and quarter now?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole;
 And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood;
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
 To make m' against my will take quarter,

Ver. 856.] Instead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, these four stood in the two first editions of 1663;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?
 Or wilt thou be worie than thy lusting?
 Thou saidst th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou!

Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nodd thou?

VOL. II.

Why dost not put me to the sword,
 But cowardly fly from thy word?
 Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own;
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
 My laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conquering brow:
 My loss of honour 's great enough,
 Thou needst not brand it with a scoff:
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost renown:
 I am not now in Fortune's power,
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 The ancient heroes were illustrious
 For being benign, and not blutrous
 Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
 And did in fight but cut work out
 T' employ their courtesies about.
 Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd,
 Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
 As thou didst vow to deal with me,
 If thou hast got the victory.
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my fame, than thy desert.
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
 All that 's on th' outside of thy hide,
 Are mine by military law,
 Of which I will not part one straw;
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
 Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
 For me to treat or stipulate;
 What thou command'st I must obey;
 Yet those whom I expung'd to-day,
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too,
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
 Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel.
 Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
 Let one another run away.
 Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
 That gave Crowdero quarter too?
 Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
 Where still he lies, and with regret
 His generous bowels rage and fret:
 But now thy carcase shall redeem,
 And serve to be exchange'd for him.

Ver. 913, 914.] This was but an equitable retaliation, thou hast very disgraceful to one of the Knight's station. Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his hero to such a direful condition, and for representing him as stript and degraded by a trull? No, certainly. It was her right, by the law of arms (which the Poet must observe), to use her captive at her pleasure. Trulla acted more honourably by him than he expected, and generously screened him from a threatening storm, ready to be poured on him by her comrades. With what pomp and solemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the stocks, to the eternal honour of her sex!

3 [F]

This said, the Knight did straight submit
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, yest
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras's hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good;
For he was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopp'd their fury, and the halting
Which towards Hudibras was halting;
They thought it was but just and right
That what she hadATCH'ed in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.
Orin led Hudibras's beast,
And F. I. got that which Raimbo prest;
Whom stout Magnano, vallant Cordon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on:
All dressing Trulla in the rear,
With the arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Doubtless follow, or than the Bears,
Or pigmets borne before lord-mayors,

915 Are went to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order soldier like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
920 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
925 Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in Black Art,
No less than he that built the fort,
930 And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance base,
935 Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thriv'ly rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
940 And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and confin'd into narrow
945 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or he said to droop,
950 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *ful juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
955 Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.
960 The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes: who is not said
965 (For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The Ancients make two several kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
970 The active and the passive val'ant,
Both which are *parilibra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats the passive stout
975 Are always found to stand it out

Ver. 1003.] *Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole.* Altered, 1674, to, *I' the wretched hole.* Restored, 1704.

Most desperately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conquering foe,
Though we with blacks and blues are fuggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd, 1040
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.
Honour 's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeit in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be fild
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof?
A politic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale,

Ver. 1061, 1062.] In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken), would say that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. These hour-glasses remained in some churches till within these forty years.

Ver. 1072.] Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his master's bad conduct; and, to vent his resentment, he satirizes him in the most affecting part of his character, his religion: this, by degrees, brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not sufficiently lashed classical assemblies, very judiciously completes it, now there is full leisure for it.

To take the height on 't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thv what-d'-ye call)
Thy light jump right, thou call'st it synodical: 1080
As if Presbytery were a standard
To size whatsoever 's to be stander'd.
Dost not remember how this day,
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
That thou could'st prove Bear-baiting equal 1085
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou can'st, for I deny 't
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do, 1090
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens, 1095
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word! 1100

Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, 1105
The one with men, the other beasts.

The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that their bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Consciences: 1110

Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel-light and Conscience's sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Massive Dogs and Cats;

Than whom they've less humanity, 1115
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
When in a vision saw a Bear,

Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age; 1120
As is demonstrated at full

By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine, to do thee.

What are their Orders, Constitutions, 1125
Church-censures, Cuffs, Abolitions,
But several mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?

And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their cars. 1130
For to prohibit and dispense,

To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to dispose;
To play with souls at fast and loose;

Ver. 1129.] They were more tyrannical in office than any officers of the bishop's court.

To set what characters they please,
 And mulcts, on sin and godliness;
 Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
 To make Presbytery supreme,
 And Kings themselves submit to them;
 And force all people, though against
 Their consciences, to turn Saints;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When Saints monopolists are made:
 When pious frauds and holy shifts
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,
 There godliness becomes mere ware,
 And every Synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
 And growing up, became the fires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;
 Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light.
 To find, in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of Grace;
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within disclose;
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing;
 By black caps underlaid with white,
 Give certain guests at inward light:
 Which Serjeants of the Gospel wear,
 To make the Sp'itual Calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,
 From whom the institution came,
 When Church and State they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of Spiritual Warfaring-man)

Ver. 1156.] These Triers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him. "The questions that these men put to the persons to be examined were not abilities and learning, but grace in their hearts, and that with so bold and saucy an inquisition, that some men's spirits trembled at the interrogatories; they phrasing it so, as if (as was said at the council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in a cloke-bag."

Their questions generally were these, or such like, When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? in what month? in what day? about what hour of the day, had you the secret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? And a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like.

Ver. 1166.] *Smeckynus* was a club of holders-forth.

1135 Judge rightly if Regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion:
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That Grace is founded in dominion.
 1175 Great piety consists in pride;
 The rule is to be sanctify'd:
 To domineer, and to controul,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the most perfect discipline
 Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
 1180 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far:
 For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat;
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 1185 They must have wealth and power too;
 Or else with blood and desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
 Sure these themselves from primitive
 And Heathen priesthood do derive,
 1190 When Butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks;
 Whose directory was to kill,
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only difference is, that then
 1195 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
 For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation.
 1200 Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a free state:
 A common-wealth of Popery,
 Where every village is a See
 As well as Rome, and must maintain
 1205 A tithe-pig metropolitan;
 Where every Presbyter and Deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
 And every hamlet 's governed
 By 's Holiness, the Church's head,
 1210 More haughty and severe in 's place,
 Than Gregory and Boniface.
 Such Church must, surely, be a monster
 With many heads: for if we consider
 What in th' Apocalypse we find,
 1215 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon,
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.
 1220 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot
 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
 1225 Cleric before, and Lay behind;
 A lawless linsy-woolsey brother,
 Half of one order, half another;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water:
 1230 That always preys on grace or sin;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief

And manners; can pronounce a faint
Idoltrous or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulder others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his;
He 'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk.
Those pastors are but th' handy work
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So Cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lente, not too fast,
For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake:
And I shall bring you with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you, by right ratiocination,
To leave your vitiligation,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *diallektics*.

The question then, to state it first,
Is, Which is better or which worst,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the worst, and Synods thou;
But, to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st they 're really all one.
If so, not worse; for if they 're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantum*,
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*

I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whatsoever Assembly's not impower'd
To Censure, Curse, Absolve, and Ordain,
Can be no Synod: but Bear-garden
Has no such power; *ergo*, 'tis none,
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the quest'on
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I say, *Negatur*.
That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they 're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but Synod-men on two.

1235 'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
1240 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into a shape and frame:
1245 But all thy light can ne'er exist,
That ever Synod-man was kickt,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go
1305 For Bears and Dogs, and Bear-wards too;
A strange chimæra of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogeneous;
Such as in Nature never met
1255 In *eadem subjecto* yet.

Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg: and we may chuse
1260 Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when
1325 And where thou stol'st from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts)
1265 And is the same that Ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
1330 And tore a handful of my beard;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When, being in hot dispute about
1270 This controversy, we fell out:
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
1335 Will serve to answer thee again.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce:
1275 Learning, the cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
1340

Ver. 1329.] The Ranters were a vile sect that
sprung up in those times. Alexander Ross ob-
serves, "That they held that God, devil, angels,
" heaven, and hell, &c. were fictions and fables:
" that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were
" impostors; and what Christ and the Apostles
1285 " acquainted the world with, as to matter of re-
" ligion, perished with them: that preaching
" and praying are useless, and that preaching is
" but public lying: that there is an end of all
" ministry and administrations, and people are
1290 " to be taught immediately from God," &c.

Ver. 1339.] Ralpho was as great an enemy to
human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow re-
bels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he or-
dered his head to be cut off: "I am the besom
" that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as
" thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupt-
" ed the youth of the realm, in erecting a gram-

A trade of knowledge, as replete
 As others are with fraud and cheat;
 An art t' incumber Gifts and wit,
 And render both for nothing fit;
 Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled, 1345
 Like little David in Saul's doublet:
 A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own;
 A sort of error to enconce
 Absurdity and ignorance, 1350
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplex and intricate:
 For nothing goes for Sense or Light, 1355
 That will not with old rules jump right;
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
 This Pagan, Heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention: 1360
 For as, in sword-and-buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light;
 So when men argue, the great'st part
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
 And then they fall to th' argument.
 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Out-run the constable at last:
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as fencibles as untrue, 1370
 But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white;
 Mere *disparata*; that concerning
 Presbytery, this human learning;

"mer school: and whereas before our forefathers
 "had no other books but the Score and the Tally,
 "thou hast caused *Printing* to be used; and, con-
 "trary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou
 "hast built a *Paper-mill*. It will be proved to
 "thy face, that thou hast men about thee that
 "usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abo-
 "minable words, as no Christian ear can endure
 "to hear."

It was the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c.
 that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the
 Rebellion, "That learning had always been an
 "enemy to the Gospel, and that it were a happy
 "thing if there were no universities, and that
 "all books were burnt except the Bible."

"I tell you (says a writer in those times) wick-
 "ed books do as much wound us as the swords of
 "our adversaries; for this manner of learning is
 "superfluous and costly: many tongues and lan-
 "guages are only confusion; and only wit, reason,
 "understanding, and scholarship, are the main
 "means that oppose us, and hinder our cause;
 "therefore, if ever we have the fortune to get
 "the upper hand, we will down with all law and
 "learning, and have no other rule but the Car-
 "penter's, nor any writing or reading but the
 "Score and the Tally."

Two things I' averfe, they never yet 1375
 But in thy rambling fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
 Some other time, in place more proper
 Than this we're in: therefore let's stop here,
 And rest our weary'd bones a while, [1380
 Already tir'd with other toil.

H U D I B R A S.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight, by damnable Magician,
 Being cast illegally in prison,
 Love brings his action on the case,
 And lays it upon Hudibras.
 How he receive the Lady's visit,
 And cunningly solicits his suit,
 Which she defers; yet on parole,
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.*

BUT now, t' observe Romantique method,
 Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,

Arg. Ver. 1, 2.] Thus altered, 1674,

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
 The last unhappy expedition.

Restored, 1704.

Arg. Ver. 5.] *How he receives, &c. How he
 reviv's, &c.* In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 1.] The beginning of this Second Part may
 perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who
 do not know that it was written on purpose in
 imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book
 of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *At regina
 gravi, &c.* And this is enough to satisfy the cu-
 riosity of those who believe that invention and
 fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law,
 by precedents, or else they are in the power of
 the critic.

Ver. 2.] *Let bloody steel, &c.* Altered to *let rusty
 steel*, 1674, 1684, &c. To *rusty steel*, 1700. Re-
 stored 1704.

Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,
 To let our reader breathe a while :
 In which, that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of preface,
 Is 't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change, 10
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way ?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like the whirlwind :
 Others make all their knights, in fits 15
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits ;
 Till, drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 They're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their a'ours,
 By pulling plasters off their sores ; 20
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site ;
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25
 And that which was before come after.
 But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think, 's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captive Knight
 And pensive Squire, both bruise'd in body,
 And nonjur'd into safe custody.
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin, 35
 As well as basting and Bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force,
 His only solace was, that now
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend,
 In which he found th' event, no less
 Than other times, beside his guests.
 There is a tall long-sided dame, 45
 (But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
 That like a thin camelion boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;

Ver. 5.] And the three following lines, stood
 in the two first editions of 1663, as follow :

And unto love turn we our style,
 To let our readers breathe a while,
 By this time tir'd with the horrid sounds
 Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

Ver. 10.] *That some men's fancies, &c.* That a
 man's fancy, in the two first editions of 1664.

Ver. 30.] *Whilom.* Formerly, or, some time
 ago. Altered to *lately*, 1674. Restored 1704.

Ver. 48.] The beauty of this consists in the
 double meaning ; the first alludes to Fame's liv-
 ing on Report. The second is an insinuation,
 that if a report is narrowly enquired into, and
 traced up to the original author, it is made to
 contradict itself.

Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears, 50
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythologist :
 With these she through the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55
 And Mercuries of furthest regions ;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation,
 And by their public use to bring down 60
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
 About her neck a packet-mail,
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ; 65
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
 A blazing-star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.
 Two trumpets she does sound at once, 70
 But both of clean contrary tones ;
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not, only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well, 75
 And therefore vulgar authors name
 Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well
 What mischief Hudibras befel,
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears 80
 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,
 Or funerals, with stately pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump, 85
 As she laugh'd out, until her back,
 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she would go see the sight,
 And visit the distressed Knight ;
 To do the office of a neighbour,
 And be a gossip at his labour, 90
 And from his wooden jail the stocks,
 To set, large his fetter-locks ;
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
 This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95
 And uther, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting-damsel to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent : 100

Ver. 77.] *This tattling gossip, &c.* *Twattling*
gossip, in the two first editions of 1663. Altered,
 as it stands here, 1674.

Ver. 91.] *And from his wooden jail, &c.* This
 and the following line stand in the two editions
 of 1664 thus,

That is to see him deliver'd safe
 Of 's wooden burden, and Squire Ralph.

And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together;
For as he sat upon his cump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer.

When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place:
Which made him hang his head and scowl,
And wink and goggle like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place (quoth she) they say 's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum;
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted:
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
How'er this goblin is come by 't.

When Hudibras the Lady heard
Discomfing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could:
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard 's th' identique beard you know,
The same numerically true;

Ver. 111, 112.] There was never, certainly, a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us: it is the most diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected visit of the Lady; the attitude and surprize of the Knight; the confusion and blushes of the lover; and the satirical raillery of a mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderfully pleasing.

Ver. 142.] *Discomfing thus upon his beard.* Altered, 1674. To take kind notice of his beard. Restored 1704.

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
105 Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse'
That never spoke to men or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!

110 Has brought you both to this sad pass?
Quoth he. The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

115 Quoth she, Those need not be agham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though your's be sorely lugg'd and torn,
120 It does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard.

A torn beard 's like a tatter'd ensign,
That 's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
125 Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
And these uneasy bruises make

130 My heart for company to ake,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
134 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phenomenas*

140 In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect
(That 's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
145 Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And just so far are fore and griev'd
150 As by the fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
205 That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His pottique parts, without his feeling;
Then how 's it possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick? 210

Ver. 164.] *In such a homely case.* In such elegant case, in the two first editions of 1664.

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no medicine can alluage.

Quoth he, That honour 's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more honourable than fears,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they knew
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The farthest way about, to o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruised with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultrons;
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetick
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or Potentate 's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he 's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side t' a jelly;
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful.
That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
And justly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable:
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow:
And though I 'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worse than by th' enemy us'd;
In close *catapha* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beads, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;

Ver. 232.] *Pultrons*. So in all editions to 1716, inclusive. Altered, afterwards, to *pultrons*.

Ver. 239.] A King of *Æthiopia*.

Ver. 241.] *And pardon'd for some great offence*. This and the following line, in the two editions of 1664, stand thus;

To his good grace, for some offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd since.

Ver. II

And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, You 'ave almost made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?
Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your natural talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and doat.

When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and strook'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by 't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force?
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.

It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye.

310,

For what does make it ravishment
But being against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatick way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practice what you call a fault.

Quoth she, if what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My heard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hectoring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
To a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
To a feeble distaff and a spindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And flux'd the House of many a burges;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the Grandees of th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode them
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made them curvet like Spanish jennets,
And take the ring at Madame —'s,

Ver. 332.] *Fanatique* in some of the first editions, and *fanatick* in the rest, from 1700, if not sooner, to this time. Might not *fantastick* have been as proper, as his mistress expresses herself, Verses 45, 546?

And yet 'tis no fantastick pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike.

Ver. 370. *And take the ring at Madam —'s.* Stennet was the person whose name was dashed, says Sir Roger L'Estrange, (*Key to Hudibras*) "Her husband was by profession a broom-man, and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment of bawling, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."

325 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper, 375
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex? 380
Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reason for it, 385
Than I believ'd before, 't' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects
Of Love's great power, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns, 390
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with preposterous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low, 395
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts:
Some with the devil himself in league grow,
By 's representative a Negro. 400
'Twas this made vestal maid love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
On lacquies and *valets de chambres*;
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes them stoop to dirty grooms;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infancy, and marriage. 410
Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.
Says he, There is as weighty reason 415
For secrecy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eye does steal in,
To rob the heart; and with his prey
Steals out again a cloister way; 420
Which whosoever can discover,
He 's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as naturally as in charcoals,

Ver. 406.] *On lacquies and valets de chambres.* *Varlets des chambres*, in all edit. to 1704, inclusive.

Ver. 418.] *That at the windore eye does steal in.* Thus in all editions to 1684, inclusive. Altered to *window eye*, edition 1700. Restored again, 1726, if not sooner.

Which footy chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn they may not smoke,
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole; 430
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal, 435
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary' Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose: 440
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money 's the mythologick sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship 's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow; 450
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about them in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second hand;
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on:
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please,
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or fawning,
But hanging of yourself or drowning;

Your only way with me to break 485
Your mind, is breaking of your neck
For as, when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own. 490
These are but trifles; every lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they 're the only ways to prove 495
Th' unfeign'd realities of love:
For he that hangs or beats out 's brains,
The devil' in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof; 500
It is no letting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,
And like a water-witch try love:
That 's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected: 505
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desperate as a neck: 510
Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their soul, 515
To share with knaves, in cheating fools:
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do. 520

Quoth she, I should be loth to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none;
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of your's aforesaid do precede:
Give but yourself one gentle swing, 525
For trial, and I'll cut the string;
Or give that reverend head a Maul,
Or two, or three, against a wall,
To show you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head 's not made of brass,
As Erar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas market-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter, 535
As yet, on any new adventure:
You see what hangs it his ender'd,
That would, before new fears, be cur'd:
But if that 's all you stand upon,
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter 's not so far gone
As you suppose: two words 't 's a bargain:
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given down right proof.
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor cov'd dislike,
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person:

Ver. 483.] *Sowing*. Thus it stands in all editions to 1684, inclusive. Altered to *swooning*. 1700.

But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love:
For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith, as adamantin
As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hupper-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other pignity,
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart;
The sun, that shall no more dispence
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-loves-knots and flourishes
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourish;
Drink every letter on 't in stum,
And make it brisk champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot shall tet
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die:
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetick rapture,
In which your Mastery of Art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart:
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroicustian.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a delf to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
To embalm her cruelly alive;
Or scason her, as French cooks use
Their *bauc-grafts*, *baucins*, or *ragists*:
Use her to barbarously ill,
To grind her lies upon a mill,
Until the *fact* *deceit* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth, compar'd to an orleth, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colour mix,
In which the lily and the rose.
For Indian sake and cerise goes,
The sun and moon, by her bright eye,
Belips'd, and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into funs, and moons, and frairs;

By which astrologers, as well
As those in heaven above can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
They ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung,
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their fount and rotten sheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way to attack me with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetick fiction:
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,
In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
To allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruise'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From venturing on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puitance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit,
But in your constellation, meet?
Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?

Ver. 617. And the three following lines, not
in the two first editions of 1664, but added 1674.

Ver. 622. A cant word for false dice.

I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the confidence to receive.

That confidence, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor,
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be alienated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof, 695
A sorrel man? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day, 700
(Ere I can own you) here I th' pound,
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
To enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topick clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either? 720
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
A for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,

Till you expl in yourself, and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no.

675 Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you satisfactory account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.

680 That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely, 745

In men or beast they are so comely,
So genteel, handsome, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain, 685
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.

690 The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755
Each night he thinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon 760
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,

700 When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye have yet deny'd to give
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr, 705
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
Delivery from this base restraint.

710 Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Struck in a hole here like a peg.
And if I knew which way to do 't,
(Your honour sake) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knight have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been, 715
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous else, 720

But aiding of distressed damozels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentional romance,
Or classic author yet of France; 725

And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak, 790
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course

730 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:
Which if I should consent unto, 795
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony;

Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The charms of those who here do lie :
 For as the Ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no door
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;
 So from this dungeon there 's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing
 That other virtuous school of lashing,
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance :
 Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,
 Tutress of arts and sciences ;
 That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter ;
 That lays foundation for renown,
 And all the honours of the gown :
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with honourable discharge ;
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials,
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of every town ;
 And, all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
 Now if you 'll venture, for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping-on
 (And may you prosper in your suit
 As you with equal vigour do 't)
 I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from caperdewie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me on oath a fair account,
 And honour too, when you have don 't ;
 And I 'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By destiny, why not whipping too ?
 What medicine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits ?
 Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
 A Persian emperor whipp'd his granuam, 845
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
 And hence some reverend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful hoopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,

Ver. 831.] *I here engage myself to loose ye.* This, and the following line, thus altered, 1674, &c.

*I here engage to be your bayl,
 And free you from the unknowingly jayl.*

Thus continued to 1700, inclusive. Restored 1704.

With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart ?
 It is an easier way to make 855
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon ?
 805 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses ? 860
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?
 With China-oranges and tarts,
 810 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ?
 Bribe chamber-maids with love and money, 865
 To break no roguish jests upon ye ?
 For lilies smil'd on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
 815 Or, venturing to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lantern ?
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suffering what I offer you ;
 Which is no more than has been done
 820 By knights for ladies long ago.
 Did not the great La Mancha do so
 For the Infanta Del Toboso ?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Missie's sake,
 825 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ? 830
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
 Where pedant made his pathic bum
 839 For her sake suffer martyrdom ?
 Did not a certain lady whip,
 885 Of late, her husband's own lordship ?
 And though a grandee of the House,
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
 835 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
 And fir'd his hide, as if she 'ad rid post ; 890
 And after in the Sessions court,
 Where whipping 's judg'd, had honour for 't ?
 This swear you will perform, and then
 840 I 'll set you from th' enchanted den,
 And the Magician's circle, clear. 895
 Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.
 Amen, (quoth she) then turn'd about,
 900 And bid her Squire let him out.
 But ere an artist could be found
 To undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.

Ver. 894.] *I 'll set you from th' enchanted den.* In all editions to 1704, inclusive. *I 'll free you,* in later editions.

Ver. 903.] The evening is here finely described; the Epics are not more exact in describing times and seasons than our Poet: we may trace his hero morning and night; and it should be observed, in the conclusion of this Canto (conformably to the practice of the Critics upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is only passed since the opening of the Poem.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That 's both her lustre and her shade!)
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our votary thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

H U D I B R A S.

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger fight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

TIS strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;

Ver. 911, 912.]

For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.

These two lines not in the first editions of 1664,
and first inserted 1674.

Ver. 2.] (*Like bawd and brandy*). Brandee, in
all editions to 1704, inclusive.

905 Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmut, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
910 So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with stout polemick brawl;
915 In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25
Had like t' have suffer'd, for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap. 30
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed:
But first with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling: 40
And after many circumstances
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertient description,
They got (with much ado) to horse, 45
And to the Castle bent their course,
In which he to the Dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneft,
To carry on the work in earnest, 50
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And, with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
Whether it be direct infringing 55
An oath, if I should wave this fwinging,

5 Ver. 14.] *Mountaygn*, or, *Mountaign*—and *Tully*.
In all editions to 1704, inclusive. Altered to
Montaign and *Lully*, in 1710, or 1716.

10 Ver. 29.] Several of the books in Homer's
Iliad and Odyssey begin with describing the
Morning: so, also, does Mr. Butler take care to
let the world know at what time of the day
(which he exactly describes) these momentous
actions of his hero were transacted. The morn-
ing's approach, the Knight's rising, and rousing
up his Squire, are humourously described.

Ver. 43.] *Whipping duly swore*. In the first
editions.

Ver. 55, 56.] This dialogue between Hudibras
and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and vil-

And what I've sworn to bear forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear;
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing :
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 T' inform my Conscience, be discut;
 In which to err a tittle may
 To errors infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin 't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point:
 And, for my own part do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out.
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light:
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater or less, than to forbear.
 And that you are forsworn forswear.
 But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
 And outward, like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing;
 Not that they really cuff or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystick sense:
 Which to mistake, and make them squabble
 In literal fray, 's abominable:
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells.
 Like modern Indians to their idols;
 And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate less with greater crimes,
 And call the foul abomination
 Contrition and mortification.
 Is 't not enough we 're bruise'd and kicked,
 With sinful members of the Wicked;
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
 Profan'd, and curry'd back and side:
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is impious, because they did it:

lainy of all parties of the Rebels with regard to Oaths; what equivocations and evasions they made use of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest, as appears from verse 107, &c. and verse 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Cant. iii. verse 547, &c. Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We are now told (says he) that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men: No! How then? Surely according to the interpretation of devils."

This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
 A heinous sin. Now to the second;
 That Saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear
 With pregnant light: the point is clear.
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
 Too feeble implements to bind;
 And hold with de ds proportion so
 As shadows to a substance do.
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit.
 Although your Church be opposite
 To ours, as Black friars are to White,
 In rule and order, yet I grant
 You are a Reformado saint;
 And what the Saints do claim as due,
 You may pretend a title to:
 But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
 Know little of their privilege;
 Further (I mean) than carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own:
 For if the devil, to serve his turn,
 Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn,
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
 I think there 's little reason why:
 Else he 's a greater power than they,
 Which 'twere impiety to say.
 We 're not commanded to forbear,
 Indefinitely, at all to swear;
 But to swear idly, and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain:
 For breaking of an oath and lying,
 Is but a kind of self-denying.
 A saint-like virtue; and from hence
 Some have broke oaths by Providence:
 Some, to the glory of tise Lord,
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
 And this the constant rule and practice
 Of all our late Apostles' acts is.
 Was not the Cause at first begun
 With perjury, and carry'd on?
 Was there an oath the Godly took,
 But in due time and place they broke?
 Did we not bring our oaths in first,
 Before our plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter models, for
 The present use of Church and War?

[Ver. 136.] When it was moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world: but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." And when he kept the King close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed, "The Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

Did not our Worthies of the House,
 Before they broke the pence, break vows? 150
 For having freed us first from both
 Th' Allegiance and Suprem'cy oath,
 Did they not next compel the nation
 To take, and break the Protestation?
 To swear, and after to recant,
 The Solemn League and Covenant?
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight
 For the King's safety and his right?
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
 But yet still had the confidence
 To swear it was in his defence?
 Did they not swear to live and die
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all, for some have swore
 As false as they, if they did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a flaw?
 For Protestant religion vow,
 That did that vowing disallow?
 For Privilege of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a rent?
 And since, of all the three, not one
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not swear, in express words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords?
 And after turn'd out the whole housefull
 Of Peers, as dangerous and unuseful.
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
 Swore all the Commons out o' th' House:
 Vow'd that the Red-coats would disband,
 Ay, marry would they, at their command;
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 155
 Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 To serve for an expedient.
 What was the Public Faith found out for,
 But to stir men of what they fought for?
 The Public Faith, which every one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should Private Faith have such a tie?
 Oaths were not purpos'd, more than Law,
 To keep the Good and Just in awe,
 But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
 Like mortal cattle in a penfold.
 A Saint's o' th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
 And as no Peer is bound to swear,
 But on the Gospel of his Honour;
 Of which he may dispose, as on her,
 It follows, though the thing be forgery,
 And false, t' affirm it is no perjury.
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach
 Of nothing but a form of speech,
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,
 Than mere fasting of the Book.
 'Tis so the Scripture are of force,
 They're but commissions of course;
 Vol. II.

And Saints have freedom to digress,
 And vary from them as they please;
 Or misint' pret them by private 215
 Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
 Then who should we ourselves abridge,
 And curtail our own privilege?
 Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
 Their light within them) will not swear; 220
 Their Gospel is an Accident,
 By which they construe Conscience,
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Prisoner's head,
 (The head and founder of their order, 225
 That stirring hats held worse than murder)
 These, thinking they're oblig'd to truth
 In swearing, will not take an oath:
 Like moles, who, if they've not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock still: 230
 But they are weak, and little know
 What free-born Conscience may do.
 'Tis the temptation of the devil
 That makes all but an actions evil;
 For Saints may do the same things by 235
 The Spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do,
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the Saint and Wicked vary. 240
 For as on land there is no beast
 But in some fish as fen's express;
 So in the Wicked there's no vice
 Of which the Saints have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's pious in 245
 The one, in th' other is a sin.
 Let not ridiculous and nonsense,
 A Saint should be a slave to Conscience,
 That ought to be above such fancies,
 As far as above Ordinances? 250
 She's of the Wicked, as I guess,
 By her looks, her language, and her dress:
 And though, like Constables, we search
 For false wares one another's Church;
 Yet all of us hold this for true, 255
 No faith is to the Wicked due.
 For truth is precious and divine,
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
 Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260
 Those mysteries and revelations;
 And therefore topical evasions
 Of our turns and shifts of sense,
 Serv'd best with th' Wicked for pretence;
 Such as the learned Jesuits use,
 And Presbyterians, for excuse
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen
 To find their Churches taken napping:
 As thus; A breach of Oath is duple, 265
 And either way admits a scruple,
 And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
 More criminal than th' injur'd taker;
 For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 270
 So he that not Conscience took it.
 [H.]

A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
 As found t' all purposes of troth;
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
 Nay, till they 're broken have no force.
 What 's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws?
 They have no power, but to admonish;
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
 Until they 're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make them such.
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made for good;
 For when they 're set at liberty,
 They 're from th' engagement too set free.
 The Rabbins write, When any Jew
 Did make to God or man a vow,
 Which afterwards he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation
 Might free him from the obligation:
 And have not two Saints power to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews?
 The court of Conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and soveran,
 Is 't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court in th' state:
 And have less power than the lesser,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure?
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex officio*?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd at *vif. franc.* pledge?
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eaves-droppers and nufance;
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
 And have no power at all, nor shift
 To help itself at a dead lift?
 Why should not Conscience have vacation
 As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return;
 And make as nice distinction serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
 Why should not tricks as slight do points?
 Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn
 To judge that law that serves their turn?
 Make their own jealousies high-treason,
 And fix them whomfoe'er they please on?
 Cannot the learned Counsel there
 Make laws in any shape appear?
 Mould them as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy,
 And vex them into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack them until they do confess,
 Impeach of treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their lives for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience. 340

Can they not juggle, and with flight
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear
 As Lapland witches bottled air?
 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge, 345
 The same case several ways adjudge?
 As seamen with the self-same gale,
 Will several different courses sail;
 As, when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds,
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen, 350
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;
 So when tyrannical usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a nation,
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355
 To keep it out, are made defend it.
 Does not in Chancery every man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding-up witnesses,
 And nicking more than half the business? 360
 For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they 're set, too fast or slow;
 And where in Conscience they 're strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
 Do not your Juries give their verdict 365
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
 And as they please, make matter o' fact
 Run all on one side, as they 're packt?
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,
 To publish what he does within doors; 370
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If Oaths can do a man no good
 In his own business, why they shou'd,
 In other matters, do him hurt, 375
 I think there 's little reason for 't.
 He that imposes an Oath makes it,
 Not he that for Convenience takes it:
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an Oath he never made? 380
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.
 Honour is like that glassy bubble, 385
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crackt to find out why.
 Quoth Ralphe, Honour 's but a word
 To swear by only in a Lord: 390
 In other men 'tis but a huff
 To vapour with, instead of proof,
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.
 Let it (quoth he) be what it will, 395
 It has the world's opinion still.

Ver. 345. *Grudge.*] *Grutch*, in the four first editions.

Ver. 353.] *So when tyrannical*, in the four first editions. Altered to *tyrannick*, in 1700, if not sooner.

But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.

That Sinners may supply the place
Of suffering Saints, is a plain case,
Justice gives sentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.

Our Brethren of New-England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their stead.
Of whom the Churches have less need;

As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,

And mend men's lives as well as shoes,
This precious Brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,

Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Because he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipo tymoy

Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by Brother Patch,

Against the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render

Into his hands, or hang th' offender;
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,

(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do

The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid:

Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,

Hold whipping may be sympathetic.
It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;

And canst, in Conscience, not refuse,
From thy own Doctrine, to raise Use:
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)

Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;

For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.
Quoth Ralpho, you mistake the matter;

For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.

As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,

By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense

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Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin

To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,
And sin I too, because in vain;
For we must take our Oaths upon it

You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the wh p, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done,

The act is really your own.
Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain,

Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do:
For, when disputes are weary'd out,

'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;

For so it is, howe'er you mince it;
As, ere we part, I shall evince it:
And curry (if you stand out) whether

You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to hear thy part
I' th' public Work, base as thou art?

To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an opulent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,

Merely for th' interest of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws
Will not be hide-bound to the Cause:

Nor shall thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,

That you and I must pull a crow.
Ye 'ad best (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,

And Look before you ere you leap;
For As you sow, ye're like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,

I would make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.

Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?
A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,

For which v' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,

And for the Churches, which may chance,
From hence to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,

When common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politicks
We still have worsted all your holy tricks:

Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-model'd th' Army, and cashier'd

All that to Legion Smee adher'd;

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Made a mere utensil of your Church,
 And after left it in the lurch;
 A scaffold to build up our own,
 And when we 'd done with 't pull'd it down;
 Capocid'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
 And snapp'd their Canons with a Wily-not: 530
 (Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
 For solid face, and depth of beard)
 Their Clericall modesty made a maggot,
 Their Discretery an Indian potted;
 And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten, 535
 On which they 'd been so long a sitting;
 Deerv'd it as whole cheat,
 Grown out of date and obsolete;
 And all the Saints of the first grafts,
 As calling Fools of William's time.
 At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
 And, rising feruently on Ralph,
 He turn'd red and look'd pale with ire,
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.
 Have I (quoth he) been taken in sight,
 And for so many means slain by 't,
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchanging for tubs of ale?
 Not but they thought it me worth a ransom
 Much more considerable and handsome, 545
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there;
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
 An upstart Sectary, and mongrel,
 Such as breed out of peccant humours
 Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
 And, like a maggot in a sore,
 Would that which gave it life devour:
 It never shall be done or said:
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade; 550
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his basket hilt laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd,
 To draw and stand upon his guard:
 When both were parted on the sudden, 555
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of noise had been
 Contracted into one loud din:
 Or that some number to be chosen
 Had got the odds above a thousand;
 And by the greatness of his noise,
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
 This strange surprisal put the Knight
 And wrathful squire into a fright:
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal 565
 In persons rancour to join battle,
 Doth thought it was the will of the cause
 To leave the fight, and amend in haste,
 As they should, in a more discreet,
 The more reason'd danger of work be done.

Ver. 530.] *Capocid'd*, in all editions but the first of 1634, to 1674, and then *Cut off*, which is in later editions, with a significant *Capocid'd*.

Ver. 531.] This and the following line, not in the first edition of 1634. Added 1674.

Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By uttering of his mind, his courage;
 Which made them thought keep their ground,
 With honour and disdain wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their fear 575
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish different noise
 Of horns, and pans, and doas, and boys,
 And kettle-drums, whose hollow dub
 Sound like the hopping of a turtle. 580
 But when the fight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antique show;
 A triumphing, for pomp and state,
 Did not least Romans' emulate:
 For as the Aldermen of Rome 585
 Their lies at training overcome,
 And not enlarging territory,
 (As some mistaken, write in story)
 Being mounted in their best array,
 Upon a horse, and who but they? 600
 And so load'd with a world of tal-buds,
 That merry ditties trelles and ballads,
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, Hail for our town through the Borough;
 So when the triumph drew so nigh, 605
 They might particulars descry.
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that.
 First he that led the cavalcade
 Wore a low-gelder's flage life, 610
 On which he blew as strong a levet,
 As w. li-fee'd lawyer on his brawate,
 When over one another's heads
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
 Next pans and kettle-drums of all keys, 615
 From trebles down to double base;
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a forehead flag,
 A Cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock display'd did proudly wave; 620
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With flourishing, broken-winded tones,
 Whole blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 And make a viler noise than swine, 625
 In windy weather, when they whine.
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,
 Full fraught with that which, for good-manners,
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
 Which he dispos'd among the swains, 630

Ver. 627. *They might distinguish*, &c.] They might distinguish *the noise*, in the two first editions of 1634.

Ver. 566. *Will fee*, *For fee*, in all editions to 1703, inclusive.

Ver. 609, 610.] *Cavaliers*—*Flagellars*, in the first edition of 1634. Afterwards altered to, as now.

Ver. 611, 612.] These two lines are not in the two first editions of 1634, but added in 1674. *Two Sweads*, altered, 1674, to *Sweads*.

And busily upon the crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then, mounted on a horn'd horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword 635
 He held reverit, the point turn'd downward:
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Bestrid her horse, and on the ramp on't
 Set face to tail, and brim to brim;
 The warrior while he overcame,
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645
 Which as he rode she made him twist off;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastiz'd the reformedo soldier.
 Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd whippers and flatters on foot, 650
 With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
 In fit and proper equipages;
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago mix'd,
 That was both Madam and a Don,
 Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan;
 And at fit periods the whole rout
 Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
 The Knight transported, and the Squire,
 Put up their weapons and their ire; 660
 And Hadlyas, who us'd to ponder
 On such sights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His animadversions, for his heart.
 Quoth he, In all my life, till now,
 I never saw so profane a show;
 It is a Paganish invention,
 Which Heathen writers often mention;
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,
 Or Rons, or Caelius Rhodogine,
 With all the Grecian speens and Stows,
 That best describe those ancient shows;
 And has observ'd all fit decorums
 We find describ'd by old historians:
 For as the Roman conqueror,
 That put an end to foreign war,
 Entering the town in triumph for it,
 Bore a mare with him in his chariot;
 So this insulting female brave
 Carries, behind her here, a slave. 680
 And as the Ancients long ago
 When they in hell belay'd the foe,
 Hung out their mantles *dall' arme*,
 So her proud Standard-bearer here,
 Waves on his spear, in wondrous manner, 685
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
 Next links and torches hereofore
 Still borne before the emperor;

And as in antique triumph eggs
 Were borne for mystical intrigues; 690
 There's one, in truncheon like a ladle,
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter; 695
 For all th' antiquity you smatter
 Is but a riddle, and of course,
 When The grey mare's the better horse;
 When o'er the breeches greedy women
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion, 700
 And in the cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
 And brought him under Covert-baron,
 To turn her vassal with a murrain;
 When wives their sexes in fit, like hares, 705
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
 And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
 And by the right of war, like gills,
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their horns of course are understood.
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense;
 'Tis not the least disparagement 715
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force;
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Although his shoulders with battoon
 Be chiv'd and cudgel'd to some tune. 720
 A tailor's prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day;
 Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th' adversity of success;
 And only unto such this shew
 Of horns and petticoats is due. 730
 There is a lesser profanation,
 Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
 For as evation was allow'd
 For conquest purchas'd without blood;
 So men decree those lesser shows 735
 For victory gotten without blows,
 Be that of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a chair-curl'd,
 Which Moderns call a Cocking-stool, 740
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said
 The Adriatic sea to wed;
 And have a gentler wife than those 745
 For whom the state decrees those shows.
 But both are Heathenish, and come
 From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
 And by the Saints should be withstood,
 As antichristian and lewd; 750
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

Ver. 671. l. This, and the following line, not in the two first editions of 1664, but added 1674.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
 A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
 T' attack the leader, and still prest, 755
 Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
 Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
 What means (quoth he) this devil's procession
 With men of orthodox profession? 760
 'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
 Upon her horned Beast astride,
 Like this proud Dame, who either is 765
 A type of her, or the of this?
 Are things of superstitious function,
 Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
 It is an antichristian opera,
 Much us'd in midnight times of Popery; 770
 Of running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane intentions;
 To scandalize that sex for scolding,
 To whom the Saints are so beholding.
 Women, who were our first apostles, 775
 Without whose aid we 'd all been lost else;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd
 In which the Cause might be concern'd;
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols 780
 Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
 To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
 Draw several Gifted Brethren in,
 That for the Bishops would have been,
 And fix'd them constant to the party, 785
 With motives powerful and hearty:
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their Gifts.
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver; 790
 Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for Parliament;
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
 With marrow-puddings many a meal:
 Enabled them, with store of meat, 795
 On controverted points, to eat;
 And cram'd them, till their guts did ache,
 With candle, custard, and plum-cake.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the Cause at London? 800
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T' intrench the City for defence in;

Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
 To put the enemy to stands;
 From ladies down to oyster-wench 805
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
 Fall'n to their pick-axes and too s,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.
 Have not the hand-maids of the City
 Chose of their Members a Committee, 810
 For raising of a common purse,
 Out of their wages to raise horse?
 And do they not as Tryers fit,
 To judge what officers are fit?
 Have they—At that an egg let fly 815
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd
 With orange-tawny slime his beard;
 But beard and slime being of one hue,
 The wound the less appear'd in view. 820
 Then he that on the panniers rode,
 Let fly on th' other side a load,
 And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
 In Ralpho's face, another volley. 825
 The Knight was startled with the smell,
 And for his sword began to feel;
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830
 And straight another, with his flambeau,
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
 The beasts began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
 Thro' which they quickly broke their way, 835
 And brought them off from further fray;
 And though disorder'd in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his feat:
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes, 840
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to 't,
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind. 845
 After they 'ad paus'd awhile, supplying
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
 And Hudibras recruited force
 Of lungs, for action or discourse;
 Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes; 850
 For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:

Ver. 775.] The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cause, as they called it. Mr. James Howell observes, "That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstresses brought in her silver thimble, the chamber-maid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war.—And some sort of females were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and ear-rings, as if some golden calf were to be molten and set up to be idolized."

Ver. 807.] *Fabr*, in the three first editions. *Fell*, edition 1684.

Ver. 813, 814.] "The House considered in the next place, that divers weak persons have crept into places beyond their abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the kingdom, to be a Committee of Tryers for the business." See "The Parliament of Ladies."

Ver. 839.] *Rains*, in the four first editions.

'Twas ill for us we had to do
 With so dishonourable a foe:
 For though the law of arms doth bar
 The use of venom'd shot in war,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
 Their case-shot favour strong of poison,
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath;
 Else, when we put it to the push,
 They had not given us such a brush:
 But as those pultrons that fling dirt
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
 So all the honour they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave retreat, without pursuit;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in triumph led:
 Than which the Ancients held no state
 Of man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold adventure e'er
 Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,
 It may, being destin'd to assert
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart:
 And as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good fortune, so this may.
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the empire for 't;
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in Rome:
 And why may not this foul address
 Prefage in love the same success?
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
 And after (as we first design'd)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

H U D I B R A S.

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight with various doubts possess'd,
 To win the Lady goes in quest
 Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,
 To know the Destinies' resolution;
 With whom being met, they both chop logic
 About the science astrologic;
 Till falling from dispute to fight,
 The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated, as to cheat;

Ver. 868. *Without pursuit.*] *To avoid pursuit*, in the two first editions of 1664.

Ver. 879.] This, and the five following lines, not in the two first editions of 1664. Added in 1674.

As lookers-on feel most delight,
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
 And, still the less they understand,
 The more they admire his sleight of hand.
 Some with a noise and greasy light
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the foul,
 As mooses by the legs catch fowl.
 Some with a medicine and receipt
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
 And though it be a two-foot trout,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
 Others believe no voice t' an organ
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
 Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
 They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
 And while their purses can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.
 Others still gape t' anticipate
 The cabinet-designs of Fate,
 Apply to wizards, to foresee
 What shall, and what shall never be;
 And, as those vultures do forebode,
 Believe events prove bad or good:
 A flamm more senseless than the roguery
 Of old auruspicy and augury.
 That out of garbages of cattle
 Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
 From flight of birds, or chicken's pecking,
 Success of great attempts would reckon:
 Though cheats, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.
 This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew:
 For he with beard and face made clean,
 Being mounted on his steed again
 (And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
 Upon his beast, with much ado)
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
 T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;
 When various thoughts began to bustle,
 And with his inward man to juggle,
 He thought what danger might accrue,
 If she should find he swore untrue;
 Or, if his Squire or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their tale,
 It might at once the ruin prove
 Both of his honour, faith, and love:
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow;
 And that he durst not now, for shame,
 Appear in court to try his claim.
 This was the pen'worth of his thought,
 To pass time, and uneasy trot.
 Quoth he, In all my past adventures
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters.
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,
 That every way I turn does hem me,

Ver. 25.] *Apply to wizards. Run after*, in the edition of 1664.

And with inextricable doubt
 Befets my puzzled wits about:
 For though the Dame has been my bail,
 To free me from enchanted jail,
 Yet as a dog committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
 And quits his clog: but all in vain,
 He still draws after him his chain:
 So though my ankle she has quitted,
 My heart continues still committed:
 And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
 Although at large, I am bound over:
 And when I shall appear in court
 To plead my case, and answer for 't,
 Unless the judge do partial prove,
 What will become of me and love?
 For if in our account we vary,
 Or but in circumstance miscarry;
 Or if he put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my doublet off,
 To shew, by evident record,
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
 How can I e'er expect to have her,
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,
 Shall be reduc'd to a Knight o' th' Post?
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
 What I'm to prove by argument,
 And justify I have a tail,
 And that way, too, my proof may fail.
 Oh! that I could enunciate,
 And solve the problems of my fate;
 Or find, by necromantic art,
 How far the Destinies take my part;
 For if I were not more than certain
 To win and wear her and her fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship:
 For though an oath obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got
 (As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
 And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight Siderophil.
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the Moon tells;
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair:
 When brass and pewter hap to fray,
 And linen flinks out o' the way;
 When geese and pulsen are sadden'd,
 And fows of suckling pigs are chow'd;
 When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of phisician;
 When murrain reigns in best or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the peep:

Ver. 106.] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his many Almanachs foretold victories for the Parliament van as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons.

When yest and outward means do fail,
 And have no power to work on ale;
 When batter does refuse to come,
 And love proves cross and humourfome;
 To him with questions, and with urine,
 They for discovery flock, or curing.
 Quoth Siderophil, This Siderophil
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
 To go to forcerers, when they need them.
 Says Ralph, There's no doubt of that;
 Those principles I quoted late
 Prove that the Godly may alledge
 For any thing their privilege,
 And to the devil himself may go,
 If they have motives thereunto:
 For, as there is a war between
 The devil and them, it is no sin,
 If they by subtle stratagem
 Make use of him, as he does them.
 Has not this present Parliament
 A ledger to the devil sent,
 Fully empower'd to treat about
 Finding revolted witches out?
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd three score of them in one shire?
 Some only for not being drown'd,
 And some for sitting above ground,
 Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
 Or pigs that suddenly deceast
 Of griefs unnatural, as he gueest;
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.
 Did not the devil appear to Martin
 Luther in Germany, for certain?
 And would have gull'd him with a trick,
 But Mart. was too, too politick.
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
 At Amwerp, their cathedral church?
 Sing catches to the Saints at Mafcon,
 And tell them all they came to aff him?
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
 And speak i' th' Nun of London's belly?
 Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
 At Woodstock, on a personal treaty?
 At Sarum take a cavalier,
 For Caus's service, prisoner?
 As Withers in immortal rhyme
 Has regul'd to after-time.
 Do not our great Reformers use
 Th' Siderophil to forebode news;
 To write of victories next year,
 And titles taken yet i' th' air?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?

Ver. 107.] Th's Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry. He appears from his Poems characteriz'd by A. Wood.

A total o'erthrow given the King
In Cornwall, horte and foot, next spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whatsoever the Close Committee would? 180
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
Against the Book of Common-Prayer?
The scorpion take the Protestation, 185
And Bear engage for reformation?
Made all the Royal itars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?
Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear
The Saints may' employ a conjurer, 190
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles by what they do.
Then let us itrait advance in quest 195
Of this profound gymnosophist,
And, as the Fates and he advise,
Pursue or wave this enterprise.
This said, he turn'd about his iteed,
And ettoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conjurer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What's useful of him before-hand.
He had been long towards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscöpy, astrology, 200
And was old dog at phyfiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bettirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his natural parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted,

Th' intelligible world he knew, 225
And all men dream on't to be true,
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found 230
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same nation;
So cut, so colour'd, and so cur'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.
He had read Dee's pieraces before, 235
The Devil, and Enoch, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues of Sir John and Kelly,
Lescus, and th' Emperors would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-wisher; 240
Her secrets undertook to clear,
That some believe he had been there;
A few when she was in itest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing teats or itenes, 245
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When fows and bitches may be pay'd,
And in what high best cyder's made;
Whether the wane be, or increate
Belt to set garne, or fow peete; 150
Who first found out the man in th' moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres 205
Their any empire and command,
Their severall strength by sea and land;
What factions they ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:
With what designs and intereits 210
Each party manages contents.
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her diameter to an inch is, 265
And prove that she's not made of green cheeie.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That stands behind him at his breech, 270
But a huge Ciprian sea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulf his tail c'mpotes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;

Ver. 224.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Frater Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for some little skill he had in the mathematicks, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.

Ibid.] Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. *A. D.* 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome." But this is a mistake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally and by letter) on his en-

croachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bayle thinks he was.

Ver. 235.] Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced doctor and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in quest of chemistry, &c.

Ver. 238.] Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

- How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expence of cheefe or bacon.
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O'th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of games, or pissing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of medicines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
With rhymes, the tooth-ach and catarrh;
Chace evil spirits away by dint
Of fickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gun-powder.
He knew whatsoever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd plates are best to make,
On watery surface, duck or drake;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;
Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many fures a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain assay'd so long ago;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many different specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheefe;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had half-starv'd,
That him in place of zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholsome law :
-
- Ver. 317. *How many different specieses.*] *Species's*
in editions 1664, 1674, 1684. Altered to *spe-*
cieses, 1689.
- Ver. 325. *Whachum.*] Journeyman to Sidro-
phel, who was one *Tom Jones*, a foolish Welshman.
In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is
said to be one *Richard Green*, who published a
pamphlet of about five sheets of bawle ribaldry,
and called, *Hudibras in a Scurr.* It was printed
about the year 1667.
- 275 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer :
His business was to pump and wheedle, 335
And men with their own keys unriddle;
285 To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence, 340
And all discoveries disperse
Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
290 What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
295 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves attendant in the cart,
And find out all by rule of art : 350
Which way a serving-man, that's run,
With clothes or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate 355
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
305 Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanack ; 360
When terms begin and end could tell,
315 With their return, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
A sowgelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
And when be temperate, if they will;
315 When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great, 370
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggerel rhymes his spells;
Which, over every month's blank page 375
I' th' almanack, strange bilks preface.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistrets' eating a black-pudden ; 380
And, when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It put him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:
A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen pass'd along,
But serv'd for burthen to his song : 390
Each window like a pillory appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;

All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallows-tree, when cutting purse
 Breeds business for heroic verse;
 Which none does hear but would have hung
 T' have been the theme of such a song.
 Those two together long had liv'd,
 In mansion prudently contriv'd,
 Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
 On which was written, not in words,
 But hieroglyphic mate of birds,
 Many rare pithy sayings, concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning:
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope,
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tassel of a kite,
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
 That, like a bird of Paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,
 At th' end of which there hung a light,
 Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear:
 This Sidrophel by chance esp'y'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,
 Bless us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
 Is that appears in heaven yonder?
 A comet, and without a beard!
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 With which, like Indian plantations,
 The learned stock the constellations;
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been
 To th' houses where the planets inn.
 It must be supernatural,
 Unless it be that cannot-ball
 That, short i' th' air point-blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious height
 That, learn'd philosophers maintain,
 It ne'er came backwards down again,
 But in the airy region yet
 Hangs, like the body of Mahomet
 For if it be above the shade
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may, from far,
 Appear no bullet, but a star.

Ver. 404.] Mr. Butler alludes to one *Fisk*, of whom Lilly observes, that he was a licentiate in physic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk; was bred at a country school, and design'd for the university, but went not thither, studying physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he practis'd at Colchester; after which he came to London, and practis'd there.

This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it till it level'd right
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite
 Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)
 It is a planet, now, I see;
 And, if I err not, by this proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
 'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
 He's got between the Dragon's tail
 And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
 Pray heaven divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common,
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.
 With that he fell again to pry,
 Through perspective, more wistfully,
 When, by mischance, the fatal string,
 That kept the towering fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 He 'ad level'd at a star, and hit it;
 But Sidrophel, more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall?
 It threatens Nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come!
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
 The day of judgment's not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And some of us find out by magick;
 Then, since the time we have to live
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.
 This feat fell out not long before
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the mansion;
 Whom he discovering, turned his glass,
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
 Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some
 To try or use our art are come.
 The one's the learned Knight;—seek out,
 And pump them what they come about.
 Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
 T' accost them, but much more their business:

Ver. 477.] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretell things, out of the pulpit, to the destruction of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Ruffel in Cambridgeshire; and, finding several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their dissolution; telling them that he had lately received a revelation that doomsday would be some day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him *Doomsday Sedgwick*.

He held a stirrup, while the Knight
 From leathern Bare-bones did alight ;
 And taking from his hand the bridle,
 Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
 He gave him first the time o' th' day,
 And welcom'd him, as he might say :
 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
 Their business lay ? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
 Did you not lose ?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way !
 Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
 And pains intolerable doth suffer ;
 For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
 What time ?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir too long,
 Three years it off and on has hung.—
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day tis :
 Quoth Ralpho, between seven and eight 'tis.
 Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
 Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
 Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter ;
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
 To give him suitable reception ;
 But kept his business at a bay.
 Till Whachum put him in the way ;
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
 And what he came to know, drew near,
 To whisper in the conjurer's ear ;
 Which he prevented thus : What was 't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd ?
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd
 In opposition with Mars,
 And no benign and friendly stars
 T' alay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So !
 In Virgo ? Ha ! quoth Whachum, No :
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
 One tenth of 's circle to a minute ?
 'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you 'll excuse
 This rudeness I am forc'd to use ;
 It is a scheme and face of heaven,
 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,
 I was contemplating upon
 When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.
 Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
 Unseasonable in coming here
 At such a time, to interrupt
 Your speculations, which I hop'
 Assistance from, and come to use,
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.
 By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel :
 The stars your coming did foretel ;
 I did expect you here, and knew,
 Before you spake, your business too.
 Quoth Hudibras, make that appear,
 And I shall credit whatsoever
 You tell me after, on your word,
 Howe'er unlikely or absurd.
 You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,

495 And for three years has rid your wit
 And passion, without drawing bit ;
 And now your business is to know
 If you shall carry her or no.
 Quoth Hudibras, You 're in the right,
 But how the devil you came by 't
 I can't imagine : for the stars
 I'm sure, can tell no more than horse ;
 Nor can their aspects (though you pore
 Your eyes out on them) tell you more
 Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,
 That turns as certain as the spheres ;
 But if the devil's of your counsel,
 Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;
 And 'tis on this account I come,
 To know from you my fatal doom.
 Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
 I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
 Your business is but to inform ;
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
 You have a wrong sow by the ear ;
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal by rules of art ;
 Such as are lawful, and judge by
 Conclusion of astrology ;
 But for the devil know nothing by him,
 But only this, that I defy him.
 Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
 I understand your metonymy ;
 Your words of second-hand intention,
 When things by wrongful names you mention ;
 The mystic sense of all your terms,
 That are indeed but magic charms
 To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
 And that is down-right conjuring ;
 And in itself more warrantable
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,
 Which by confederacy are done.
 Your ancient conjurers were wont
 To make her from her sphere dismount,
 And to their incantation stoop ;
 They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 Which every almanack can tell,
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about :
 Your modern Indian magician
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to pifs in,
 And straight resolves all questions by 't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
 The Rosycrucian way's more sure
 To bring the devil to the lure ;
 Each of them has a several gin,
 To catch intelligences in.
 Some by the nose, with fumes' trepan them,
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam ;

Ver. 618.] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop
 of Canterbury, anno 961. His skill in the liberal

Others with characters and words
 Catch them, as men in nets do birds; 620
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
 With their own influences will fetch them
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch them;
 Make them depose and answer to 625
 All questions, ere they let them go.
 Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pommel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks. 630
 Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone,
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug, 635
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him feebly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain. 640
 To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
 Nor was the dog a cacedemon,
 But a true dog, that would shew tricks
 For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
 And whatso'er he's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go.
 As for the Rosycrois philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but forcerers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Trismegistus did before,
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655
 And Apollonius their master,
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.

arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a Conjuror, and then of a Saint: he is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep a holiday in honour of him, yearly, on the 19th of May.

Ver. 631.] This Kelly was chief seer, or as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready-made, from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal). Alasco, Palatine of Poland, Pucel a learned Florentine, and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himself: but Lilly observes, that he was so wicked that the angel would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't t' us
 Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus, 660
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
 That makes truth Truth, altho' Time's daughter;
 'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665
 Before he pull'd her out of it;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too.
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old.
 Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why;
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole art for eccentric) 680
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
 But on their sides, or rising's feat;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the histories of all ages 685
 Relate miraculous pretages
 Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen by astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
 And some that have writ almanacks? 690
 The Median Emperor dreamt his daughter
 Had pist all Asia under water,
 And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
 O'erspread his empire with its branches;
 And did not soothsayers expound it, 695
 As after by th' event he found it?
 When Cæsar in the senate tell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look pale for almost a year after? 700
 Augustus having, by oversight,
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,

Ver. 669, 670.] Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor. John Blackstone, a poor shop-keeper of Newcastle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper of Lynn, colonel and vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scott, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Francis Vere. Colonel John Jones, a serving-man. Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman. Colonel Hewson a one-eyed cobbler; and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

- Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutinying for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with instructions,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much power,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior howls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By powerful art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on them there?
Quoth Hudibras, you lie so ope,
That I' without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lye:
For Anaxagoras, long ago,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece:
Believ'd the heavens were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, eat their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learned at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they're in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
- Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunaticks?
But if we' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new-light and prophecy:
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And favour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the natural cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wife,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For, having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese, in orders,
That to the capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But, measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglars by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches snipping, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-saints and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here;

And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior concern?
 Were they not, during all their lives
 Most of them pirates, whores and thieves?
 And is it like they have not still
 In their old practices some skill?
 Is there a planet that by birth
 Does not derive its house from earth;
 And therefore probably must know
 What is and hath been done below?
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
 Did not we here the Argo rig,
 Make Berenice's periwig?
 Whose livery does the coachman wear?
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
 And therefore, as they came from hence,
 With us may hold intelligence.
 Plato deny'd the world can be
 Govern'd without geometry,
 (For money being the common scale
 Of things, by measure, weight, and tale,
 In all th' affairs of church and state,
 'Tis both the balance and the weight)
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine astrology made out;
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as heaven's above the earth.
 These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
 Are something more significant
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce;
 And yet they're far from satisfactory,
 T' establish and keep up your factory.
 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
 Shifted his setting and his rise;
 Twice has he risen in the west,
 As many times set in the east;
 But whether that be true or no,
 The devil any of you know.
 Some hold the heavens, like a top,
 Are kept by circulation up,
 And, were't not for their wheeling round
 They'd instantly fall to the ground;
 As sage Empedocles of old,
 And from him modern authors, hold.
 Plato believ'd the sun and moon
 Below all other planets run.
 Some Mercury, some Venus, seat
 Above the Sun himself in height.
 The learned Scaliger complain'd
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
 That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
 The sun had left its ancient road.
 And nearer to the earth is come,
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
 Swore 'twas a most notorious sham,
 And he that had so little shame
 To vent such fopperies abroad,
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;

Ver. 873. *And were't not.*] *And 'twere not* in the four first editions. Altered in edit. 1689.

Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the rod much more,
 That durst upon a truth give doom,
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
 Cardan believ'd great states depend
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
 That, as the whisk'd it towards the sun,
 Scrow'd mighty empires up and down;
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true bears have no tails.
 Some say the Zodiac constellations
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
 Affirm'd the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
 The watery with the fiery rang'd;
 Then how can their effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old?
 This, though the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake;
 And is one cause they tell more lyes,
 In figures and nativities,
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years;
 Besides their nonsense in translating,
 For want of Accidence and Latin,
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, English'd
 The Quarter-days, by skilful linguist;
 And yet, with canting, sleight, and cheat,
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being;
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;
 Make them the constellations prompt,
 And give them back their own account;
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes.
 Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,
 Have cast the 'versal world's nativity,
 And made the infant-stars confess,
 Like fools or children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
 Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox;
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;
 Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
 Tell who is barren and who fertile;
 As if the planets' first aspect
 The tender infant did infect

885 Ver. 894. *He knew less, &c.*] *He knew no more &c.* two first editions 1664.

Ver. 910.] This and the three following lines inserted 1674. In the first editions of 1664, they stand thus:

Some say the stars i' th' Zodiack.
 Are more than a whole sign gone back
 Since Ptolemy; and prove the same
 In Taurus now, then in the Ram.

In foul and body, and instil
 All future good and future ill;
 Which in their dark fatalities lurking,
 At destin'd periods fall a working,
 And break out, like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases, into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of life:
 No sooner does he peep into
 The world, but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physick
 That cures or kills a man that is sick:
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war:
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing officer and a slave;
 A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,
 A great philosopher and a block head;
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and man-slayer:
 As if men from the stars did suck
 Old-age, diseases, and ill-luck.
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle and murder, sudden death.
 Are not these fine commodities
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vend'd here among the rabble,
 For staple goods and warrantable?
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
 In th' other world to be restored.

Quoth Sidrophel, to let you know
 You wrong the art, and artists too,
 Since arguments are lost on those
 That do our principles oppose,
 I will (although I've done 't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a figure that shall tell you,
 What you, perhaps, forget besel you,
 By way of horary inspection,
 Which some account our worst erection.
 With that he circles draws, and squares,
 With cyphers, astral characters,
 Then looks them o'er to understand them,
 Although set down hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,
 Discovers how in fight you met,
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
 And that y'were bang'd both back and side well;
 And, though you overcame the Bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
 You are no conjurer, by your leave:
 That paltry story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm make appear;
 Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
 And prove he was upon the place:
 He play'd the falstimbando's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here it th'house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative;
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A constable to seize the wretches;
 For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers,
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony: and at the Sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle them,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one
 Unanimous opinion;
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
 To find friends that will bear me out:
 Nor have I hazarded my art,
 And neck, so long on the State's part,
 To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword
 Shall down thy false throat cut am that word.
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
 Mean-while I'll hold them at a bay,
 Left he and Whachum run away.

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
 Of Hudibras did now erect
 A figure worse portending far
 Than that of most malignant star,
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment
 To shun the danger that might come on 't,
 While Hudibras was all alone,
 And he and Whachum, two to one.
 This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
 Behind the door an iron lance,
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
 To make his way through Hudibras.
 Whachum had got a fire-fork,
 With which he vow'd to do his work;
 But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard:
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
 And in right manfully he rush'd;
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.

Ver. 956. *Is cuckolded.*] *Cookalded*, in the two first editions of 166 .

Ver. 1010. *Culdes'd.*] Put the fortune-teller on him.

Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch, 1065
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. 1070
Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile? 1080
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.
This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect; 1090
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other knicks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers.
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095
And several constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make them thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade; 1100
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither crows nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his ramp. 1105
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Roti-men of politicks,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch, 1110
And make him glad, at least, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase:

And as a fox, with hot pursuit 1115
Chac'd through a warren, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung.
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death) 1120
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atom's justice in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again, 1125
To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And, seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh, quoth he, Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I? 1130
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself t' th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Swiss's,
My body through and through had drill'd 1135
And Wrench'd my side had kill'd;
Had cross-examin'd both o'r hote,
And plunder'd all we had to lose.
Look, there he is! I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through: 1140
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stop't his breath, 1145
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one stick
To carry on the Public Work;
Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt, 1155
And made their Discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their Chances,
And their Conventions prov'd high-places:
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And set at naught their cheese and bacon; 1160
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their reverend Patrons, to my beard;
For all which scandals to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be fann'd,
Who, by their skill in palametry,
Will quickly read his fortune, 1170
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the session,
Under his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he scape with whipping now, 1175
'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will disengage my Conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense:

3 [K]

Ver. 1093.] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelborn*, a great speculatrix. He says he was very familiar with her (*good news*); so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

I'll make him now by force abide
 What he by gentle means deny'd,
 To give my honour satisfaction,
 And right the Brethren in the action.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,
 And, with activity unwont,
 Assay'd the lofty beast to mount:
 Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
 Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

A N

HEROICAL EPISTLE*

O F

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.—

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your skull,
 As often as the moon 's at full,
 'Tis not amiss, ere ye 're giv'n o'er,
 To try one desperate medicine more;
 For, where your case can be no worse,
 The desperat'it is the wisest course.
 Is 't possible that you, whose ears
 Are of the tribe of Ifsachar's,
 And might (with equal reason) either
 For merit, or extent of leather,
 With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,

* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said, in a Key to a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 13, to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which gave rise to this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See *The Elephant in the Moon*, in the second volume of Butler's Poems.

Should yet be deaf against a noise 15
 So roaring as the public voice?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in every crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part 20
 T' a wheel-barrow or turnip-cart,
 Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
 To cry green-hastings with an engine;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound)
 And, 'cause your folly 's now no news, 25
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there 's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
 When Folly as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears; 30
 For who but you could be posselt
 With so much ignorance and beast,
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40
 Nor putting pigst' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mongrel-curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues, 45
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your several new-found remedies,
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps; 50
 Recovering thanks, crystallines,
 And nodes and botches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent 55
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to curse you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 70
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth but childhood too,
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance, 70
 And with a penetrating eye
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in 't,
 And yet have no art, true or false, 75
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still, the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder:

For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes, 80
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 'ave gain'd of th' college
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a power as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and controul, 85
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
 And faucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to:
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone: 90
 No, though ye 've purchas'd to your name,
 In history, so great a fame;
 That now your talent 's so well known,
 For having all belief outgrown,
 That every strange prodigious tale 95
 Is measur'd by your German scale—
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of every lye,
 Cast up to what it does amount, 100
 And place the bigg 't to your account;
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise;
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
 Though he that has but impude ice, 110
 To all things has a fair pretence;
 And, put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim:
 Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,

That all affronts do still give place 115
 To your impenetrable face;
 That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
 Yet, as 'tis counterfeit and brags,
 You must not think 'twill always pass; 120
 For all impostors, when they 're known,
 Are past their labour, and undone:
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natural,
 Is that which madmen find, as soon 125
 As once they 're broke loose from the moon,
 And, proof against her influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
 For sport of boys and rabble-wit. 130

H U D I B R A S.

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
 The one the other to renounce;
 They both approach the Lady's bower,
 The Squire to inform, the Knight to woo her.
 She treats them with a masquerade,
 By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
 From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
 And steals him from himself by night.*

Ver. 26.] Sir Politick Would-be, in "Volpone."

Ver. 91, 92.] These two lines, I think, plainly discover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's fame abroad was indispensible. Mr. Strickland, who was many years Agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: "I came purposely into the Committee this day, to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you, his name is famous all over Europe. I came to do him justice." Lilly is also careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal worth about 50*l.* for making honourable mention of his Majesty in one of his almanacks: which, he says, was translated into the language spoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried about the streets as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own history.

Ver. 105. *Betrays.*] *Defrays*, in all the editions I have seen.

TIS true no lover has that power
 To enforce a desperate amour,
 As he that has two strings to his bow,
 And burns for love and money too;
 For then he 's brave and resolute, 5
 Disdains to render in his suit;

We are now come to the Third Part of *Hudibras*, which is considerably longer than either the First or the Second; and yet can the severest critic say that Mr. Butler grows insipid in his invention, or falters in his judgment? No; he still continues to shine in both these excellencies; and, to manifest the extensiveness of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to spin out these adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and satire. I dare say the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be so at the conclusion of the Poem: and the reason is evident, because this last part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is equally diffused through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
 While those who fillily pursue
 The simple downright way, and true,
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream their passions.
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,
 And, when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won
 Than by Caligula the moon,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
 When only by themselves they're hindered,
 For trusting those they made her kindred,
 And still the further and hide-bonder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder;
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle bride?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted,
 In purring streams of hemp departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium.
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
 The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
 This to the Knight could be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use,
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolv'd to try all sort of ways,
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,
 With all th' appurtenances, over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
 As he was always wont to do,
 When he had discomfited a foe.
 And us'd the only antique philters
 Deriv'd from old hermeticilters.
 But now, triumphant and victorious,
 He held th' achievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle
 With petty constable or headle,
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess
 Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, Justice;
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
 Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot irons have pass'd bare-handed;
 And if they cannot read one verse
 I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
 He, therefore, judging it below him
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for good
 And mainprize for him to the jail,
 To answer, with his vessel, all
 That might dishonourably betel,
 And thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the Lady a rencounter,
 T' acquaint her with his expedition,
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician;

Describe the manner of the fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away;
 His bloody scourging aggravate,
 The number of the blows, and weight;
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
 Which he resolv'd to enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his soul to swear:
 But, rather than produce his back,
 To set his conscience on the rack;
 And, in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
 And all things else, upon his part,
 Demand delivery of her heart,
 Her goods and chattles, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
 And cut whole giants into fritters,
 To put them into amorous twitters;
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their gallants were half kill'd:
 But when their bones were drubb'd so fore,
 They durst not wage one combat more,
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdued by blows their lovers felt,
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
 At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies;
 And he acquires the noblest spouse
 That widows greatest herds of cows;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?
 Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
 The Knight's late orders to obey;
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of headles, constables, and watchmen,
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber;
 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The enemy, had done the fact,
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of gimcracks, whim, and jiggy-bobs,
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd;
 And when they should, at gaol-delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough
 To render neither halter-proof:
 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be necessary;
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
 He would have offer'd him that day,
 To make him curry his own hide,
 Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the riding disputation:
 And therefore, much about the hour
 The Knight (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
 Of justice and an unpartial jury,

The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same trim;
 T' acquaint the Lady what he had done,
 And what he meant to carry on;
 What project 'twas he went about,
 When Sidrophel and he fell out;
 His firm and stedfast resolution,
 To swear her to an execution;
 To pawn his inward ear to marry her,
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their party-faints to represent,
 Who never fail'd, upon their snaring
 In any prosperous arm-bearing,
 To lay themselves out to supplant
 Each other cousin-german saint.
 But ere the Knight could do his part,
 The Squire had got so much the start,
 He had to the Lady done his errand,
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.
 Just as he finish'd his report,
 The Knight alighted in the court,
 And, having ty'd his beautiful pale,
 And taking time for both to stale,
 He put his hand and beard in order,
 The prince to accost and board her:
 And now began t' approach the door,
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
 And went to entertain the Knight:
 With whom encortering, after longees
 Of humble and submissive congee,
 And a due ceremonies paid,
 He shook'd his beard, and thus he said:

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
 Honour th' shadow of your shoe-tie;
 And now am come to bring your ear
 A present you'll be glad to hear:
 At least I hope so: the thing's done,
 Or may I never see the sun:
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance a young gentleman:
 And that you'd please to do your part,
 As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he thrugg'd his sturdy back,
 As if he felt his shoulders ache:
 But she, who well enough knew what
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The mystery of what he mean'd:
 And therefore with'd him to expound
 His dark expressions less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
 And, for those meritorious lathes,
 To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted iconce,
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 To bind you back to 's good behaviour,
 And for my sake and service vow'd
 To lay upon 't a heavy load,

130 And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other Knights do oft make love;
 Which whether you have done or no
 Concerns yourself, no me, to know;
 But if you have, I shall confess
 You're honestier than I could guess.

135 Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
 I cannot prove it but by oath;
 And if you make a question on't,
 I'll pawn my soul that I have done't
 And he that makes his soul his surety,
 I think, does give the best security.

140 Quoth she, So say the soul's secure
 Against distress and forfeiture;
 Is free from action, and exempt
 From execution and contempt;
 145 And to be summon'd to appear
 In th' other world's illegal here,
 And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run't:
 For most men carry things so even
 150 Betwixt this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either,
 They freely deal in all together,
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it:

155 And when they pawn and damn their souls,
 They are but prisoners on paroles.

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational
 They may be accountable in all:
 For when there is that intercourse
 160 Between divine and human powers,
 That all that we determine here
 Commands obedience every where;
 When penalties may be commuted
 For fines, or ears, and executed,
 165 It follows nothing binds so fast
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past:

For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false;
 And there's no other way to try
 170 The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
 There's no believing till I hear:
 For, till they're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

175 Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded th' other day,
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 I avoid all scruples in the case,

180 I went to do't upon the place;
 But as the cattle is enchanted
 By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two,

185 Before I had hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray,
 I heard a formidable noise,
 Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,

190 That roar'd far off, Dispatch, and strip,
 I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
 That shall dive thy ribs of skin,
 To expiate thy lingering sin;

Thou hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
 But spar'd thy renegade back,
 Where thou hadst to great a prize at stake; 260
 While I now the Fates have order'd me,
 For penance and revenge, to die,
 Unless thou presently make haste;
 Time is, time was: and there it ceas't.
 With which, though startlec, I confess, 265
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention;
 And therefore, snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load.
 Resolv'd to share no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good;
 Till tired, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,
 As if they had been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic kissing,
 And chaste contemplative bardashing;
 When, facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout,
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
 And gave their hellish rage a stop:
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel,
 Who now, transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear;
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold of him, but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,
 Div'd under water in a pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
 His under-forcerer to engage;
 But, bravely scorn'g to defile
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick-
 set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
 With which I furiously laid on,
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone
 It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir;
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
 But conjur'd int' a worse caprich,
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
 Old houses in the night to haunt,
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of thievery or love;
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
 All sorts of witches counterfeits,
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
 And make it for enchantment pass;
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
 And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper;

Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
 Commit fantastical advowtry;
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
 Stark staring mad with manicon;
 Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
 Can raise them mountains in Petofi;
 And, sillier than the antic fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;
 Seek out for plants with signatures,
 To quack off universal cures; 330
 With figures ground on panes of glass,
 Make people on their heads to pass:
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reflected from a single piece;
 To draw in fools, whose natural itches 335
 Incline perpetually to witches,
 And keep me in continual tears,
 And danger of my neck and ears;
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340
 Which others for cravats have worn
 About their necks, and took a turn.
 I pity'd the sad punishment
 The wretched caitiff underwent,
 And held my drubbing of his bones 345
 Too great an honour for patrones;
 For knights are bound to feel no blows
 From paltry and unequal foes,
 Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces, 350
 Do all with civilest addressies:
 Their horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a leg and bow.
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and pr-st him
 About the witch with many a question. 355
 Quoth he, For many years he drove
 A kind of broking-trade in love,
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust
 Of feeble speculative lust;
 295 Procurer to th' extravagancy
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
 By those the devil had forfook,
 As things below him, to provoke;
 But being a virtuoso, able 300
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
 He held his talent most adroit,
 For any mystical exploit,
 As others of his tribe had done,
 And rais'd their prices three to one;
 305 For one predicting pimp has th' odds
 Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
 But, as an elf (the devil's valet)
 Is not so slight a thing to get;
 For those that do his business best,
 310 In hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 Before so meriting a person
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
 I th' mystery of a lady-monger:
 315 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
 As soon as from the body loost,
 Becomes a puiney imp itself,
 And is another witch's elf:
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,

With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too:
Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beauly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beams and pease
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to confits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beside—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady stout his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half those things (said she) be true,
(They're all, quoth he, I swear by you):
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel,
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell,
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I'm sure) at most,
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps
To be your match-makes and pimp,
To engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and buffing,
And drew upon him like a ruttian;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he had time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound;
Swore you had broke an' robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minuter trade.
By the way, said she, of the trade—
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And altogether might amount
To many hundred edon account;
For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the molefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;

385 And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.
390 Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That, ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rec or Dover,
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourself and me, you fled this way,
395 And that he was upon pursuit.
To take you somewhere here about.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since,
And found that, ere you came to him,
400 Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense,
405 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever 's by the Wicked done;
For which most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove to oblige him, by mean force,
410 To scourge his ribs instead of your's,
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
415 While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't);
He wonder'd how she came to know
420 What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
425 Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
430 This vessel, that is all your own!
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These reliques of your constant lover!
You have provided well (quoth she)
(I thank you) for yourself and me,
435 And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits:
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
440 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then (quoth he) may hell surprize.
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;
445 But there 's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing;
For, if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,

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Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they 're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had don't;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam (quoth he) your love 's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattles
Are like to prove but mere drawn-battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You pass in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd:
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she. There are no bargains driven,
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heaven,
And that 's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease;
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd;
For, where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chained to the prisoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfullest lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something pass away, and sold?)

That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low,
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage day is paid,
Or hour of death, he bet is laid:
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their lungot heirs
They entail themselves, and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driven,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who is bound to vouch them for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which she 's fortify'd no less
Than all the island, with four seas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready insolence and power,
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify.
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous fots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play by the laws o' th' land.
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckel'd:
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of Error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing else but *rom in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enouring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break them after to break loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;

And men as often dangled for 't,
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use,
 To gain th' advantage of the set,
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
 For, as the Pythagorean soul
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 And has a smack of every one,
 So love does, and has ever done;
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.
 'Tis but an ague that 's reverst,
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much
 As iron in Greenland does the touch;
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that 's but the ice of fire;
 And when his heat of fancy 's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
 For, when he 's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Mi's or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery,
 And off the loud oaths go, but, while
 They 're in the very act, recoil;
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
 Without a separate maintenance;
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,
 Trust none again till they 've made over;
 Or, if they do, before they marry
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
 And, ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to fize themselves and them.
 Whence wittiest ladies always chuse
 To undertake the heaviest goose:
 For now the world is grown so wary,
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,
 The cross and pile for better or worse;
 A mode that is held honourable
 As well as French, and fashionable:
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body to unite
 To make up one hermaphrodite,
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
 They 've more punctilios and caprices
 Between the petticoat and breeches,
 More petulant extravagances,
 Than poets make them in romances;
 Though, when their heroes 'spouse their dames,
 We hear no more of charms and flames;
 For then their late attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
 And all their catterwauling tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous piques,
 Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd
 By th' yellow manteaus of the bride:
 For jealousy is but a kind
 Of clap and grincam of the mind,
 The natural effects of love,
 As other flames and aches prove:

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But all the mischief is, the doubt
 On whose account they first broke out.
 For though Chineses go to bed,
 And lie-in in their ladies' stead,
 And, for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more,
 Our-green-men do it worse, when they ' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap;
 Both lay the child to one another,
 But who 's the father, who the mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
 Or who imported the French goods.
 But health and sickness being all one,
 Which both engag'd before to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship, only when they 're found,
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares;
 A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit, and art:
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess
 At women by appearances,
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces;
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
 And mother-wits before their gallants;
 Until they 're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
 When all the flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilefies;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government, from th' easy owner;
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave;
 Find all his having and his holding
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
 The conjugal petard, that tears
 Down all portcullices of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males,
 Transform them into rams and goats,
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's ferenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
 Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton over-heated brains,
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink
 Do rather wheedle with than think.
 Man was not man in Paradise,
 Until he was created twice,
 And had his better half, his bride,
 Carv'd from th' original, his side,
 T' amend his natural defects,
 And perfect his recruiting sex;
 Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,

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- By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd tog'ther with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heavenly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And fess all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces
That, in a mathematic line,
Should be in other heavens, join;
In which, if either grew alone,
It could fight as much to look upon:
And in words that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligences o' the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd:
But those that serve the body alone
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses
In all the wonders she produces:
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind:
For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd Friars and Vestal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Preposterously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by wives,
Until they graze and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths;
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns,
- 770 For what can we pretend t' inherit.
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debar'd it all, but for our birth.
775 What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their comforts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
785 Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Concludes in articles of marriage?
790 Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the interests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
795 To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And some-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
800 The virtuous matron, and the mis;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
805 Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth,
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,
But, rather than not go before,
810 Abandon heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
815 Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
820 Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it save her same way
It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
825 And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
830 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve:
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
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In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post.
Yet when they're at their race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends, 900
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease;
So all these false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove 905
To be but new recruits of love;
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours, more
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour;
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with furies
As charming looks surpris'd and stolen:
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers;
Two night-alls for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing else has power to settle
The interests of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And parties fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
When nothing else but death can loose.
And that security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the heaven of a lover?
I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true;
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heaven by another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty consequences
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamblers, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And, if they use their persons so,
What will they to the r fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And *All my worldly goods*—but speak

(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flame that's superfluous:
To that their faith is still made good, 965
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once resign our powers,
We've nothing left we can call ours:
Our money's now become the Miss
Of all your lives and services, 970
And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors 975
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady she's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more t. epanners. 980
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a special grace 985
To be their cully for a space,
That when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vail is:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all th' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods, 990
By pimp, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits 995
Of all your passionate love suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition 1000
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make addresses and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes, 1005
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at Roste and L' Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too:
Strive who shall be the ablest man 1010
At right gallanting of a tan;
And who the most genteely bred
At sucking of a vizard-bead;
How best t' account us in all quarters,
T' our question-and-command new garters;
And solemnly discourse upon 1015
All sorts of dainties *pro and con*:
For there's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay 1020
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do it
But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your cully'd past amours;

Aft o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;
 Which others influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and thins;
 For which the furgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030
 Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
 How debts and mortgages inchant!
 What graces muft that lady have,
 That can from executions fave!
 What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent!
 What magical attracts and graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire facias*!
 From bonds and ftatutes can difcharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge! 1040
 There are the higheft excellencies
 Of all your true or falfe pretences;
 And you would damn yourfelf, and fwear
 As much t' an hoftefs dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by retail
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale. 1045
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
 Who at your flames would foon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your defire,
 And, like a candle in a focket, 1050
 Diffolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When they heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in hafte, with fuch a powder, 1055
 The blows grew louder ftill and louder;
 Which Hudibras, as if they'd been
 Beftow'd as freely on his fkin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060
 To be the Wizard, come to fearch,
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as afhes, or a clout,
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt;
 For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065
 With too much or too little valour.
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a paffage through his fide,

Ver. 1053. 1054.] Two days were but yet
 paffed fince the beginning of thefe adventures:
 we are now entering into the night wherein
 happened the moft remarkable action in the whole
 Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management,
 imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally ce-
 lebrated for their night-adventures. But who
 are the perfons that knock at the gate? probably
 two of the Lady's own fervants: for, as fhe and
 Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambufcade) had
 been defanting on the Knight's villanies, fo they
 had undoubtedly laid this fcheme to be revenged
 of him: the fervants were difguifed, and acted
 in a bold and hectoring manner, purfuant to the
 inftrudtion given them by the Widow. The
 Knight was to be made believe they were Sidro-
 phel and Whachurn, which made his fright and
 confufion fo great, that we find him falling in-
 to afleep.

Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them,
 But in a fury to fly at them; 1070
 And therefore beat and laid about
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But fhe, who faw in what a taking
 The Knight was by his furious quaking, 1075
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
 Know I'm refolv'd to break no rite
 Of hofpitality to a ftranger,
 But, to fecure you out of danger,
 Will here myfelf ftand centinel, 1080
 To guard this paff 'gainft Sidrophel:
 Women, you know, do feldom fail
 To make the ftouteft men turn tail,
 And bravely fcoff to turn their backs 1085
 Upon the deepeft attacks.
 At this the Knight grew refolute
 As Ironfide, or Hardiknute;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to fally;
 But fhe befought him to convey 1090
 His courage rather out o' th' way,
 And lodge in ambufh on the floor,
 Or fortify'd behind a door,
 That, if the enemy fhould enter,
 He might relieve her in th' adventure. 1095
 Meanwhile, they knock'd againft the door,
 As fierce as at the gate before;
 Which made the renegado Knight
 Relapfe again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to ftay 1100
 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
 But rather poft himfelf, to ferve
 The lady for a frefh referve,
 His duty was not to difpute,
 But what fhe 'ad order'd execute;
 Which he refolv'd in hafte t' obey, 1105
 And therefore ftoutly march'd away,
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Though in the dark, and all alone;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs 1110
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
 Had drawn him up before a paff,
 To ftand upon his guard, and face:
 Thus he courageoufly invaded,
 And having enter'd, barricadoed;
 Intenc'd himfelf as formidable 1115
 As could be underneath a table,
 Where he lay down in ambufh clofe,
 T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
 Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
 To guard his desperate avenue,
 Before he heard a dreadful thout,
 As loud as putting to the rout,
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fancy'd th' enemy had ftorm'd, 1120
 And, after entering, Sidrophel
 Was fallen upon the guards pell-mell:
 He therefore fent out all his fenfes
 To bring him in intelligences,

Ver. 1086.] Two famous and valiant princes
 of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a
 Dane.

Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters, 1135
And storm'd the outworks of his fortrefs;
And, as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
By venturing only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through' a window by the ears:
So he was sciv'd in his redoubt, 1145
And by the other end pul'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They Routly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid:
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But striking him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To smiting with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By' o' a friend, they evil genius;
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lyes
The Brethren's privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcase sent,
For just revenge and punishment:
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession:
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches; 1180
That in return would pay th' expence,
The wear and tear of conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' handieth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then? speak true. 1185
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldst thou 'ave us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,

And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.
What made thee pick and chuse her out 1195
T' employ their forceries about?
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200
I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won 1205
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and wooe.
Why didst thou forge those shameful lyes
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220
Why didst thou chuse that curst sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints'-bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd, 1225
And is the easiest to be learn'd;
For no degrees, unless they' employ it,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy it:
A gift that is not only able 1230
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impower'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out:
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near;
For no sin else, among the Saints, 1235
Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn you all, before
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240
Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all our doating politicks,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we must come to school to you, 1245
To learn your more refin'd and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You 'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house. 1250
'Tis true (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That, as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255
Were angels all before they fell,

So are you like to be again,
 Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
 Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
 Thy scholar in this mystery ;
 And therefore first desire to know
 Some principles on which you go.
 What makes a knave a child of God,
 And one of us ?—A livelihood.
 What renders beating out of brains,
 And murder, godliness ?—Great gains.
 What's tender conscience ?—'Tis a botch
 That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
 But, breaking out, dispatches more
 Than th' epidemical plague fore.
 What makes y' inroach upon our trade,
 And damn all others ?—To be paid.
 What's orthodox and true believing
 Against a conscience ?—A good living.
 What makes rebelling against kings
 A good old cause ?—Administering.
 What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?
 About two hundred pounds a-year.
 And that which was prov'd true before,
 Prove false again ?—Two hundred more.
 What makes the breaking of all oaths
 A holy duty ?—Food and cloaths.
 What, laws and freedom, persecution ?
 Being out of power and contribution.
 What makes a Church a den of thieves ?—
 A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.
 And what would serve, if these were gone,
 To make it orthodox ?—Our own.
 What makes morality a crime,
 The most notorious of the time ;
 Morality, which both the Saints
 And Wicked too cry out against ?
 'Cause grace and virtue are within
 Prohibited degrees of kin ;
 And therefore no true Saint allows
 They shall be suffer'd to espouse :
 For Saints can need no conscience,
 That with morality dispense ;
 As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
 In nature only, and not imputed ;
 But why the wicked should do so,
 We neither know, nor care to do.
 What's liberty of conscience,
 If th' natural and genuine sense ?
 'Tis to restore, with more security,
 Rebellion to its ancient purity ;
 And Christian liberty reduce
 To th' elder practice of the Jews ;
 For a large conscience is all one,
 And signifies the same with none.
 It is enough (quoth he) for once,
 And has repiev'd thy forfeit bones ;
 Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
 (Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
 But was below the level of these,
 That pass i' th' world for holiness.
 This said, the Furies and the light
 In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,
 And left him in the dark alone,
 With stinks of brimstone and his own.

The Queen of Night, whose large command
 Rules all the sea, and half the land,
 And over moit and crazy brains,
 In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
 Was now declining to the west,
 To go to bed and take her rest ;
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
 Deni'd his bones that soft repose,
 Lay still, expecting worse and more,
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor ;
 And, though he shut his eyes as fast
 As if he had been to sleep his last,
 Saw all the shapes that fear, or wizards
 Do make the Devil wear for vizards ;
 And, pricking up his ears, to mark
 If he could hear, too, in the dark,
 Was first invaded with a groan
 And aster in a feeble tone,
 These trembling words : Unhappy wretch,
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
 Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
 Thy holy brotherhood o' the blade ?
 By lanterning still on some adventure,
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur ?
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
 Of cruel and hard-wood'd drubs ?
 For still thou hast had the work on't yet,
 As well in conquest as defeat ;
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,
 To rest the body and the mind,
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd corpie with sleep.
 The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
 As meant to him this reprimand,
 Because the character did hit
 Point-blank upon his case so fit :
 Believ'd it was some drolling sprite
 That staid upon the guard that night,
 And one of those he had seen, and felt
 The drubs he had so freely dealt ;
 When, after a short pause and groan,
 The doleful spirit thus went on ;
 This 'tis I engage with Dogs and Bears
 Pell-mell together by the ears,
 And, after painful bangs and knocks,
 To lie in limbo in the stocks,
 And from the pinnacle of glory
 Fall headlong into Purgatory :
 (Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
 That on my late disasters rallies)
 Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more heroic-minded ;
 And at a riding handled worse,
 With treats more slovenly and coarse ;

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this description of the morning's approach : none that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by the moon's declension : he scorned to follow the old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's rising, which he had done once before, Part II. Canto ii. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new way, and altogether just.

Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adit bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.

I see, thought he, this shameless elf 1380
Would fain steal me, too, from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done)
And now, but venturing to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the devil know 1385
What 'twas that I design'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;

And he knows nothing of the Saints 1390
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,

That undertakes to understand, 1395
And juggles at the second hand,
And now would pass for Spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.

I thin: I need not fear him for 't; 1400
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With th' he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art?

A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace 1405
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
Thus far I am sure thou 'rt in the right:

And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1410
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, black-guard sprite,
Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;

Thou hast no work to do in th' house, 1415
Nor halipenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which fum
You dare not be so troublesome

To pinch the flatterns black and blue, 1420
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your business, good Pug-Robin,
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,

T' entice fanatics in the dirt, 1425
And wash them clean in ditches for 't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud,

As now you would have done by me, 1430
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir (quoth the Voice) ye 're no such sopher 1435
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I th' standard of your own false balance,

Or think it possible to know 1440
Us ghosts, as well as we do you;
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,

And never left you in contest 1445
With male or female, man or beast;
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1450
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours

But I have sent him for a token 1455
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers in a rope:

And, if ye 'ave been more just to me 1460
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' ill-affected say of you—

Ye 'ave 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause, 1465
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took, the Covenant:

But that no more concerns the Cause, 1470
Than other perjuries do the laws,
Which when they 're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for 't;

And that 's the reason Covenanters 1475
Hold up their hands, like regues at bars.
I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence
These scandals of the Saints commence,

That are but natural effects 1480
Of Satan's malice, and his sect's,
Those spider-faints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of th' ir heads.

Sir (quoth the Voice) that may as true 1485
And properly be said of you,
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:

For all the Independents do, 1490
Is only what you forc'd them to;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,

But must have armies rais'd to back 1495
The Gospel-work you undertake:
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to save souls:

While he, poor devil, has no power 1500
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Clavis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance;

Is ty'd up only to design, 1505
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.

Hence 'tis possessions do less evil 1510
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid 'st actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;

Because, unless they help the elf, 1515
He can do little of himself;
And therefore, where he's best possess'd,
Acts most against his interest;

Surprizes none, but those who 'ave priests 1520
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supply'd with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition,

With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1525
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation:

With holy water, like a sluice, 1530
To overflow all avenues:
But those who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,

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He never offers to surprize,
 Although his falsest enemies;
 But is content to be their drudge,
 And on their errands glad to trudge:
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap-up souls;
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
 T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
 And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er,
 Upon demand with fairer justice,
 Than all your covenanting Trustees;
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular powers,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice:
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And, for a goat unpaid that 's due,
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
 State-prudence to cajole the devil,
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourse
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours,
 That, as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
 Or, frighted with our oratory,
 To leap down headlong many a story;
 Have us'd all means to propagate
 Your mighty interests of state,
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
 Your great designs of rage and murder:
 For if the fairs are nam'd from blood,
 We only 'ave made that title good;
 And, if it were but in our power,
 We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a foul behind
 Of all Dissenters of mankind.

Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I scorn
 To be ungrateful, in return
 Of all those kind good offices,
 I'll free you out of this distress,
 And set you down in safety, where
 It is no time to tell you here.
 The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
 And, if I leave you here till day,
 You 'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about
 To find th' enchanted hero out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up,
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
 Unservicable with kicks and blows,
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gretham-carts, with legs for wheels;
 But fear, that soonest cures those fores,
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge,
 The Spirit hors'd him, like a sack,
 Upon the vehicle his back,
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall;
 Where, finding out the postern lock'd,
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass;
 Through which he dragg'd the worsted foldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders.
 And cautiously began to scout
 To find their fellow-cattle out;
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast.
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
 Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night too steal away;
 But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap,
 On which he speedily leap'd up;
 And, turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast,
 And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
 Or padders to secure, a neck:
 Where let us leave them for a time,
 And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
 To hold forth their declining state,
 Which now comes near an even rate.

Ver. 1575.] Altered to *the outer postern*, edit.
 1710.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace :
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm ;
Till, in th' effigy of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mungrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on crows,
And sting the founders of his house,
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after every swarm its own :
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way ;
So presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho : neither of our heroes make their appearance ; other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and to stigmatize vice, factions and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the observance of unity and action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to such decorum ; but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a satirist, and

Vol. II.

Then bore them, like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same ;
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Not interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard :
For when they thriv'd they never sadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd ;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none ;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly' appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,
But all divided, shar'd and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on ;
Which forc'd the stubborn't for the Cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they had gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd ;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry ;
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant ;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions ;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias* ;
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest Saint, and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
To pay their money, and, instead
Of every Brother, pass the deed,
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts.
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,

deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deserts his principal actors : he purposely sends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively representation of the principles and politics of Presbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the Restoration. He tells before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction ; and sure it is with pleasure we see the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declension of their tyrannical power and government. All these occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the several facts are warranted by history

3 [M]

And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attainments
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begin
With law and conscience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As the Utter barrister of Swanwick;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all un sanctify'd Trustees;
Till he who had no more to flow
In th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyterians now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd to a reformato Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the new enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Dama Anabaptist and Fanatic
As pat as Popish and Prelatic;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect in th' nation.
The Good old Cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with New Light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.

The Independents (whole first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of every spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines of War and Church,

Ver. 78.] W. Pryne, a voluminous writer.

Ver. 118.] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was found for a preacher, and read a sermon * in print, intitled, *Cromwell's Learned, Decent, and Confessionary Exercise, held at St. Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields, upon Rom. xiii. 1.* in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have

And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevailed so far, 125
To win of them the game of war,
And he at liberty once more
To attack themselves as they had before.
For now there was no foe in arms
To unite their factions with alarms, 130
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves, at home,
Who had compass'd all they pray'd and swore,
And fought, and pilch'd, and plunder'd for,

85
"abused it very much; but, thanks be to God
"it was to their own ruin.
"But now that I spoke of kings, the question
90 "is, Whether by the *higher powers*, are meant
"kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a
"very great question among those that are
"learned: for may not every one that can read
"observe, that Paul speak in the plural number,
95 "*higher powers*? Now had he meant subjection to
"a king, he would have said, "Let every soul
"be subject to the *high power*," if he had meant
"one man; but by this you see he meant more
"than one: he bid us "be subject to the *higher*
100 "*powers*," that is, the Council of State, the House
"of Commons, and the Army." Ib. p. 3.

* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture. N.

105 When in the *Humble Petition* there was inserted
an article against public preachers being mem-
bers of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted
against it expressly; "Because he (he said) was
"one, and divers officers of the army, by whom
110 "much good had been done—and therefore de-
"fired they would explain their article." (*Heath's*
"*Chronicle*, p. 408.)

115 But Sir Roger L'Estrange observes (*Reflection*
upon *Pegg's Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Cuckoldly*
Father, part I. fab. 357.) upon the pretended
saints of those times, "That they did not set one
"step, in the whole tract of this iniquity, with-
"out seeking the Lord first, and going up to en-
"quire of the Lord, according to the cant of
"those days; which was no other than to make
"God the author of sin, and to impute the black-
"est practices of hell to the inspiration of the
"Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the Regicides, calied General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the King from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done; and, when they had notice that it was over, persuaded the General that this was a full return of prayer; and, God having so manifested his pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in it. (*Perceval's Life of King Charles I.*)

Subdued the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and tranfact,
And share the spoil of all they had ranfact,
T' hutch up what they had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no foner but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but, t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best
To damn the public interest,
And herded only in confults,
To put by one another's bolt:
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their disiects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone;
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
They' united constant, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided;
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to shew them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented folitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new-rising rendezvous,
And, with a pertinacy' unmatched,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.

Ver. 163.] What a lasting monument of fame has our Poet rais'd to the Royalists! What merited praises does he bestow on their unshaken faith and loyalty! How happily does he applaud their constancy and sufferings! If any thing can be a compensation to those of that party, who met with unworthy disregard and neglect after the Restoration, it must be this never-dying eulogy. Butler, also, was one of that unfortunate number.

135 No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started!
And, as if Nature, too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increast
The more, the more they were suppress'd;
145 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate attempts
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
150 Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From venturing to maintain the right,
From flaking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
155 But kept the dale of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
160 They put their loyalty in possession;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Bath.
Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
215 Did Oliver give up his reign,

165
Ver. 201, 202.] The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppress'd by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are several remarkable instances upon record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penraddock, Grove, and others, who suffer'd for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Captain Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turn'd off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles; *Vive le Roy*; of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kiss'd it, and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert Spothwood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called *sedition* books and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the six countries of North Wales to be pass'd over in silence, who never address'd or petitioned during the Usurpation: nor the common soldier mentioned in the *Oxford Journal*, first Week, p. 6. See more in the *Roll of the Impetuous Sheriff*, L'E. Leung's *Fables*, part II. fab. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Prynn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Royalists, says, "Other nations would have canoniz'd for martyrs, and erected statues after their death, to the memory of some of our

And was believ'd as well by Saints
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry;

220

"compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive than their undaunted zeal."

Ver. 215, 216.] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed, in a tract intitled, *No Feel to the old Feel*, L'Estrange's *Apology*, p. 39. "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase, with other regicides. The author of the *Parley between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell*, 1680, p. 19. merrily observes, "That he was even so turbulent and fedious there, that he was chain'd, by way of punishment, in the general pissing-place next the cock-door, with a strict charge that nobody that made water thereabouts should piss any where but against his body."

Ver. 220.] The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled; "For (said he) this is good news, because if he was of use to the people of God when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr. South make mention of an Independent divine, (*Sermons*, Vol. I. sermon iii. p. 102.) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in less time: but Oliver's death being published two days after, the said divine publicly, in his prayers, expostulated with God the defeat of his prophecy in these words, "Thou hast lied unto us; yea, thou hast lied unto us."

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard observes of one of them, "That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper."

Ver. 224.] After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall; near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *London*.

Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hail;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious reliques to translate:
So Richard's was seen before
By 'as orthodox a senator,
From wh' divine illumination
He stole the pagan revelation.

22

230

Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the State,
That rode him above horseman's weight.

235

Ver. 231, 232.] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partizans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit *incog.* to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas; who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English; and, after a few words (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well, said the Prince, Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Vol. III. p. 519. See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's *Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield*.

Ver. 237.] A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe him-

And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel hankerings,
To see an empire all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government and law,
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who, for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their mother church's top,
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations since,
And now fulfill'd by their successors,
Who equally mistook their measures.
For, when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' un sanctify'd;
While every individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crackt,
Were found the busiest to transact;
For, though most hands dispatch apace
And make light work (the proverb says)
Yet many different inte lects
Are found t' have contrary effects:
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.
Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless king Jesus: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert: 270

"self inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth, for a thousand years."

Ver. 241, 242.] Dr. James Young observes, "That two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, anno 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel-ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the Great Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen, in their blessed times: that the crab-tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them."

Ver. 267, 268.] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate *Whether a King or no King*, said, "That if they must have a King, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England. He found no fault in his person, but office."

Ver. 269.] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell and set up King Jesus.

Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety:
Some for the Gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual Affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence 275
Oaths of supremacy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' Excise;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slavery of Obedience: 290
Some were for Gospel-ministers,
And some for Red-coat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold-forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other sword:
Some were for carrying on the Work 295
Against the Pope, and some the Turk:
Some for engaging to suppress
The camifado of Surplices,

Ver. 269, 270. *Others tamper'd—For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert.*] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general: he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's second daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house: his salary supposed to be 6600*l.* a year.—Desborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70 *l.* per annum; some say a plowman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough says, "When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others."—Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel: was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the protectorship; upon which he was made one of his council, a General at Sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was 3236*l.* 13*s.* and 4*d.*

Ibid. *Lambert.*] *Lambard*, in the first edition 1678. Altered 1684. He was one of the Rump Generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the Restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament* so called, 1657, p. 9. observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had 1000*l.* per annum, which with his other places, in all amounted to 6512*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*"

Ver. 272. *Agitators.*] In 1647, the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the *General Council of Officers*; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of

That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward: 300
 More proper for the cloudy night
 Of Popery than Gospel-light:
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
 Is marry'd only to a thumb
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig);
 The bride to nothing but her will,
 That nulls her after-marriage still: 310
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of Linsey-wolsey in the nation;
 And some against all idolising
 The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising:
 Others, to make all things recant 315
 The Christian or surname of Saint,
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce:
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
 And bringing down the price of Coals: 320
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in;
 To abrogate them root and branches;
 While others were for eating Haunches
 Of warriors, and, now and then, 325
 The Flesh of kings and mighty men:
 And some for breaking of their Bones
 With rods of iron, by secret ones;
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells; 330
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the Wicked fore afraid of.

each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a House of Commons to the council of officers: these drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience.

Ver. 308. *That us'd to.*] *That is to*, edition 1678. *That us'd to*, editions 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered 1710, as it stands here.

Ver. 317, 318.] The mayor of Colchester banished one of that town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whose name was Parsons; and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

Ver. 323.] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's Army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel, and her children, and the Lady Norwich, might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alledged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General "for a man and wife." Nay, it was debated at

The quacks of government (who sate
 At th' unregarded helm of state,
 And understood this wild confusion 335
 Offatal madness and delusion,
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
 And save their wind-pipes from the law; 340
 For one rencounter at the bar
 Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war;
 And therefore met in consultation
 To cant and quack upon the nation;
 Not for the sickly patient's sake, 345
 Nor what to give, but what to take;
 To feel the pulses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries;
 Prolong the fault of life in pain,
 And from the grave recover—Gain. 350
 'Mong these there was a politician
 With more heads than a beast in vision,
 And more intrigues in every one
 Than all the whores of Babylon;
 So politic, as if one eye 355
 Upon the other were a spy,
 That, to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink;
 And in his dark pragmatic way
 As busy as a child at play. 360

"a council of war, to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." Their endeavour was, how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and the Presbyterians, by a massacre; for which purpose many dark-lanterns were provided last winter, 1649; which coming to the common rumour of the Town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them; so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a *Thanksgiving Sermon* before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46. says, "If Christ will set up his kingdom upon the carcases of the slain, it well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words; "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup; let their blood be spilled like water; let their blood be sacrificed to thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

Ver. 351.] This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times.

He 'ad seen three governments run down,
 And had a hand in every one :
 Was for them, and against them all,
 But barbarous when they came to fall :
 For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365
 He made his interest with the new one ;
 Play'd true and faithful, though against
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd :
 For, by the witchcraft of rebellion 370
 Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion,
 By giving aim from side to side,
 He never fail'd to save his tide,
 But got the start of every state,
 And, at a change, ne'er came too late ;
 Could turn his word, and oath, and faith 375
 As many ways as in a lath ;
 By turning wriggle, like a screw :
 Int' highest trust, and out, for new :
 For when he 'ad happily incur'd,
 Instead of hemp, to be prefer'd, 380
 And pass'd upon a government,
 He play'd his trick, and out he went ;
 But being out, and out of hopes
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
 Would strive to raise himself upon 385
 The public ruin, and his own ;
 So little did he understand
 The desperate feats he took in hand,
 For, when he 'ad got himself a name
 For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game ; 390
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 To shew his play at fast and loose ;
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
 For art and subtlety, his luck.
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395
 And made a tally to his wit,
 And both together most profound
 At deeds of darkness under ground ;
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400
 By all these arts, and many more
 He 'ad parctis'd long and much before,
 Our state-artificer foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw :

For, as old sinners have all points 405
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,
 And, better than by Napier's bones,
 Feel in their own the age of moons ; 410
 So guilty sinners, in a state,
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain
 Some days before a shower of rain :
 He, therefore, wisely cast about 415
 All ways he could t' insure his throat,
 And hither came, t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took,
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest. 420
 To match this Saint there was another,
 As busy and perverse a Brother,
 An haberdasher of small wares
 In politics and state affairs ;
 More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel, 425
 And better gifted to rebel ;
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The Cause, aloft upon one house,
 He scorn'd to fet his own in order, 430
 But try'd another, and went further ;
 So suddenly addicted still
 To 's only principle, his will,
 That, whatfo'er it chanc'd to prove,
 Nor force of argument could move,
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'horn, 435
 Could render half a grain less stubborn ;
 For he at any time would hang,
 For th' opportunity t' harangue ;
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ; 440
 In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust :
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease ;
 And with its everlasting clack 445
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to picqueer,

Ver. 420.] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion in the year 1558 : he, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a-fishing to the mill, and, if they enquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree ; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, "That he would take him at his word : if (says he) thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel ;—and

"if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him : " and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

Ver. 421.] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines : for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn : " which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death ;

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone ?
 Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
 Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
 Let them not both in one grave buried be :
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
 For if they both should meet they would fall out.

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engag'd in controversy; 450
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing;
 With volleys of eternal babble,
 And clamour, more unanswerable.
 For though his topics, frail and weak, 455
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd them, like his faults,
 Against the desperat'ft assaults.
 And back'd their feeble want of sense
 With greater heat and confidence: 460
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
 The more they 're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.
 Yet, when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated;
 For nothing but his interest 465
 Could lay his devil of contest:
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse.
 T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body, worship'd it: 470
 But when he found the tullen trapes
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
 The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadis tricks;
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common;
 He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
 And still, the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appear'd, to fit the closer: 480
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met,
 And close in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490
 Than with his own impatience
 To give himself first audience,
 After he had a while look'd wise,
 At last broke silence, and the ice.
 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt 495
 Our last outgoings brought about,
 More than to see the characters
 Of real jealousies and fears,
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid.
 Scor'd upon every Member's forehead; 500
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
 And revolutions in their corns,

Ver. 485, 486.] This cabal was held at White-
 hall, at the very time that General Monk was
 dining with the city of London. I heartily wish
 the Poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras
 into this grand assembly; his presence would
 have continued an uniformity in this Poem, and
 been very pleasing to the spectator. His natural

And, since our workings-out are craft, 505
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
 Was it to run away we meant
 When, taking of the covenant,
 The lamest cripples of the Brothers
 Took oaths to run before all others, 510
 But, in their own sense, only swore
 To strive to run away before,
 And now would prove, that words and oath
 Engage us to renounce them both?
 'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch, 515
 Between a right and mongrel-church,
 The Prebyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on 't;
 As 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's fast) 520
 When Providence had been suborn'd
 What answer was to be return'd:
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through
 And understand as well to tame 525
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble;
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With drums and rattles, like a child, 530
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us;
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition;
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535
 Became strong motives to devotion
 (As carnal amen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform);
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 540
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee;
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the Church, and State, and Laws, 545
 Submit t' old iron, and the Cause.
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
 So might be better now again,
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need: 550
 Tumults, by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us;
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
 And close malignant are detected;
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down, 555
 For pledges to secure our own;

propension to loquacity would certainly have ex-
 cited itself on so important an occasion; and his
 rhetoric and jargon would not have been less
 politic or entertaining than that of the two ora-
 tors here characterised.

Ver. 521.] Alluding to the impudence of those
 pretended saints, who frequently directed God
 Almighty what answers he should return to their
 prayers. Mrs. Simeon Ath was called the *God-
 challenger*.

And freely sacrifice their ears
 To appease our jealousies and fears:
 And yet for all these providences
 We are offer'd, if we had our senses,
 We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets,
 And nothing but our tongues at large,
 To get the wretches a discharge;
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes;
 That neither have the hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away;
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together;
 No mean nor trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress;
 Who use to lessen their despairs
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if, the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And every one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among.
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit,
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course.
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, despair:
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd;
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:
 And so they might be now again,
 If we were, what we should be, men;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with Fate:
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking Covenants,
 And setting up exauns of Saints,
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficacy:
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks, for independent,
 To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
 Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state:
 Didstain the pedantry o' th' letter,
 And, since obedience is better
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on 't will suffice;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st hints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false,
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;

Put left at large to make their best on,
 Without being call'd t' account or question:
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells;
 And bid themselves turn back again
 Lord Mayors of New Jerusalem;
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers to own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions,
 Bestow'd their gifts upon a Saint,
 Like charity, on those that want;
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes;
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases
 But from our Calamies and Cafes?
 Without whose sprinkling and saving,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
 Their Dispensations had been sifted,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield:
 And, had they not begun the war,
 They had ne'er been fainter as they are:
 For Saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate:
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the power of sacrilege:
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
 As easy as serpents do their skins,
 That in a while grow out again,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And, from the most refin'd of Saints,
 As naturally grow miscreants
 As barnacles turn sol and geese
 In th' islands of th' Orcaes.
 Their Dispensation 's but a ticket
 For their conforming to the Wicked,
 With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words and shew than sense:
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;
 And, if the world has any troth,
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.

Ver. 636.] Calamy and Cafe were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents.

Ver. 640.] *Adoniram Byfield*. He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was sold for 40s. though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Ver. 648.] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

3 [N]

Ver. 600.] *And setting up exauns of Saints*. This is false printed; it should be written *exempts*, or *exempts*, which is a French word, pronounced *exant*.

VOL. II.

But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the over heated fots
 In fever still, like other goats;
 For though the Whore bends heretics
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter they 're they grow the stiffer;
 Still setting off their spiritual goods
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds;
 For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant;
 And Independents to profess
 The doctrine of Dependences;
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To Rawheads fierce and Bloodybones;
 And, not content with endless quarrels
 Against the Wicked and their morals,
 The Gibellines, for want of Guel's,
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For, now the war is not between
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
 But Saint and Saint, to spill the blood
 Of one another's Brotherhood,
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,
 Or, zealous suffering for the Cause,
 To gain one groat's-worth of applause;
 For, though endur'd with resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
 Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bones,
 And eat the flesh of Brethren,
 Instead of kings and mighty men?
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater elves?
 When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Poor friends with Dagon;
 When savage bears agree with bears,
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
 And not atone their fatal wrath,
 When common danger threatens both?
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?
 And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
 No notice of the danger take?
 But though no power of heaven or hell
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,
 Who would not guess there might be hopes,
 The fear of gallowses and ropes.
 Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities a while,
 At least until they 'ad a clear stage,
 And equal freedom to engage,
 Without the danger of surprise
 By both our common enemies?
 This none but we alone could doubt,
 Who understand their workings-out,
 And know them, both in soul and conscience,
 Given up t'as reprobate a non-sense
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the power
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.
 We whom at first they set-up under
 In revelation only of plunder,
 Who since have had so many trials
 Of their inreaching self-denials,

That rook'd upon us with design
 To out-reform and undermine;
 Took all our interests and commands
 Perfidiouly out of our hands;
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 Like younger sons of Father Belial;
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
 They 'ad done us and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The Work still, as we had begun;
 But true and faithfully obey'd,
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us, like the Cavaliers;
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,
 To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
 Or hangman's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd before them to be at:
 That cut, like tallies to the stumps,
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,
 And burnt our vessels, like a new
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
 Held for the Cause against all others,
 Disclaiming equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held.
 And, though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same;
 And till they first began to cant,
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy,
 Although 'twas our and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon;
 And yet for all this Gospel-union,
 And outward shew of Church-communion,
 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
 Of ruling church or state affairs,
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance;
 But thar'd our dividend o' the Crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down,
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again;
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
 And when 'twas held forth in our way,
 We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
 Who, for the right we've done the nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
 And put our vessels in a way,
 Once more, to come again in play;
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring-in the King,
 What would our actions not have done,
 Had we been suffer'd to go on?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on th' affair;

But whether that be so or not,
 We've done enough to have it thought,
 And that's as good as if we had done't;
 And easier pass'd upon account:
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The world is naturally averse
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
 With greediness and gluttony;
 And though it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong:
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild;
 For meats ridiculous and fustome,
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome;
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
 And what they're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controul'd.
 And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge in Providence.
 For, as relapses make diseases
 More desperate than their first access,
 If we but get again in power,
 Our work is easier than before,
 And we more ready and expert
 I' th' mystery, to do our part:
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create than make;
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on;
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
 With plots and projects of our own;
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we, now we're better vers'd,
 Who have a freer latitude,
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our Discipline;
 To which it was reveal'd long since
 We were ordain'd by Providence,
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,
 The Cause's primitive confessors,
 Being crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just to many years of blood,
 That, multiply'd by Six, express'd
 The perfect number of the Beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the men
 To bring this work about again;
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough Reformation:
 For who have gifts to carry on
 So great a work, but we alone;
 What Churches have such able pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?
 Possess'd with absolute dominions
 O'er Brethren's parties and opinions?
 And, trusted with the double keys
 Of heaven and their warehouses;

Ver. 841.] Barten, Prymme, and Bastwicke,
 three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just
 at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

Who, when the Cause is in distress,
 Can furnish out what sums they please.
 That brooding lie in banker's hands,
 To be dispos'd at their commands,
 And daily increase and multiply
 With Doctrine, Use and Usury;
 Can fetch-in parties (as, in war,
 All other heads of cattle are)
 From the enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,
 And shave them, from blue ribbands, down
 To all blue aprons in the town:
 From ladies hurried in calèches,
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 All guts and belly, like a crab,
 Our party's great, and better ty'd
 With oaths, and trade, than any side;
 Has one considerable improvement
 To double fortify the Covenant;
 I mean our Covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land,
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions;
 Our best reserve for Reformation,
 When new Outgoings give occasion:
 That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their creed) i' affect;
 And, when they're prodded in Parliament,
 Will once more try th' expedient:
 Who can already muster friends
 To serve for members to our ends,
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fither's-folly congregation;
 Are only tools to our intrigues,
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T' outlast, outloiter, and outfit,
 Can order matters underhand,
 To put all business to a stand;
 Lay public bills aside for private,
 And make them one another drive out;
 Divert the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contend and vary;
 And make the nation represent,
 And serve for us in Parliament:
 Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year, but finish none,
 Unless it be the bulk of Lenthal,
 That always pass'd for fundamental;

Ver. 900.] Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to the
 House of Commons which began the Rebellion,
 murdered the King, becoming then but the name
 or rag-end of a House, and was turned out by
 Oliver Cromwell; restored after Richard's
 ouster, and at last dissolved themselves at
 Monk's command: and as his name was in
 the ordinances of this House, these ordinances
 here called the *Bulls of Lenthal*, in the first of
 Pope's bulls, which are humorously alluded to
 the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

Can set up grandees against grandee,
To squander time away and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope:
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, to act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casking voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No*;
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend:
An art that so much study costs,
And now 's in danger to be lost,
Unlets our ancient virtuoso's,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Besides, the herds of Boute-neus
We set on work without the House,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both Houses,
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot of the farce,
And every one his part rehearse;
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party 's like to say:
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He 's in his calling to be seen;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;

Ver. 934.] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer: which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by *Hock*, but not by *Crook*.

Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations: 970
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to cure the better for 't;
As long as confessors are sure 975
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richest trade; 980
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen;
Disdain to own the least regret,
For all the Christian blood we 've let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
Our title to do so again:
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy to our principle,
In time, will wear out all thing else: 990
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995
Before from world to world they swung.
As they had turn'd from side to side:
And as the changelings lived they dy'd.
This said, th' impatient Statesinonger
Could now contain himself no longer, 1000
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics.
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he had administer'd a dose 1005
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of the outward jobbernot,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke: 1010
In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols 1015
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him out one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore; 1020
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate to aid.

Ver. 995, 996.] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, "That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn in the way."

Ver. 1004.] *Grimaces*, edition 1674. Altered 1684.

Ver. 1007.] *Inside of his soul*, in the first edition of 1678. Altered to *skull*, 1684, four years after Mr. Butler's death.

- Uniefs, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No power is able to reftore
And bring him in, but on your fcore:
A fpiritual doctrine, that conduces
Moft properly to all your uies.
'Tis true, a fcorpion's oil is laid
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons drefs'd with falves reftore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Prefbyterians have
So much good-nature as the falve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Thofe who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you fhould mifs
Th' arrears of all your fervices,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd fo unconfcionably hard,
As not to find a juft reward
For letting rapine loofe, and murder,
To rage juft to far, but no further,
And, fetting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a fcantling, but no higher;
For venturing to affaffinate
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be allow'd the fitteft men
To take the charge of both again:
Efpccially that have the grace
Of felf-denying gifted face:
Who, when your projects have mifcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On thofe you painfully trepann'd,
And fpinkled in at fecond-hand;
As we have been, to fhare the guilt
Of Chriftian blood, devoutly fpilt;
For fo our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourfelves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till, finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the fet,
As well as ours, who did but bet
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the felf-fame fcore),
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had loft us at foul play,
And brought you down to rook and lye,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And refcued all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like alligators;
For which ingenuoufly ye 've fhew'd
Your Prefbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Thofe were your motives to divide,
And fcruple, on the other fide;
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of confcience and remorie;
- To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal and fafe,
To charge us with the confequences
Of all your native infolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To ferve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errors and defects
With murder and rebellion texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to fow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Chriftian doctrine forth, and ufe;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are faid to fee the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predeftination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination:
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
As bad as Bloody bones or Lunsford.

Ver. 1065.] Alluding to the cafe of Mr. Prynne, who had his ears cropped twice for his feditious writings.

Ver. 1086.] *Than maggots are convinc'd to flies.*] Thus it ftands in all editions to 1710, exclusive, and then altered, *Than maggots* when they turn to flies.

Ver. 1093.] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the feventh commandment; who printed it, *Thou fhalt commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-com-miffion Court.

Ver. 1112. *Or Lunsford.*] It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war, to raife falfe alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehenfions. In particular they raifed a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on fuch occafions, and mentions the tumult he raifed againft the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (fays he) before the Houfe of Peers, for fticking clofe to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and thofe that flood for them, being one of thofe two or three men that firft drew their fwords in Weftminfter-hall againft Colonel Lunsford, and fome fcores of his associates: at that time it was fuppofed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefeft men then fitting in the Houfe of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of fo brutal an appetite that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more deteftable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all,

While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to malignants marry'd:
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle;
 Made taylor's 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures:
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
 Inchant the King's and Church's lands, 1125
 T' obey and follow your commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcy-hill had done of old;
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate
 The Gospel into spoons and plate: 1130
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricatest places;
 Could catechise a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox;
 Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon:
 And yet, in spite of all your charms
 To conjure Legion up in arms,
 And raise more devils in the rout,
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit;
 By whom you've been so oft trepann'd, 1145
 And held forth out of all command;
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
 Of all your Dispensations worm'd;
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd; 1150
 Ejected out of Church and State,
 And all things but the people's hate;
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155
 Like better bowlers, in your places:
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
 And though most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
 And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuff'd Treason, nor Misprision:
 That is, because you never dur'd:
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas! you were no longer able 1165
 To raise your posse of the rabble:
 One single red-coat centinel
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse,
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your powers,

was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

Or trust our safeties or undoings,
 To your disposing of Outgoings,
 Or, to your ordering Providence, 1175
 One farthing's-worth of consequence.
 For had you power to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means:
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
 That could not keep yourselves in power;
 T' advance the interests of the Crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own.
 'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth
 To wrong you) done your parts in both, 1190
 To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
 And sanctify'd impertinence,
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out;
 To reformato, one and all,
 T' your great Croyiado General: 1200
 Your greedy flavering to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches, power:
 That sprung the game you were to set,
 Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:
 Your spite to see the Church's lands 1205
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures:
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 By under-churches in the Town, 1210
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths:
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you,
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots;
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics.
 And this way you may claim a share
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair; 1220
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looke,
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From task-masters and slavery,
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225
 In any indifferent man's conceit:
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation?
 That is, the King's and Church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands; 1230
 For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore;
 And, when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?
 As by a world of hints appears, 1235
 All plain, and extant, as your ears.
 But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny't,

Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases: 1240
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Soliers:

Ver. 1239. *Where Henderson.*] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition; it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published; from which it appears, that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together), and made him so far a convert, that he departed, with great sorrow, to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidants, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spake with, as far beyond my expression as expectation.—I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction: yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper; which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say, if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

Ver. 1242. *Ob and Soliers.*] Whoever considers the context, will find that Ob and Soliers are

As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a courting in the schools,
Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author, 1245
O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter:
For, when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person, like Sir Pride or Hughson; 1250
But only those who first begun
The quarrel were by him set on;
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation termagants?
But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
Spent so much time it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' inclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260
Nor had the Uxbridge business less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
The scum as well as son o' th' earth,

designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called *Masses* (as *Mas* is an abridgment of *Master*) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen *Ob* and *Sol*. Such mushroom-divines are ingeniously and compendiously called *Ob* and *Soliers*.

Ver. 1250. *Pride.*] Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's *Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick instead of a sword.

Ibid. *Hughson.*] He was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

Ver. 1263.] This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said among other things, that "no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's commis-

Your mighty senators took law;
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant enemies,
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
 Who had so often, in your aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid,
 Came in at last for better ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,
 You basely left them and the Church
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true Philistines.
 This shews what utensils y' have been,
 To bring the King's concerns in;
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you;
 And if he take you into trust,
 Will find you most exactly just,
 Such as will punctually repay
 With double interest, and betray.

Not that I think these pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,
 Are less ingenious in their art,
 Than those who dully act one part,
 Or those who turn from side to side,
 More guilty than the wind and tide.
 All countries are a wife man's home,
 And so are governments to fools,
 Who change them for the same intrigues
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
 While others in old faiths and troths
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
 And natter in an old opinion,
 Than those who never shift their linen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
 Which way soever the game goes;
 And, whether parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
 While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
 Is more bewitching than the right;
 And, when the times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if we have but sense
 To use the necessary means,

And not your usual stratagems
 On one another—lights and dreams:
 To stand on terms as positive,
 As if we did not take, but give;
 Set up the Covenant on crutches,
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
 And dream of pulling churches down,
 Before we're sure to prop our own;
 Your constant method of proceeding,
 Without the carnal means of heeding,
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.

I grant all courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again;
 The only way that's left us now,
 But all the difficulty 's how.

'Tis true we have money, th' only power
 That all mankind falls down before;
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things;

And therefore need not doubt our play
 Has all advantages that way,
 As long as men have faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well;
 Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice,

One church and state will not suffice,
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages,
 Of storing plagues to after-ages,
 Nor is our money less our own
 Than 'twas before we laid it down;

For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought in play upon 't,
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What power can hinder us to win?

We know the arts we us'd before,
 In peace and war, and something more,
 And by th' unfortunate events
 Can mend our next experiments;

For when we're taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest choughs,
 Who see but th' outsid'es of our feats,
 And not their secret springs and weights,
 And, while they're busy at their ease,
 Can carry what designs we please?

How easy 's 't to serve for agents
 To prosecute our old engagements?
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,
 And present power from taking root;

"flowers) came from Oxford with hearts full
 of blood."

Ver. 1269, 1270.] The expence the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum; their receipts in money and free-quarter, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* William Lilly, the *Sidrophel* of this Poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birth-rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his

prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Colebrook, used the following words: "Thou hast, O Lord, of late, written bitter things against thy children, and forsaken thine own inheritance; and now, O Lord, in our misery and distress we expected aid from our brethren of our neighbouring nation (the Scots I mean), but, good Lord, thou knowest that they are a false, perfidious nation, and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled *Lex Talionis*, 1647, it is proposed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

Inflame them both with false alarms
 Of plots, and parties taking arms;
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide
 From healing up of side to side;
 Profess the passionat' st concerns
 For both their interests by turns,
 The only way t' improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none
 (As bows run true, by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd);
 For if we should be true to either,
 'T would turn us out of both together;
 And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence,
 But keeping up our ancient party
 In vigour, confident and hearty:
 To reconcile our late Dissenters,
 Our Brethren, though by other venters;
 Unite them, and their different maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,
 And make them join again as close,
 As when they first began t' espouse;
 Erect them into separate
 New Jewish tribes in Church and State;
 To join in marriage and commerce,
 And only among themselves converse,
 And all that are not of their mind,
 Make enemies to all mankind:
 Take all religions in, and fickle
 From Conclave down to Conventicle;
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
 According to the Light in being.
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
 And spiritual misuse in one sense;
 But in another quite contrary,
 As Dispensations chance to vary;
 And stand for, as the times will bear it,
 All contradictions of the Spirit:
 Protect their emissaries, impower'd
 To preach Sedition and the Word;
 And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the labourers for the Cause,
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe
 From breaking or maintaining law:
 And, when they have their fits too soon,
 Before the full-tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
 For sowing faction in and treason;
 And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches,
 That, when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
 Against revolts of Providence,

By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:
 For, if success could make us Saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
 These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
 And not to stand on terms and freaks,
 Before we have secur'd our necks.
 But do our work as out of sight,
 As stars by day, and suns by night;
 All licence of the people own,
 In opposition to the Crown;
 And for the Crown as fiercely side,
 The head and body to divide:
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind.
 Be sure to spare no public rapin,
 On all emergencies that happen;
 For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority, as men in want;
 As some of us, in truits, have made
 The one hand with the other trade;
 Giv'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
 The right a thief, the left receiver;
 And what the one, by tricks, foretall'd,
 The other, by as dily, retail'd,
 For gain has wonderful effects,
 T' improve the factory of sects;
 The rule of faith in all professions,
 And great Diana of th' apheians:
 Whence turning of religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade;
 And though some change it for th' worse,
 They put themselves into a course,
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce:
 For all religions flock together,
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
 To rub the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy, as well
 Will serve t' improve a Church as zeal;
 As persecution, or promotion,
 Do equally advance devotion.

Ver. 1419, 1420.] The author of the *Fourth Part of the History of Independency*, p. 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *justice*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperity*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where," says he (*Eben Ezer*, p. 13. L'Estrang's *D.C.* "father's Sayings, part II. p. 11.), is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby? is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day. "O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble? The God came from Naseby, and the holy One from the West. *Selah*."

Ver. 1362.] For *healing up*, in all editions to 1774, exclusive.

Ver. 1368.] Of *purpose false*, in all editions to 1774, exclusive.

Vol. II.

Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out
So early, ease itself will do it:
But, when the feat's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-sawn as much, and out-comply,
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation:
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I th' proper language of cabal,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
I half in words, and half in face
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and thrugs);
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of Mute, and Silence, and the Rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers.
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all agliss,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who start'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:

That heady rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And stalls, and shop-board—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of doer,

Ver. 1504.] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses,
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages;
Each house is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And every representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're grill'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigie, on the gallow,
Made up of rags to personate
Respective officers of state;
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready list'd under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive:
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again
(For since the state has made a quint
Of Generals, he's list'd in it):
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie his own way;
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
They've pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,

Ver. 1507.] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the excluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

Ver. 1514.] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

Ver. 1540.] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2: was Governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Auckland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 3, 1661.

Ver. 1541, 1542.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole General notwithstanding.

He's mounted on a hazel havin,
A cropp'd malignant baker gave them;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They've roasted Cook already and Pride in; 1550
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
Like vermin in effigie slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears; 1560
For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These spiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's, 1565
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they sail'd in their designs,
To take in heaven by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like famenites,
More like to ruin and confound, 1575
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of State-mysteries,
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580
Who, cause they're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches,
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic priest Kircherus, 1585
Found out this mystic way to cheer us:
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
To express their antique Ptolemies,
And by their stings, the swarms they were,
Held forth authority and power; 1590
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interests in their tails,
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state.
They thought a government were best 1595
By hieroglyphic rumps express'd.

Ver. 1580.] The wicked wretch, who acted as
solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge
of high treason against him, and drew up a
formal plea against him, in case he had sub-
mitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his
own trial he pleaded that what he did was as a
lawyer for his fee. He deserved to suffer at
Tyburn as a Regicide.

Ver. 1585. Kircherus Athanasius Kircher, a
Jesuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian
mystical learning. See, in the next
edition.

For as, in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all;
So, in a common-wealth or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm, 1600
With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with through sea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Kesth with his tail above his head; 1610
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadith trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615
Write, there 's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to:
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of Art
Of *jacant* stuffly stile that part:
Then what can better represent, 1625
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament,
That, after several rude elections,
And as prodigious reanimations,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives? 1630

But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
Confin'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd to ungoverning distress, 1635
And patriy, private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration;
And parcel, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and controul. 1640

We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And now kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whole host, 1645
All hats, as in a storm, flew off:
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats; 1650
Shall now be fear'd as wretchedly,
For ruin's lust is low as high:
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attend our fall:
For some of us have scores more large 1655
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who be restless scraping,
With public fraud, and private rapine,
Have ugly heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last; 1660

And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail,
And bids the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout 1665
Put all th' assembly to the rout;
Who now began to outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until they 'd block'd the passage fast. 1670
And barricadoed it with haunches,
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
Than have them grill'd on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The van-guard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled fore and under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd them with a fresh supply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,

Ver. 1661, 1662. This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ring-leaders of them were executed *in terrorem*. Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not be executed against them? They severally alleged, "That, upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c. they did render themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives: and humbly crav'd the benefit of the proclamation, &c." And Harry Martin briskly added, "That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hang'd for making the King's word 'now.'" A Bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but after was dropt, and so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 1665, 1666. When Sir Martin came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-hall; but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hang'd or burn'd in reality, as some of them that very instant were in elligiv. No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavour'd to secure himself. The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey-ride is all fours.

1690

H U D I B R A S.

PART III. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bowers by night.
He plots to turn his aversus suit,
T' a plea in law, and prosecute:
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprize;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.*

WHO would believe what strange bugbear
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation, 5
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elyes. 10
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard to unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences:
As Rosicrucian virtuosos 15
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fears,
That make them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions, 20
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the furthest object best;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To th' course of Nature, but its own;

Our Poet now resumes his principal subject, and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had left fight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole poem; this respite might probably occasion fatigues in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended: it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader.

The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn pultrons as valiant;
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And then they fly, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras ha. prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left *perdue*,
And haunted with demerits, sent
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescued with a cheat;
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imp and confurer;
As by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And, by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side,
(A seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And, when the hackney fails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift);
So, though he pass'd o'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though swifter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the moon began to appear,
And shut t' other scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,

25 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told
75 The body as he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight;
And, while he gave himself diversion,
To accommodate his beat and person,

30 And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) afore said:
But, when the ceremony was done,

35 The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,

40 And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralpho's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed

45 T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,

And put on one another's shapes;
100 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?

Ver. 88.] *But she convey'd him.* &c. First edit.
1678. Altered, 1684, to *convey'd*.

Ver. 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing discovery opened. The Knight's dreadful apprehensions vanish with night: no sooner does the day break, but with joy he perceives his mistake: he finds Ralpho in his company instead of an elf or a ghost: upon this he is agreeably surpris'd, as he was before terribly affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought about, since, the day before, they had mutually resolv'd to abandon each other. I think he hath judiciously formed this incident: for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were conscious they had wronged one another, the one by his base intentions, and the other by his treachery and gross imposition; but fortunately they were ignorant of each other's designs, and, consequently, each thought himself the offender: it is, therefore, natural and probable that they should easily come to a good understanding. The Knight compounds with the Squire for his imposition as a ghost, not only from a sense of his own base intentions, but for the happy escape from witches, spirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him. On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-

Ver. 36.] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's following out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *London Bull*.

Ver. 67.] I have before observed, that we may trace our heroes morning and night. This particular is always essential in poetry, to avoid confusion and disputes among the critics. How would they have calculated the number of days taken up in the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, if the poets had not been careful to lead them into the momentous discovery? Mr. Butler is clear on this point as any of them: for, from the opening of their Adventures, every morning and night has been poetically described; and now we are arrived at the third day.

Some busy independent pug,
 Retainer to his synagogue?
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
 Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire, 110
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow,
 Who 'a turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
 And, though a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe, where now you are;
 Which you would gratefully repay,
 Your constant Presbyterian way.
 That 's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger;
 Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
 Pursu'd, and took me prisoner; 115
 And, knowing you were hereabout,
 Brought me along, to find you out.
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
 Have noted all they said or did;
 And, though they lay to him the pageant, 125
 I did not see him, nor his agent;
 Who play'd their forceries out of sight,
 T' avoid a fiercer, second fight.
 But didst thou see no devils then?
 Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
 A little worse than fiends in hell,
 And that she-devil Jezabel,
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
 To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
 That play'd the devil to examine me?
 A rallying weaver in the town,
 That did it in a parson's gown;
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
 But for my part I ne'er believ'd it: 140
 In which you told them all your feats,
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
 The naked truth of all the rest,
 More plainly than the reverend writer 145
 That to our Churches veil'd his mitre;
 All which they took in black and white,
 And cudgel'd me to underwrite.

enter into the Knight's service, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this sham meritorious action had deluded him into a suspension of that repentment which he might justly have exerted: thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are these momentous Adventures continued, to the satisfaction of the reader, and applause of the Poet.

Ver. 103.] *Sprite*, in all the editions to 1726, inclusive. *Spright*, edition 1739.

Ver. 110.] *Dunship*, in all editions to 1710. *Donship*, in later editions.

Ver. 145, 146.] Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is intended at in this

105 What made thee, when they all were gone,
 And none but thou and I alone,
 To act the devil, and forbear 150
 To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
 And frame of spirit too obstinate,
 To be by me prevail'd upon, 155
 With any motives of my own;
 And therefore strove to counterfeit
 The devil a while, to nick your wit;
 The devil, that is your constant crony,
 That only can prevail upon ye: 160
 Else we might still have been disputing,
 And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
 They 'ad left the enemy behind,
 And saw no farther harm remain 165
 But feeble weariness and pain,
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
 They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
 And, by declining of the road,
 They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170
 He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
 That partings wont to rant and tear,
 And give the desperat' st attack
 To danger still behind its back:

For, having paus'd to recollect, 175
 And on his past success reflect;
 T' examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, he came to fly;
 And, when no devil had appear'd,
 What else it could be said he fear'd, 180
 It put him in so fierce a rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;

Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again 185
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
 That made me from this leaguer rise,
 And, when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base:

Was better cover'd by the new- 190
 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
 To flight my new acquets, and run,
 Victoriously, from battles won;
 And, reckoning all I gain'd or lost,
 To tell them cheaper than they cost;

place by Mr. Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckness, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes (*Epistle Dedicatory* prefixed to his *Episcopacy by Divine Right*, &c. 1640, p. 1.) where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function, as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation, "Good God! what is this I have lived to hear? That a Bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

To make me put myself to flight,
 And, conquering, run away by night;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do:
 To mount me in the dark, by force,
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
 Expos'd in querto to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage;
 Left, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might th' unequal fight renew;
 And, to preserve thy outward man,
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.
 All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve myself, but you:
 You, who were dam'd to baser drubs
 Than wretches feel in powdering-tubs;
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
 Than managing a wooden horse;
 Drag'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
 Eras'd, or coupd' for perjurers;
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
 Had had no reason to complain;
 But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
 And rescued your obnoxious bones
 From unavoidable battoons. 220
 The enemy was reinforce'd,
 And we disabled and unhors'd,
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,
 Which, though as desperate in th' attempt, 225
 Has given you freedom to condemn 't.
 But, were our bones in fit condition
 T' reinforce the expedition,
 'Tis now unreasonable and vain
 To think of falling on again:
 No martial project to surprize
 Can ever be attempted twice,
 Nor cast design serve afterwards;
 As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
 Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,
 And for a while will not be able
 To rally, and prove serviceable:
 And therefore I, with reason, chose
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes,
 To make an honourable retreat,
 And wave a total sure defeat;
 For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
 Hence timely running 's no mean part
 Of conduct, in the martial art:
 By which some glorious feats atchieve,
 As citizens by breaking thrive,
 And cannons conquer armies while
 They seem to draw off and recoil;
 Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
 To great exploits, as well as safest:
 That spares th' expence of time and pains,
 And dangerous bearing out of brains;
 And, in the end, prevails as certain
 As those that never trust to Fortune;
 But make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution;

As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men,
 That only sav'd a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If every one would save but one?
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war 's as far from being done;
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory, 270
 And sometime, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all;
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in Gazettes;
 And when, for furious haste to run, 275
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome;
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep their governors from blame, 280
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells;
 And, though reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
 Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
 By flattering Heaven with a lye,
 And, for their beating, giving thanks,
 They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly; 290
 And, when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those win the day that win the race;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights. 295
 Recover'd many a desperate campaign
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
 And made them stoutly overcome 300
 With Bacrack, Hockamore, and Mum;
 With th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
 To victory necessitate:
 With which, although they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return;
 Or else their sultan populates 305
 Still strangle all their routed Basse's.
 Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out they had won the day; 310
 Although the rabble fous'd them for 't,
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
 'Tis true, our modern way of war
 Is grown more politic by far, 315
 But not so resolute and bold,
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle,

Ver. 300. *With Bacrack.*] Or *Bacharack*. *Bacharack*, edition 1684, and following editions.

Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' th' expedition,
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out:
 As fighting in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth,
 And fight their stubborn guts to death;
 And those achieve the high'st renown,
 That bring the other stomachs down.
 There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
 But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory or forage:
 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
 When one side venturing to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a distance;
 To pick out ground t' incamp upon,
 Where store of largest rivers run,
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
 To part th' engagements of their warriors;
 Where both from side to side may skip,
 And only encounter at bo-peep:
 For men are found the flouter-hearted,
 The certainer they're to be parted,
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
 And make their mortal enemy,
 The water-rat, their strict ally.
 For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?
 But who bears hunger best, and cold?
 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at starving;
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,
 The formidablest man of prowess,
 So th' Emperor Caligula.
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
 Engag'd his legions in fierce battles,
 With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
 And led his troops with furious gallops,
 To charge whole regiments of scallops;
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal car;
 But, when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely ate his captives up,
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to victualling of a camp well.
 Quoth Raph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
 To hope, by stratagem, to wooe her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her;

Ver. 328.] *The other's stomachs*, edition 1700,
 and following ones.

Though some have done it in romances,
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
 As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones,
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
 By counting of her back and side:
 But, since those times and feats are over,
 They are not for a modern lover,
 Whose mistresses are too well-grain'd
 By such addresses to be gain'd:
 And if they were, would have it out
 With many another kind of bout.
 Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,
 As this of force, to win the Jezabel,
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms:
 But rather strive by law to win her,
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear, you have her word
 And me to witness the accord;
 Besides two more of her retinue
 To testify what pass'd between you;
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
 And bills upon record been found,
 That forc'd the ladies to compound;
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the business you look after.
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war,
 In which the law does execution,
 With less disorder and confusion;
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
 Not like the new way, but the old,
 When those the pen had drawn together,
 Decided quarrels with the feather,
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 And more than bullets now of lead:
 So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,
 In words at length, as well as figures;
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms,
 And, whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight,
 Determines which is wrong or right:
 For, whether you prevail or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the close;
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to ere ye've done.
 The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but wooe;
 That makes the most perfidious lover,
 A lady, that 's as false, recover;
 And, if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your bride.
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.
 For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest faces,
 Who, though their business at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war.

In which they' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest 445
To impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side; 450
And, though we're all as near of kindred,
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest single-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss;
And, out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses; 460
But have no interest in the cause
For which they' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And, though they' abounded in all ages 465
With sundry learned clerks and sages;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass every suit,
They've no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controversy; 470
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound:
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
Condemn the way each other deal in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes; 480
And heralds stickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wise a nation
To expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges 485
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats; 490
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
An answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies, 500

They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own
(All plagiaries' constant courie
Of sinking, when they take a purse), 510
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon 515
The resolution as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest
Is, of all others, the unwiseest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer. 520
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expence;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and suit to her favours:
And it were to bid, which Heaven forbid, 525
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after course have I to take.
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
When a thief has robb'd his house,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods again:
When all he can expect to gain, 535
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But it is difficult, to play:
For to reduce her by main force
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse; 540
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desperate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But, since I have no other course, 545
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known; 550
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to see;
When I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him:
For I've receiv'd alive niement, 555
By times enough, of his intent:
And, knowing he that first complains
The advantage of the business gains;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand; 560

Ver. 475.] Galen was born in the year 129, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born in the latter-end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century
VOL. II.

Ver. 505.] Gay's *Life of Swift*, edition 1678, 1684. Gay's *Life of Swift*, 1700, and following editions.
5 [P]

Who what he pleases may aver,
 The other nothing till he swear;
 Is freely admitted to all grace;
 And lawful favour, by his place;
 And, for his bringing custom in,
 Has all advantages to win:
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky opportunity,
 Will go to counsel, to advise
 Which way t' encounter or surprize;
 And, after long consideration,
 Have found out one to fit the occasion,
 Most apt for what I have to do,
 A counsellor, and justice too.
 And truly so, no doubt, he was,
 A lawyer fit for such a case.
 An old dull fellow, who told the clock,
 For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
 At Weston-hall, and Hicks's-hall,
 And *everywhere* play'd in all;
 Where all governments and times,
 He had been both friend and foe to crimes,
 And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
 By hindering justice, or maintaining:
 To marry a whore gave privilege,
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
 Cart-loads of hawks to prison sent,
 For being behind a fortnight's rent;
 And many a trusty pump and croom
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money
 Engag'd the constable to seize
 All trade that would not break the peace;
 Nor gave him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes commoners or lords,
 And kept them prisoners of course,
 For being sober at his hours;
 That in the morning he might see,
 Or bind them over, for his fee.
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise in their ways;
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a stave
 With th' headborough and scavenger;
 And made the dirt of th' streets compound
 For taking up the public ground;
 The kennel, and the king's highway,
 For being unmolested, pay;
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
 And cage, to those that gave him most;
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
 And, for false weights, on chandeleers;
 Made victualers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend;
 As residuary hawks,
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
 That cheat in lawful myst'ries,
 And pay church-duties and his fees;
 But was implacable and awkward
 To all that interlop'd and hawk'd.

To this brave man the Knight repairs
 For counsel in his law affairs;
 And, for all him mounted, in his pew,
 With books and money plac'd for show,
 Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
 And for his title opinion pay:
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
 Purloin'd his hat, to put his case;
 Which he is proudly entertain'd
 As th' other court'ously strain'd:
 And, tho' sure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
 Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
 Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.
 And now he brags to have beaten me,
 —Better, and better still, quoth he.
 And vows to stick me to a wall,
 Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
 'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
 That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
 When he has confess'd he stole my cloak,
 And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
 Which was the cause that made me hang him,
 And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
 Now, whether I should betorchand,
 Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
 O bring me action of conversion
 And trover for my goods?—Ah, whereon.
 Or, if 'tis better to indict,
 Or bring him to his trial?—Right.
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And I've got forth 'sute against him?—True.
 Or whether he that is defendant,
 In th' court, for the better end on 't;
 Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
 May reverse the action?—Better still.
 Then there's a lady, too—Aye, marry.
 That's easily prov'd accessory;
 A Willow, who, by solemn vows
 Contracted to me, for my spouse,
 Combin'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all—Good Lord!
 Support'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
 To tamper with the devil of hell;
 Who put m' into a horrid fear,
 Fear of my life—Make that appear.
 Made an assault with fiends and men
 Up on my body—Good again.
 And kept me in a deadly fright,
 And false imprisonment, all night.
 Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,
 And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
 To avoid a wretcheder mis'riage.
 Sir (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
 You have a good and far a batter'd
 As heart can wish, and need not shame
 The proudest man alive to claim;
 For if they've us'd you as you say,
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy:
 I would it were my case, I'd give
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe.
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse.

For matrimony and hanging, here,
Both by destiny to clear,
That you are sure may pick and chide,
As crows I win, and pile you lose:
And, if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any cat I've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contraband;
Our taking buffets off men's hands;
The common barratry, that bears
Point-blank infection 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is no leather,
To stick a pin in, left or right;
For which none do the hammer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you must swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not true between,
But make either that is in power term,
To forge whatever he desire.
(I thank you, quoth the knave, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose said—)
For justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity: she right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a flight
Convey men's interests and right
From Street's pocket into Noddy's,
As easily as *Hans Puer*:
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *Jack of Diamonds*.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The business to the law's a one,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get there mere expence,
But the labour of their conscience;
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To Advocate courtiers,
A considerable value,
To have her put upon, and sold,
Although returned in ill-humour'd matters
Of justice and administration.
For that, quoth he, let me alone;
You're the store of truth, and a host of woe,
That no and needful by your teachers,
The ablest of your audience sit on here.
That's your grand story; but I'll add guess,
How well you'll do as change;
You must not, I'll warrant to pitch,
On hanging, but on water-drinking.

68 And when ye've hang'd the conqueror,
Ye've time enough to deal with her.
In the interim spare her no means
745 To draw her neck in to the banner;
Hebber with love-bites and billies,
690 And best them well, for pricks and quillets,
With trout's blood, and red and purple
Her bloodier nostrils and ripples;
750 And, if ye see the monstrous line,
That'll drive her to the edge of design;
695 And make her with a mad stand
To copy out her tears or hand;
Or find your place in the paper,
755 To seal in something to entrap her;
Till with her wealthy goods, and bold,
760 spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply their Temples under trees,
765 Or walk the round, with Knights of the Post,
About the cross-ber'd knights, their host;
Or wait for customers between
The polar-rows in the cold inn;
Where you'll have, forgers, common bail,
765 And Advocate-men, ne'er fail
To expose to the end of oaths,
770 According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls;
775 And, when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
I would I had gave (quoth Hadibras)
A draw a hundred in a case,
780 Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To vert, and re, and steer a cause,
785 A point the wind is, and of latus,
And on the edge of a paper case,
A plan a case upon a case,
790 As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here till) your fee.

acquaintance of Prior Faccon. That morning
and every thing that he had written in his
reputed magic. On the 10th of August, 1685, he
went under the name of a conjuror, and did the black
art. Being asked by a lady, whether he could
rid magic, conjured him, which being
done, people in the country, and in the
rather groundless, for he was a conjuror. Pro-
vincial of his order, being a master of most
excellent parts and piety.

Ver. 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer
would have suit'd every man, even yet, well.
See the works of J. T. the London Whetstone, p.
101. "May the terms be ever lasting to thee,
" then men of temper, and men of craft,
" grow and multiply, and multiply in craft,
" and cases extend, and all thick and deep;
" may every day of thy year be a day of
" day; let prosecutions be like lightning, to the
" clouds of actions of battery; may thy calf ex-
" may be three-plaid, and thy wools of thy
" grow more, not grow thread-bare!"
311

Ver. 782.] *That*, in all editions to 1775, in-
stantly, *that*, in later editions.
Ver. 782.] *Beggar* was a Franciscan, and lived
towards the end of the thirteenth century; a
sacred monk, and in Oxford, and a scholar.

I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice:
To bait a letter, as you bid.
As, not long after, thus he did:
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

A N

HEROICAL EPISTLE*

O F

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And, from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle:
For, since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to've won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet, if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much you've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd to've done
Upon as different an account:
The one for great and weighty cause,
To save, in honour, ugly flaws;

* This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow; it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for: on the contrary, her Answer silenced all his pretensions.

For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who're nicest of their honour:
The other, for bare gain and pay,
Fortivear and perjure by the day,
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and conscience a calving.
It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he naturall abhorr'd
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the great,
Than gold, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make them pass for wondrous wile.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be dropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by't.
For that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This ye've acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem a good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far they engage;
And, where the sense by custom's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do:
Nor are they oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not be allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For, as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should Love
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by those made after?

Commit the censure of its cause
To any but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that restores
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For Love 's the only trade that 's driven,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain,
For what can earth produce, but Love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who, but Lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address and compliment by vision,
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?
Or Heaven itself a sin relent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake?
Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to counterpane,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with phillies of love-powder?
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And slaw'd by goblins in the night;
In list on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And, when your sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard;

When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites:
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cull'd sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprize us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display them thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;
Preposterously t' entice and gain
Those to adore them they disdain;
And only draw them in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A Lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave,
And whatsoever the commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity 's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty powers
Of Love, our great ally, and yours,
Join'd forces, not to be withstood
By frail inamour'd flesh and blood,
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they 're under force:
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the rouser
Of liars, whom they all claim under:

And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went;
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does, the same, or worse.
For what romance can shew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did Infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd, when they pleas'd:
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lov'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, liv'd;
Nor took the priest's address and rite,
Nor play'd the masquerade, to wile;
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggled about sentiments:
Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist.
Nor lawyers, to join hand and money
In th' holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till slamy or death departs:
Nor would endure to stay until
They had got the very bride's good will,
But took a wife and shorter course
To win the ladies, downright force;
And justly made them prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing gigs,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues:
And, when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
For, after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before:
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known
By suit or treaty to be won;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,
Nor men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have power to chuse,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
So'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play:
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse,

Ver. 232.] *And daily does*, in all editions to 1716, inclusive. *Daily do*, 1716, &c.

225 And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chuse
For why should every savage beast
Exceed his great Lord's interest?
230 Have neer power than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the power he had;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
235 When all his power will not extend
One iota of Nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeat
The final offer, is to repeat
That, if men might understand
240 Their principles, they would make need,
And not, like us, go out their way
To stretch out their prerogatives;
For which in this address to the
245 King, as they are, in 1688:
And this same precious Fairfax teaches,
Uncover'd by reputed historians,
And doubly clear making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
250 And make ye suffer, as you ought,
For that enchantable fault:
But I love myself, and rose
Beyond all trifles, of my love
Forgive me, Fair, a needy name
The extravagance of my flame,
255 Since 'tis too much at once to show
Effects of love and temper too:
All I have said that's best and true,
Was never meant to amaze you,
Who have so sovereign a control
260 O'er that poor slave of you's, my soul,
That, rather than to forsake you,
I have sold half of heaven too;
Both with an equal power possess'd,
To render all that serve you blest;
265 But none like him, who's destin'd either
To have or lose you both together;

Ver. 305, 306.] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) mentions Mr. Cate as one; and Mr. Butler, in his *Posthumous works**, mentions Dr. Burges and Hugh Peters; and the writer of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 2, observes of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both mother and daughter with child."—"I am glad," says an anonymous person (*Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. IV. p. 734.) to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again: it was reported here (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655) that he was found with a whore a-bed, and he grew mad; and said nothing but O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr. Longueville, and published by Mr. Thyer in 1759; which are all inserted in this volume.

And you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replenish you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon:
That sword that did, like Fate, determine
The inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blow,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on tolerable condition,
Reliev'd them from the worst of pain.

THE

LADY'S ANSWER

TO

THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replenish you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon:
That sword that did, like Fate, determine
The inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blow,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on tolerable condition,
Reliev'd them from the worst of pain.

And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you shrov't evade
The oath you had in prison made:
Forsooke to trick, and best deny'd it,
But afterwards, and justly'd it;
And, when ye self-fishly broke one vow,
A second was tell by breaking two:
For, while you treacherously submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty tears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly at your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware:
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use:
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting!
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But, since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,
Or forfeitures, which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The mystery of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire:
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those two rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with,
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce that amorous effect.
Nor is it in the ends of gold, our hair,
The pearls, or you make us wear:
But old bright guineas in our chests,
Fearless the violence in your breasts.
There, as I trust, I've been vers'd in so,
That all most sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their sly cables, and jargones;
Can tell what passion, by their sounds,
Sings for the beauties of my grounds;
What spruces fond and wanton,
Or the charms and grace of my house;
What courtly and flattering flames,
Burn in my bosom, or my zone.

What, from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cat's, takes its fire;
What tender sigh and trickling tear
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' art acts which most men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal;
To these they' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye have suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post,
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there's substance for its ground, 105
Cannot but be more firm and found,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steal and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with, 120
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?

This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force them t' intermarry and wed, 125
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a power above
The stars, and fate, to manage love;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And, though some say the parents' claims 135
To make love in their children's names;
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts, and charms, attract, and flames,
And woe and contract in their names, 140
And, as they christen, use to marry them,
And, like their gossips, answer for them;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;

And, when they're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force 150
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than fencers can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
Which all men either break or bow;
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand swear and lye, 160
For earnest to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less?
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And, when their crimes were made appear, 165
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lye.
Nor are the virtues you conceal'd
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
So slight as to be justify'd,
By being a shamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost 175
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown, 180
And perjure booty *pro* and *con*;
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss,
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name 185
A right to all the world you claim,

Ver. 183.] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominates it A corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one *Jaquel*, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one *Brook*, his professed enemy, the Court answered, He spoke too late; Brook was sworn already. Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or no, replied, "He had not yet kissed the book." The Court answered, That was no matter; it was but a ceremony; he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record.

And boldly challenge a dominion,
 Of whom no less will satisfy;
 Than all the sex your tyranny;
 Although you'll find it hard province,
 With a thousand tyrants and covins,
 To govern such a numerous crew;
 Who, one by one, rise to contend;
 For if you all were common,
 And wife and great as I was once,
 You'll find this 'real' still due
 (As they did him) most due to you.
 And if you are impudently
 Tis by your own temptation done,
 That with your ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the delight;
 For when we find ye're still more taken
 With false attracts of our own mind;
 Sworn that 's a pole, and that a stone,
 Like fers, to us that laid it on;
 And, what we did but thought y' prime,
 Most ignorantly dash in the mind.
 You force us to beguile our defence;
 To copy beams and influences;
 To let perfection on the grave;
 And do wither the flower of faces,
 And in compliance to your wit,
 Your own false jewels counterfeit;
 For by the practice of those arts,
 We gain a greater flame of lights;
 And those receive in reason made,
 That greatest pains and labour cost;
 For great perfections are, like heaven,
 Too rich a price to be given.
 Not are those master strokes of beauty
 To be perform'd without hardiety,
 Which, when they're fully done, and well,
 The best natural eye doth
 How fair and sweet the planted seed
 Beyond the will in the dress grows;
 For, without art, the seed it feeds
 Of flowers degenerate into weeds;
 How dull and huge the tree's ground
 And polished, look like a diamond;
 Though Paradise were ever fair,
 It was not kept so without care.
 The whole world without art and dress,
 Would be but one great wilderness;
 And mankind but a savage herd,
 For all that Nature has confer'd;
 This does but rough-hew and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.
 Though women first were made for men,
 Yet men were made for them as men;
 For when 'tis said by the will;
 Men and women could but be the same,
 If a mind had not intervened,
 How soon a man might find an end;
 And thus it is in the very
 Thus make you as in debt,
 And where's your liberty of choice,
 And our ennobled No-voice;
 Since all the privilege you boast,
 And false, usurp'd, on your part,
 V. 1. 12

Is now our right to whose creation
 You have the happy reputation,
 And the power to make us slaves,
 190 We could not be so free as slaves,
 255 Give you the power to make us slaves,
 195 I am a slave, and you are my master,
 260 You are a slave, and you are my master,
 200 I am a slave, and you are my master,
 265 I am a slave, and you are my master,
 205 As if a plot, that appears,
 To fit the only, while the others,
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like every common mariner,
 210 I know nothing of the card, nor far,
 And do not guide the men of war,
 For we, because we don't appear,
 Councils, do not govern there;
 215 We are like the night, the others,
 While perfection's day is clear,
 But I prefer'd in close darkness,
 To be made clear and bright,
 220 To be made clear and bright,
 To govern men, and to be men;
 And, in the right of our own mind,
 225 We are the power to make us slaves,
 Or to be the power to make us slaves,
 Our right to make us slaves,
 230 Ver. 1. 12. I am a slave, and you are my master,
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 1000 Ver. 1. 12. I am a slave, and you are my master,

Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight,
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war strike fail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust:
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please,
And force you't own them, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigorouslest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;

great surprize, in regard none besides himself knew of it: upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Patay, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or forceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1470.

Ver. 283.] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistress; particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court; whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

Who still, the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd,
And scorn t' abate, for any ill,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye 've try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are preposterous;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to shew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause;
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.
And these are all the mighty powers
You vainly boast to cry down ours,
And, what in real value 's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit:
By your example, lose that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrified into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.*

A LEARN'D society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,

* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuosi taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

Agreed upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an inventory of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire:
To observe her country, how 't was planted,
With what she abounded most, or wanted;
And make the proper 'st observations
For settling of new plantations,
If the Society should incline
To attempt to glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heaven itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour,
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief,
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!—then renew'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began to admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.

Quoth he, Th' inhabitants of th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy,
Which they count towns and cities then,
Because their people 's civiler
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war,
And now both sides, highly engag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both side slain,
As by the glass 's clear and plain,
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.

With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Appl'd one eye, and half a nose
Unto the optic engine close:

For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly 't may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable lights,
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a rally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.

These silly ranting Privolvans,
Have every summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Soland geese,
I th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vapouring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.

While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of a great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,
That under stood her various toils,
And which produc'd best genst-meyles,
And in the register of time
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had pour'd long and hard
I th' engine, gave a start, and start'd—

Quoth he, A stranger sight appears:
That e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant now one of those
Two night-carmines I broke loose,
And with the horror of the sight
Appear'd amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast to bolt.

huge one, far more great
 was bred in Afric yet,
 much we boldly may infer,
 Moon is much the fruitfuiler.
 And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
 those living castles first, 'tis thought,
 Against the Romans, in the field,
 It may an argument be held
 (Arcadia being but a piece
 As his dominions were, of Greece)
 To prove what this Blathemian
 Has made to nobly discounte out
 And amply satisfied as all
 Of the Envelian original.
 That elephants are in the Moon,
 Though we had not discover'd none,
 Is easily made manifest,
 Since, were the greatest of the cast,
 All other stars and constellations
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
 And heaven, like a Tartar should
 Vast great and numerous herds afford
 And if the Moon prove to be Nature,
 A people of so vast a store,
 'Tis consequent she should bring forth
 Far greater beasts, too, than the earth
 (As by the best accounts appears
 Of all our great Astronomers);
 And that those monstrous creatures there
 Are not such rarities as here.

Meanwhile the rest had a sight
 Of all particulars of this sight,
 And every man, with equal care,
 Persuad of the Elephant's share,
 Proud of his interest in the glory
 Of so miraculous a story;
 When one, who for his excellence
 In heightening words and shadowing sense,
 And magnifying all he writ
 With curious microscope of wit,
 Was magnify'd himself no less
 In home and foreign colleges,
 began, transported with the thought
 Of his own trillio, thus to harp on.

Most excellent and virtuous Friends,
 This great discovery makes amends
 For all our former failings;
 And lost expense of time and brains;
 For, by this late phenomenon,
 We've gotten ground upon the Moon,
 And gain'd a post, to hold dispute
 With all the planets that stand out;
 To carry this most virtuous war
 Hence to the door of every star,
 And plant the artillery of our tubes
 Against their proudest magnitudes;
 To stretch our victories beyond
 The extent of planetary ground,
 And set our engines, and our ensigns,
 Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions,
 (Which Archimæde, so long ago,
 Durst not presume to wish to do)
 And prove if they are other fairs;
 As some have held opinions,

Or windows in the empyreum;
 From whence those bright exuvias come
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)
 That shine & t' months of success.
 Nor is it all we have achiev'd,
 but more, henceforth to be believ'd,
 And have no need our best devices,
 Because they're ours, believ'd it sign
 To out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
 Shall now no more be laid to our charge;
 Nor shall our best virtuosos
 Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
 Nor those devices, that are said
 Too truly on us, nor those made
 Heretofore, gain belief among
 Our best judges, right or wrong:
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more
 Be cause to put the future on
 We were our making the wrong;
 Make men suspect us first of wrong,
 Nor be so tempted elation draw
 The best to couple us with law;
 Nor putting pins in hatches to push,
 To turn them in a misapprehension,
 Make them suspect our reason little,
 And hold too much out, in too hide;
 Nor shall our speculations, whether
 An elephant will save the nation
 Or whether breeches from the rod,
 Make all we do appear a fold.
 This one discovery is enough
 To take all former adventures—
 But here the world's attention
 Of all our tergiversations
 And with respect to the present,
 Our best and worst experiments,
 (As if they were destin'd to a try)
 In constant trial, or fantasy,
 And since it is uncertain when
 Such wonders will occur again,
 Let us be cautiously continue
 To draw an exact narrative
 Of what we every one may fear
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
 That when we publish the Account,
 We'll not take our oaths upon't
 This day, they all with one consent
 Agreed to draw up the Testament,
 And, for the general satisfaction,
 To print it in the next publication
 That whilst the clavis were drawn up
 'Tis strange Memory of the to come,
 One, peeping in the tube by chance,
 Beheld the Elephant advance,
 And from the west side of the Moon
 To the east was in a moment gone.
 This being related, gave a stop
 To what the rest were drawing up;
 And every man, amaz'd and
 How it could possibly be true,
 That any beast should run a race
 So monstrous, in so short a space,
 Resolv'd, however, to make it good,
 At least as possible as he could,

And rather his own eyes condemn,
Then question what he had seen with them. 260

While all were thus employed, a man
 Of great renown there thus began —
 'Tis strange, I grant, but 'tis our way
 When we are thus, with you, and say?
 E'er when the signal is
 A trumpet, or a whistle's peal,
 We all are under of the spot,
 And then, though far, out over right;
 For our way is to be true,
 E'er when the signal is
 In knowledge of the law there
 Having the law, we go by here?
 Not such a law, but such a
 In the law, there is the law,
 The law is the law, the law
 Upon the law, the law is the law,
 Since the law is the law, the law
 Hence the law is the law, the law
 And the law is the law, the law
 Varying the law, the law
 Hence the law is the law, the law, though I grant
 We are the law, the law is the law,
 The law is the law, the law is the law,
 From the law is the law, the law,
 Both in the law, the law is the law,
 As being of the law, the law,
 That the law is the law, the law is the law,
 Thus the law is the law, the law is the law,
 And the law is the law, the law is the law,
 That the law is the law, the law is the law.

This task, in this great work,
 Fain'd for his learned works put forth,
 Look'd wife, then said—All this is true,
 And learnedly observ'd by you:
 But there's another reason for't,
 That fails but very little short
 Of mathematic demonstration,
 Upon an accurate calculation,
 And that is—As the earth and moon
 Do both move contrary upon
 Their axes, the rays of
 Or be a confirmation cannot be
 Be so prodigiously far,
 That vast space may be pass'd
 In less time than the beetle has gone,
 Though he had no motion of his own,
 Which we can take no measure of,
 As you have said by learned proof.
 This granted, we may boldly thence
 Lay down a reasonable inference,
 And make this great phenomenon
 (Were there no other far'd along
 To clear this grand hypothesis
 Of the motion of the earth from this.

With this, they all went forth,
A merry company of tall and stout;
Appointed the profound dispute,
And were more merry and content,
By sitting over some ill dinner,
Than if it never had been out;

And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed to insert this strange retrieve.

But while they were diverted all
 With worshipping the Memorial,
 The footways, for diversion too,
 As having nothing else to do,
 Began their respective lecture,
 Turned visitors for their pleasure;
 Began to gaze upon the Moon,
 As none the while had done.
 With monks' ingenuity,
 I set love to practice what they see;
 When one, whose right it was to peep,
 Saw something in the engine creep,
 And, viewing well, discover'd more
 Than all the world had done before.

Q o o h h e, A little t o b y i t h i n k
I n t o t h e l o n g f a r - g a z i n g t r u n k,
A n d n o w i s g o t t e n d o w n t o n i g h t,
I h a v e h i m j u s t a g a i n s t m y e y e,
T h u s b e i n g o v e r h e a r d b y o n e
W h o w a s n o t s o f a r o v e r g r o w n
I n t h e v i r t u o u s s p e c u l a t i o n,
T o j e d g e w i t h m y i m a g i n a t i o n,
I m m e d i a t e l y h e m a d e a g u e s s
A t m y o v e r a l l a p p a r a n c e,

A way for more significant
 Than in their hints of th' Elephant,
 And to end, upon a second view,
 His own Hypothesis most true;
 For he had scarce apply'd his eye

290 To the engine, but immediately
He found a Mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in refrain,
Was fix'd into an Elephant,
295 And provid'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learn'd dissertation:

And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore . 360
A ill mouse: this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.

Meanwhile the rest in consternation
 Had perus'd the wonderful Narration,
 And set their hands, and souls, and wit,
 To attest the truth of what they had writ,

305 When this accursed phenomenon
 Confounded all they had said or done:
 For 'twas no wonder that at last,
 But too full were in a tumult fruit,

370

318 I'm no farther easted by far,
And the farther in the Moon made war,
To find no farther made a hunt,
We all the good and agreed I have seen it,
And were glad to make it out,
Of what I could a rally doubt.

315. The game, which was to determine,
and save the appearance of vermin,
was a trial of strength and dexterity
between the cat and the rat, and mice, 320
between the dog and the pig, and
between the hawk and the chicken.

After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say ;

* This disquisition
Is, half of it, in my * discussion ;
For though the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The Moufe, being but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone ;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.

It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If every one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret 's half made out ;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and rum all we do.

As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing else but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do :
For truth is too reserv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd societies ;
Delights in solitary abodes,
And never shows herself in crowds ;
A sullen little thing, below

All matters of pretence and show ;
That deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit
And proper to its natural wit ;
The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem,
And, if they be not strange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for being true.

For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden ?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close ;
For if all secret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone ?
For truth has always danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we 've done,
Only to make new work for Stubs,
And all the academic clubs.

How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his share,
Nor dare to understand, henceforth
More than his contribution's worth ;
That those who 've purchas'd of the college
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Should not b' admitted to dispute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend come to ?

For partners have been always known
To cheat their public interests prone ;
And if we do not look to ours, 385
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole assembly 'allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard, 390
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find, or make it such :
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt 395
To find, or think t' have found, her out.

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Moufe, and Moon ;
But still the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unsatisfy'd ; 400

In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they 'ad several faiths of seeing.
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad seen before was true,
And that they never would recant 405
One syllable of th' Elephanat ;

Avow'd his front could be no Moufe's,
But a true Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour, 410
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' Elephant or Moufe.
Some held no way to orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,

And, like the nation's patriot, 415
To find, or make, the truth by votes :
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the Transaction, 420
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.

To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent ;
But, ere the tube was half let down, 425
It clear'd the first phenomenon :
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past master, by mischance,
Both for the Sub. and Privolvans. 430
This being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,

Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chalded by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms 435
For mighty troops of men at arms ;
As vain as those who, when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting-nests as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water. 440

But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,
And saw the Mouie, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted, 505
To be so openly convicted,

* Sic Orig.

Immediately they get them gone,
 With this discovery alone:
 That those who greedily pursue
 Things wonderful instead of true; 510
 That in their speculations chuse
 To make discoveries strange news,
 And natural history a Gazette
 Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
 Hold no truth worthy to be known, 515
 That is not huge and overgrown,
 And explicate appearances,
 Not as they are, but as they please;
 In vain strive Nature to suborn.
 And, for their pains, are paid with scorn. 520

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.*

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd society, of late,
 The pride and glory of a foreign state,

Ver. 509, 510.] From this moral application of the whole, one may observe that the Poet's real intention, in this satire, was not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprising, which prevailed so much among the learned of that age: and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many useful improvements then made in natural knowledge, yet, in justice to the satirist, it must be confessed that these curious inquirers into Nature did sometimes, in their researches, run into a superstitious and unphilosophical credulity, which deserved very well to be laughed at; and which was afterwards so happily ridiculed in the "Trantafionder" of Dr. King.

* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other, is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper: and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a new variety in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's genius. I mention only to obviate the objections of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirer of Butler's Poems, and to his countrymen,

Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
 To search the Moon at full by her own light;
 To take a perfect inventory of all 5
 Her real fortunes, or her personal;
 And make a geometrical survey
 Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
 As accurate as that of Ireland, where
 The sly surveyor's said t' have sunk a shire: 10
 T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas
 planted,
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
 And draw maps of her properest situations
 For settling, and erecting new plantations,
 If ever the Society should incline 15
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design:
 "A task in vain, unless the German Kepler
 "Had found out a discovery to people her,
 "And stock her country with inhabitants
 "Of military men and Elephants: 20
 "For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
 "Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,
 "Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she
 sent
 "Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."
 This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25
 For which they chose a time and place most fit-
 ting,

When, at the full, her equal shares of light
 And influence were at their greatest height.
 And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
 By which they venture heaven itself t' assail, 30
 Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
 And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
 Impatient who should bear away the honour
 To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who for his solid deep belief 35
 Was chosen virtuous then in chief,
 Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
 At solving all impossibilities,
 With gravity advancing, to apply
 To th' optic glass his penetrating eye, 40
 Cry'd out, O strange!—then reinforce'd his sight
 Against the Moon with all his art and might,
 And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
 As if he meant to stare and gaze her through,
 While all the rest began as much t' admire, 45
 And, like a powder train, from him took fire,
 Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,
 At what they would, but could not understand,
 And grew impatient to discover what
 The matter was they so much wonder'd at. 50

Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
 Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon,
 Are wont to live in darkness under ground,
 Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
 In which at once they are to forty 55
 Against the sunbeams and the enemy,

Ver. 27.] This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition, and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed with smaller letters.

And heaven, like a northern Tartar's bord,
With summer sun and night, in velvet flor'd; 160
And, if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A copious crop of large and vast astatins;
'Tis more than probable the ground bring forth
A ore of breed or beauty, too, than the earth;
As, by the best accounts we have, appears 165
Of all our creditable discoveries;
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fer rarities as here.

Meanwhile th' assiduous crew had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars of th' sight. 170
And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his equal interest in the story
Of so stupendous and renowned a glory;
When one, who for his fame and excellence 175
In the gleaming of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges, 180
Egmont, as he (transported with the twang
Of his own eloquence) thus th' harangue.

Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great discovery fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains, 185
And lost expences of our time and brains:
For, by this admirable phenomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a point, to engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that find out: 190
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of th' magnitudes;
To stretch our future victories beyond 195
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
To prove if they are other time or not,
As some philosophers have wisely thought; 200
Or only windows in the æthereum,
Through which those bright effluvia use to come;
Which Apollonius, so many years ago,
Durst never venture but to wish to know.
Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd. 205
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best or worst designs,
Because they lie ours, suspected for designs.
Th' out-shov' and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge:
Nor shall our best and noblest virtues 210
Prove arguments again for colder houses;
'Nor little flowers gain belief among
'Our criticalst judges, right or wrong?'
Nor shall our new-invented chariots drive 215
The boys to court us in them without law;

"Make chips of elms produce the largest trees
"Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:
"No more our heading darts (a twining one!)
"With butter only harden'd to the sun: 220
"Or men that use to whistle loud enough
"To be heard by others plainly five mile off,
"Come all the rest, we own and have avow'd,
"To be believ'd as desperately loud."

Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225
An adams-buck will render all the leather
Of schoolboys breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we say or do appear as odd.

This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future doubts off: 230
But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our usual ferocities and us,
And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235
As well in comfort as in misery;

And that th' assembly is uncertain when
Such great discoveries will occur again:
'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive
To draw up an exact Narrative 240
Of that which every man of us can swear
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
That, when 'tis fit to publish the account,
We all may take our several oaths upon't.

This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To draw up th' authentic instrument,
And, for the nation's general satisfaction,
To print and own it: their next business was
But while their at least men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir of th' telescope, 245
A member rising in the noblest seat,
Behold the Elephant begin th' advance,
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.

This being related, gave a sudden stop 250
To all their glorious projects of drawing up;
And every person was silent as a tomb,
How such a strange, surprising sight could be,
Or any hand perform th' great machine,
So swift and simple in its motion, 255
Remov'd, as suddenly, to such a place,
Or render all so truly as they said,
And rather chafe their own great scorn.

Then question what they had to do with it,
While every one was thus employ'd, a sort
Of great esteem and credit thus began—

of particulars; and the two following lines are
also omitted.

Like flames of fire, as others guess,
That issue from the mouths of furnaces

Ver. 214.] In this latter part of the speech,
Butler makes a considerable variation, by adding,
omitting, and altering; which it would be tedious
and unnecessary minutely to point out,
as the reader may so easily compare the two
Poems.

3 [R]

Ver. 203, 204.] These two lines are here
inserted in a different and better place than they
were in the former verse, where they made a sort
Vol. II.

'Tis strange, I grant' but who, alas! can say
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast
 A distance as this miracle is plac'd, 270
 Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
 May render things amiss, but never right?
 Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
 By any equal sublunary proof;
 For who can justify that Nature there 275
 Is ty'd to the same laws the acts by here?
 Nor is it probable she has infus'd,
 Int' every species in the Moon produc'd,
 The same efforts, the uses to confer
 Upon the very same productions here; 280
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
 And the affects so constantly to use
 Variety in every thing she does.
 From hence may be infer'd that, though I grant
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant, 286
 That Elephant may chance to differ so
 From those with us upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
 As being of a different kind and breed, 290
 That though 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Thiers there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
 And yet be very Elephants, no less
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families. 294
 This said, another member of great worth,
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
 "In which the mannerly and modest author
 "Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,
 And very learnedly observ'd by you; 300
 But there's another nobler reason for 't,
 That, rightly' observ'd, will fall but little short
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,
 Upon a full and perfect calculation;
 And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
 Do constantly move contrary upon 306
 Their several axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be
 So violent and naturally fast,
 That larger distances may well be past 310
 In less time than the Elephant has gone,
 Although he had no motion of his own;
 Which we on earth can take no measure of,
 As you have made it evident by proof.
 This granted, we may confidently hence 315
 Claim title to another inference,
 And make this wonderful phenomenon
 (Were there no other) serve our turn alone
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis 319
 And prove the motion of the earth from this.
 This said, th' assembly now were fustig'd.
 As men are soon upon the bias'd side;
 With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute.
 By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
 Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out; 325
 Resolving to complete their Narrative,
 And punctually insert this strange relieve.

But while their grandees were diverted all
 With nicely wording the Memorial, 330
 The footboys, for their own diversion, too,
 As having nothing, now, at all to do,
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure;
 "With crabs' and monkeys' ingenuity, 335
 "That take delight to practise all they see,"
 Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
 As those they waited on before had done:
 When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep, 340
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
 Than all their masters hit upon before.
 Quoth he, O strange! a little thing is slunk
 On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh, 345
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.
 This chancing to be overheard by one
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
 In any philosophic observation,
 As to conclude with mere imagination, 350
 And yet he made immediately a guess
 At fully solving all appearances
 A plainer way, and more significant,
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant;
 And quickly found, upon a second view, 355
 His own conjecture, probably, most true;
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
 To th' optic engine, but immediately
 He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between 360
 The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
 And as a mighty mountain, heretofore, 365
 Is said t' have been got with child, and bore
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
 Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,
 Had finish'd the miraculous Narration, 370
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
 To attest and vouch the truth of all they had writ,
 When this unfortunate phenomenon
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
 For, 'twas no sooner told and hinted at, 375
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,
 More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
 To find so rare and admirable a hint, 379
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
 When one, whose only task was to determine
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin,
 Who oft' had made profound discoveries 385
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
 (Though not so curious and exact 'tis true,
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew),
 After he had a while with signs made wa;
 For something pertinent he had to say, 390

At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition
Is the one half of it, in my discussion;
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs, of natural right, to all the rest,
The Mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none 395
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the Town, 400
That rants and vapours still, for all our great
Reasons and projects, we've done nothing yet,
If every one have liberty to doubt,
When some great fact it's more than half made out,
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true, 405
And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,
If nothing else but only truth w' allow.
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do: 410
"For truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
"T' endure to be, by all the Town embrac'd;
"A solitary anchorite, that dwells,
"Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"
Disdains all great assembly, and defies 415
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
That sit to seal in novelty and change,
Not of truth, true, but great, and rare, and strange.
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit; 420
The world, that's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what they appear and
seem;
And, if they are not wonderful and new,
They're render'd better for their being true:
"For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
"Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind, 425
"A greatness and greatness o' th' brain,
"That long to eat forbidden fruit again,
"And grows more desperate, like the worst
defiance
"Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truth, which sets his own undoing,
That proudly by nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great discretion does 435
"He would content our itch to keep it close;
For if the secrets of all hearts were known,
What couldst thou, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in't,
As he that has depriv'd us of a hint 440
The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we had done,
"By giving authors leave to interpose,
"And disappoint whatever we propose:"
For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs, 445
And all the truly academic club,
"For which they have deserv'd to run the risk
"Of elder-picks, and penitential sticks."
How much, then, could we have a special care
That none presume to know above his share, 450
Nor take upon him to understand, much less
More than his weak, common sense can warrant.

That all those that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge
And brought none in themselves, but spent re-
Should never be admitted to dispute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impose upon their public interest power 455
And, if we have not greater care
It will be sure to run the self-same course.
This said, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And, from the apparent truth of what they had
heard, 465
Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their interests to vouch;
And either find it out, or make it such:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit, 470
Than with vexatious study, pains and doubt
To find, or but suppose, have found, it out.
This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tale, the Elephant, and Moon;
But still the more and curiousest they pry'd, 475
The—but became the more unsatisfy'd;
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As in they had different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they had believ'd before was true, 480
And damn'd themselves they never would recant
One fable they had seen of th' Elephant;
A row'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true natural elephant's proboscis,
Others began to doubt as much and waver, 485
Uncertain which to disallow or favour;
"Untill they had as many cross resolves.
"As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"
And grew distracted, whether to espouse
The party of the Elephant or Mouse. 490
Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit 495
T' unmount the telescope, and open it,
And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,
To search and re-examine the Transaction.
And afterward to explicate the rest,
As they should see occasion, for the best. 500
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms 505
Of baty flies and gnats, like men in arms
Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Peri- and the subvolans.
This being discover'd, once more put them all
Into a worse and desperate brawl; 510
Surpris'd with finding, that men so grave and wise
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies.
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons and armies of men in arms:

As politic as those who when the Moon 515
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,
 Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
 But when, at last, they had unfrew'd the glass,
 To find out where the fly impostor was, 520
 And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by nithap
 Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,
 Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
 To find themselves so openly convicted,
 Immediately made haste to get them gone, 525
 With none but this discovery alone:
 That learned men, who greedily pursue
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,
 And, in their nicest speculations, chuse
 To make their own discoveries strange news, 530
 And natural history rather a Gazette
 Of rarities stupendous and far-fet,
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
 That are not strongly wait and overgrown,
 And strive to explicate appearances, 535
 Not as they're probable, but as they please;
 In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
 And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A SATIRE

ON THE

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT.

A Learned man, whom once a week
 A hundred virtuous seek,
 And like an oracle apply to,
 To ask questions, and admire, and lye to:
 Who entertain'd them all of course
 (As men take wives for better or worse)
 And pass them all for men of parts;
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts;
 For, when they're call'd into a lump,
 Their talents equally must jump;

Ver 511, 512.] Butler, to compliment his
 Mouse for affording him an opportunity of in-
 dulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit,
 upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem,
 subjoined the following epigrammatical note:

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long
 Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
 Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
 In bulk and stature by the Elephant,
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,

As metals mixt, the rich and base
 Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ordinary debate
 Was after news, and things of state,
 Which way the dreadful comet went, 15
 To fixy four, and what it meant?
 What nations yet are to bewail
 The operation of its tail?
 Or whether France or Holland yet,
 Or Germany, be in its debt? 20
 What wars and plagues in Christendom
 Have happen'd since, and what to come?
 What kings are dead, how many queens
 And princesses are poison'd since?
 And who shall next of all by turn 25
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?
 What parties next of foot or horse,
 Will rout, or routed be, or worse?
 What German marches, and retreats,
 Will furnish the next month's Gazettes? 30
 What pestilent contagion next,
 And what part of the world, infects?
 What dreadful meteor, and where,
 Shall in the heavens next appear?
 And when again shall lay embargo 35
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?
 Why currents turn in seas of ice
 Some thrice a day, and some but twice?
 And why the tides, at night and noon,
 Court, like Caligula, the Moon? 40
 What is the natural cause why fish
 That always drink, do never piss?
 Or whether in their homes, the deep,
 By night or day they ever sleep?
 If grass be green, or snow be white, 45
 But only as they take the light?
 Whether possessions of the devil,
 Or mere temptations, do most evil?
 What is 't that makes all fountain fill
 Within the earth to run up hill, 50
 But on the outside down again,
 As if th' attempt had been in vain?
 Or what 's the strange magnetic cause
 The steel or loadstone 's drawn, or draws?
 The star the needle, which the stone 55
 Has only been but touch'd upon?

When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
 And scorn'd the dreadful outwork of the fort,
 The little ve-min, like an errant-knight,
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in sight.

* Butler formed a design of writing another
 satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I
 find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly
 transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the
 remainder of it be left, is uncertain: the frag-
 ment, however, that is preserved, may not
 improperly be added in this place, as in some sort
 explanatory of the preceding Poem: and, I am
 persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's
 turn and humour will think this too curious a
 fragment to be lost, though perhaps too im-
 perfect to be formally published.

Whether the North-Star's influence
 With both does hold intelligence?
 (For red-hot iron, held towards the pole,
 Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool.)
 Or whether male and female screws
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
 What makes the body of the sun,
 That such a rapid course does run,
 To draw no tail behind through th' air,
 As comets do, when they appear;
 Which other planets cannot do,
 Because they do not burn, but glow?
 Whether the Moon be sea or land,
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
 Or if the dark holes that appear,
 Are only pores, not cities there?
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,
 And keep a just pace with the ground,
 Or loiter lazily behind,
 And clog the air with guits of wind?
 Or whether crescents in the wane
 (For so an author bid it plain)
 Do burn quite out, or wear away
 Their faults upon the edge of day?
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
 Or, if the sun approaches near
 The earth, how soon 'twill be there?

These were their leisure speculations,
 And all their constant occupations,
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,
 And turn a circle to a square;
 To make a powder of the sun,
 By which all doctors should be undone;
 To find the north-west passage out,
 Although the farthest way about;
 If chemicals from a rose's miles
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
 Whether the line of incidence
 Rule from the object or the sense?
 To stew th' elixir in a bath
 Of hope, credulity, and faith;
 To explicate, by fiddle-bone,
 The grain of diamonds and hints,
 And in the braying of an ass
 Find out the treble and the base;
 If oars, neigh alto, and a caw
 A double diapason lowe—

* * * * *

REPARTIES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS

AT A CATERWAUING.

In the modern Heroic way.

It was about the middle age of night,
 When half the earth flood in the other's light,

Repartee.] This poem is a satirical burlesque upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue

And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative:
 When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours; 6
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
 And sporting on delightful faggot piles;
 Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,
 As ladies use at midnight in the Park; 10
 Of seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
 For assignations in th' affairs of love.
 At once his passion was both false and true,
 And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
 He fancy'd that he heard those amorous charms 15
 That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
 To which he always brought an equal flame,
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
 And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
 Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20
 His amorous passion grew to that extreme,
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
 Thought he, what place is this! or whither art
 Thou vanish'd from me, Mistress of my heart?
 But now I had her in this very place 25
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
 I knew not how, nor whither, thou wert escap'd;
 Stay, and I'll follow thee—With that he leapt
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept, 30
 And, wing'd with passion, through his known
 passage,
 Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
 Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
 Where many an assignation he had enjoy'd; 34
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
 That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,
 Impatient of delay, without one word,
 To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
 But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
 While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd. 40
 C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
 Canst thou, at once, both injure and cure?
 P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy powerful
 charms,

100 And, I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
 C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,
 Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt. 46
 P. Your wounds are but without, and mine
 within;

You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;
 And, while your eyes pierce deeper than my
 claws,
 You blast th' effect, of which you are the cause.
 C. How could my gentle eyes your heart invade,
 Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
 Henceforth my greatest crime has only been
 (Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.

at the time our Author lived: the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Tattle, and others.

There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that underlines it here. 40

APALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse
Thrills humbly thus, in form of paper, fues;
For, having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write, 5
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But such is her belief in your just censure,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence. 10
No: your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison:
And yet you might have thought upon a way 15
To instruct us how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that's too great or little for your fame:
For who could chuse but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick? 20
As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just to impute, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art. 30
Praise, like a robe of state, should not fit close
To the person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derives its comeliness from being unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit;
Which is so extraordinary, no height 35
Of fancy but your own can do it right:
Witness these glorious poems you have writ,
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And these stupendous discoveries
You've lately made of wonders in the skies: 40
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?

Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about vacuum?
What should confine the sound determin'd crowds, 45
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one?
Or how 'tis possible the moon should frown
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud, 50
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech?
For though they make the sense clear, yet they're
found 55
To be a heavy hindrance to the sound;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he had ne'er been fain
To use so many particles in vain, 60
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
Which in construction you oversee and lose;
And by this art do Priscian no wrong 65
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
These are your own discoveries, which none
But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools: 70
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that's a prince in poetry should strive
To cry them down by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force 75
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be trad'd
I'll fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity prete'd,
For they were never writ to any end. 80
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always sold by weight;
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale:
For when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit, 85
Has an absterive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper kite,
Without your verse can make a noble flight. 90
It keeps our spices and aromatics sweet:
In Paris the patrons their rooms with it:
For, burning but one leaf of your's, they say,
Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
Cooks keep their pies from burning with your
wit. 95
Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit:
And ventrals find their wines are ne'er the worse,
When a quick only wrap'd up in the verse.
These are the great performances that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100
And give us only leave to admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
Whose wonders power is so generally known,
Fame is the sound, and her voice you own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS*.

SIR, you've outliv'd to desperate a fit
 As none could do but an immortal wit;
 Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,
 And thr own away, though on a less sick brain;
 But you were so far from receiving hurt,
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.
 As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
 Which after does to a young phoenix turn: 10
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
 Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire;
 And with so much advantage, some have guess'd,
 Your after-wit is like to be your best,
 And now expect far greater matters of ve 15
 Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd
 Sophy;

Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
 And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,
 Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in
 rhyme. 20

Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride
 And native insolence quite laid aside;
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront.
 No China cupboard rudely overthrow'n, 25
 Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down;
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amuse,
 With verses forty times more lewd than his:
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your aune,
 And held it out, where you had built a lance; 30
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
 For asking what in fruit and love you had stor'd;
 But all civility and complacence,
 More than you ever us'd before or since.
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King 35
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
 Nor brought in false account, with little tricks,
 Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;

* It must surprize the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, some room for satire; but still there is such a spirit of bitterness run through the whole, besides the cruelty of insinuating an infirmity of this nature, as can be excus'd only for by nothing but some personal quarrel or dispute. How far this weakness may curv the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

False numbering of workmen by the day,
 Diddling out of wages, and dead pay 40
 For some that never liv'd: all which did come,
 By thrifty management, to no small harm.
 You paid no lodgings down, coburd them worse,
 Nor repair'd other, to let out your park,
 As you were wont, till all you built appear'd 45
 Like that Amphion with his fiddle-board.
 For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse
 Built up themselves, they could not have done
 worse:

And sure, when you first ventur'd to survey,
 You did design to do't no other way. 50

All this was done before those days began
 In which you were a wife and happy man:
 For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
 Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?
 Who ever greater treasure could command, 55
 Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
 Than you had then, who could raise fums as vast
 As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
 Or all those practis'd upon public money?
 For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
 For ever are you bound to curie those quacks
 That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
 For, though no art can ever make them sound,
 The tampering cost you three-score thousand pound.
 How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and
 lost, 65

Yet been no more undone by being choust,
 Nor forc'd upon the King's account to lay
 All that, in serving him, you lost at play!
 For nothing but your brain was ever found
 To suffer sequestration, and compound. 70
 Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,
 For all you then laid out at Beak or Gleeck;
 And when you've rais'd a sum, straight let it fly,
 Be understanding low, and venturing high;
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick, 75
 And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON

CRITICS,

WHO JUDGE OF

MODERN PLAYS

Precisely by the Rules of the Ancients*.

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,
 When it is once found Idiot by a jury,

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Bynner, Historiographer to Charles II. who compared three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's. The cold, severe critic may perhaps find in the few inaccuracies to censure in this composition; but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.

[illegible][illegible]

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRACON

ACTED BEFORE THE

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH.

SURE, while so many nations strive to
 The tribute of their glories to the

[illegible]

That gave them earnest of so great a doom
Of glory (rather than of any shame)
And which we have so long and proudly
Till all have seen, and then we
We, who are by your favour
And have no life but what we own
Come humbly to present you our own
With all we (and our hearts) can lay
10 In a small offering that we can pay no more
To a greatness that is gone before
We bring you only what your great command
Did rectify for us, from ages past
That would have us to a admiration
15 Of all departed poets' goods, their art
Or, like a forest of manners, find all plays
That come within their reach, as vests and flays,
And claim'd a sort of ore of all past wit,
But that your justice put a stop to it.
20 'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
To admit of all who now write new and bad;
For, still the wickedest some authors write,
Others to write worse are encourag'd by't;
And though those fierce inquirers of wit,
25 The critics, spare no shaft that ever wit,
But just as tooth-drawers find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by't.
30 Small party, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies;
But here they're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not in their power; for bears are said
35 To spare those that he still and seen but dead.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME. TO THE DUTCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due
No less than to your royal Lordship you
And, while three might, kingdoms pay you
You have, what's greater than heaven's
That heart that, when it was his, was
The fury of two elements could
And made a stubborn humour
The terror of his breastful clouds
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your char
Appear no less victorious than his arms
For which you oft have triumph'd on this day
And many more to come. Hear, great
But, as great princes use, in times
Of joy, to pardon all but heretics
If we have sin'd without an ill intent
And done below what really we meant
We humbly ask your pardon for it, and say
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON

PHILIP NYE'S

THANKSGIVING BEARD:

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face
That Nature orders for no other place;
The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
That hid a his person from another man's;
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a natural mask upon his face,
That thrust its likeness every day he wears,
To fit some other persons' characters,
10 And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in some disguise.
This satisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
He had been prefer'd to th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
15 When private, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horse and zealots,
From whom he held the most pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and salaries;
20 Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats;
But in the desperate of defeats
Had never known an opportune retreats,
25 Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To fit among them, as he had been chosen,
And pass or rule all things at his own disposing:

* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thanks office to give the reader some farther information about him than what merely relates to his beard.—He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall; where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1650 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous fighter for the Parliament; and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent to his party into Scotland, to encourage and stir up the cause of the Covenant; in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to lose the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a zealous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Bauer's satire.

* And if these fail, there is no good
 Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,
 But he can easily divert
 To his own misery and hurt;
 Make that which Heaven meant to bless
 To his own cruel world with pain and loss;
 With luxury and ease, as if
 As war and civil broils were;
 Produce mortality, and kill;
 As if at peace, by sitting still;
 Like earth, which lies still on a blow,
 And, once moving, never will;
 Make law and custom as if
 As punishment and reward were;
 And never consider at all
 Under what hand he does live;
 Enrich himself, where, and how;
 Pines, and suffers, like a man;
 That get riches by being ill;
 For tender conscience, and have none.
 Like those that with the credit of a
 A trade, without stock, do thrive;
 Advance in the common race
 For being poor, and not for being rich;
 Run'd for the sake of a few pence,
 Before the world has seen them;
 Produce more than they need;
 For plenty, and for want;
 And make a fool of his own art;
 As if a piece of the world;
 Make jest of his own star;
 In that, which he is bound to fear;
 Till, unawares, he is brought
 To show the purpose of his
 Rally with honour, and in part,
 Rebellion and disobedience;
 And make him a spectacle
 Of all their miseries and pains;
 And touch to the very bottom,
 As if he meant to do so;
 Although from his hand sense as far,
 As all their other miseries are;
 For things that false, and never meant,
 Do oft prove true by accident.
 That wealth that bounteous Fortune sends
 As presents to her dearest friend,
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase
 Of two yards long in parish churches,
 And those too happy men that he has
 Had sold, and happy men, without it;
 For what does wealth do, but cheat,
 Law, luxury, deceit, and death;
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
 An easy-troubled life, and short?

Ver. 160.* Though this satire seems fairly
 transferred for the profane, yet, on a vacancy in
 the sheet opposite to this line, I find the follow-
 ing verses, which probably were intended to be
 added, as they are not regularly inserted, I
 chuse rather to give them by way of note.

For men who dig'd so deep into
 The bowels of the earth below,

115 But all these plagues are nothing near
 Those, far more cruel and severe
 170 Unhappy men takes pains to find,
 To mislead himself upon his mind:
 And out of his own soul, he spins
 120 A rack and torture for his sins:
 Turns his life in vain, to know
 175 The more which he can never do;
 And, the more strictly his deny'd,
 The more he is untaught;
 125 In busy finding, scruples out,
 To long still in eternal doubt;
 180 For measures in the dark, and ghost,
 And that, is horrible and lost;
 And, when his eyes are but in least,
 130 Dances, such subtle objects best,
 On his post the dreams and visions
 185 Of minds overbating dispositions,
 And rages, eadles contradictions
 On vulgar theories and history;
 135 Carries the eye, and the heart,
 In things so far, and so extent
 190 Of human mind, he does not know
 Whether they be at all or no.
 And do by a much, a thing, that are
 140 As if they were, and clear;
 Of a kind, that is, and plain,
 195 To the point, and vain;
 And cracks his brain in plodding on
 The which is yet to be known;
 145 To pass himself with fables,
 And hold no other knowledge wise;
 200 Although, the matter all things are,
 The, but to nothing the more near;
 And, the, but to nothing the more near;
 150 The more he will live on in vain,
 And things he has upon as nice
 205 And subtle curiosities,
 As one of that vast multitude
 That on a needle's point have stood;
 155 Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
 Upon as nice and subtle scales,
 210 As those that turn upon a plane
 With the slenderest part of half a grain,
 And still do better ever more,
 160 The four, and the, and the, prove,
 So men, that think to force and strain,
 215 Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
 In vain torments it on the rack,
 And, for approving, sets it back;

For metals, that are found to dwell
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
 And have a magic power to sway
 The greedy souls of men that way,
 But with their bodies have been slain
 To fill those trenches up a gain;
 When bloody battles have been fought
 For shining that which they took out
 The wealth of all things that conduce
 To man's destruction or his use;
 A standard both to buy and sell
 All things, from heaven down to hell.

Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his powers are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For, as abortive cost more pain
Than vigorous birth, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

SATIRE

UPON THE

FEIGN'D AGE OF CHARLES II.

3
In the age we've liv'd in, and a lead,
In all his travels view'd;
A justice urg'd,
Lest he should be fear'd;
Not that he had yet but learn'd.
The plague, to be the life concern'd.
Twice we've seen two dress'd in it, and rage,
Endeavour to fright the flesh, in a hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they had been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly
blockhead)
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out by magic, false and loose
As ever the devil could teasing, or fanners use,
And on the other side of things put in
As impotent iniquity and sin.
As souls that have been crush'd are often found
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound;
And like tobacco pipes at one end lit
To break at the other, all that's opposite;
So men, who out of us have we have turn'd,
Into the contrary, as to have run;
And all the difference is, that, at the first,
Provokes the other, to prove the worst.

As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the feign'd and dissipated times of Charles II. Remonstrated with the Pontifical ones which went before; and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality. And that he does not, as is generally but falsely, say, and, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

220
Silly as time, that strives to render less
The last illusion, with its own excess,
And seeks to mend its partiality, one way,
With hard and heavy out of another's play.
For there will some more fought for prize, held;
Secretly in the dark to damn their souls,
225
Wore a mask of hypocrisy to steal
And stick away in impenetrable to hell,
Now being their wisdom into the open air,
For all in hand to gaze their vanity on,
As each try their young and old in play,
To prove if they're of the same sort as they;
Children of men and earth to which they're
With all the utmost vigour, to be sold;
And to their own damnation, in the end,
45
Of all the world, they're sold to the devil;
On all occasions fought to be sold;
As possible they could, his grace the Devil,
To give him no more of his soul,
Not in small matters did he mind to sell,
But with the greatest price, to sell their soul;
To improve and profit as he might;
For men have no more of their soul to sell,
The master of fact's been the devil's part;
And the debauched it actions they sell;
55
More trills to the circumstance of the devil;
For 'tis not what they do that's new to him,
But what they lawfully affect and glory in,
As if preposterously they would profess
A forced hypocrisy of wick'dness,
60
And dissimulation, that makes good things bad,
Must make the best of their actions bad and mad;
For vices for the most part, and extreme,
But never for the most part, and extreme;
That if there were but a way
65
Of moral secular wisdom,
And that the devil has not lost their due
By being in the devil's hands, and new;
For we are now in the devil's hands,
And under the devil's hands, and new;
70
Dissimulation, to be the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
As the most of the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
75
Have as precise and the devil's part;
Now to appear, with the devil's part;
And with the devil's part, and the devil's part;
Of different colours, to be the devil's part;
So powerful's the devil's part, and the devil's part;
And Nature, spite of all her law,
80
Example, that imperious, and the devil's part;
Of all that's good or bad to be the devil's part;
By which the world's the devil's part, and the devil's part;
Hope to be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
85
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
90
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;
To be the devil's part, and the devil's part;

1. The date counter-changes wrong on
 2. Page with number of 104, which is wrong
 3. If the date of birth is 104, then the
 4. On the date of birth is 104, then the
 5. On the date of birth is 104, then the
 6. On the date of birth is 104, then the
 7. On the date of birth is 104, then the
 8. On the date of birth is 104, then the
 9. On the date of birth is 104, then the
 10. On the date of birth is 104, then the

How opposite our language later grown,
 To grace blaspheming wit, and railing
 And yet how expressive and significant,
 In *our* discourse to censure and twine, and rant!
 As if no way expresses men's souls so well, 105
 As damning or thrusting to the pit of hell;
 Nor any affirmation were so civil,
 As mortgaging salvation to the devil;
 Or that his name did hold a charming grace,
 And blasphemy a penalty to our phrase. 110
 For what can any language more enrich,
 Than to pay sons for visiting speech:
 When the greatest tyrant in the world made those
 But lick the words out that of us did live, and those

What trial punishment has did their protect 117
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penit, and severe,
That could be laid on a Cavalier
For infamous debates here, was no worse
Than but to be degrad'd from his horse, 119
And have his livings cut and laid,
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame;
For lost so much regard as men express 125
To th' censure of the public, more or less
The fame will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a gain;
And, how perverse so'er the world appears,
Tis just to all the bad it does and hears: 130
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.

How fully were their fages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a fiend's glare!
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could sink their men of war as easy as storms;
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land porpoises, and cold and snug;
To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloody-bones: 140
Till the subleth of their conjurers
Stand up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And to his deafen'd sailors (while he paid
The dreadful lady lodgings) to the mast,
And sent adventure drowning them to wrang: 145
The sea-pug chafte ears with a howl, long;
Till 'out of countenance, and, like an ass,
Not seeing the lady Ciera one bear-hair;
Unwillingly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being torn'd into a twine, 150
When one of our three adventures now
Went to look her down, and turn her in a swirl.

[illegible]

And a dull ignorance, and a moral falsehood,
 Do more than all our learning, both are able,
 To resist all our reason, to beguile our conscience,
 To keep our worth, illustration, upon us; 160
 And yet add power, the crown and end of Verse,
 To make us rich and our good laws severe,
 And to improve better than all our surges
 Of the sea, of the clouds, of the sun, and of the stars;
 And were it now to fill us with an old saying,
 Get rich in all our preaching now, and praying.
 What tops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
 Where the best reason is made ridiculous,
 And all the plain and tender things we say,
 By railery are put beside their play? 170
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,
 And what they're ignorant of disdain to know;
 Engrave truth (like Fanatic) underhand,
 And boldly judge; before they understand;
 The self-same courses equally advance, 175
 In spiritual and carnal ignorance,
 And, by the same degrees of confidence,
 Become impregnable against all sense;
 For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
 So would they now morality again. 180
 Though Prudery and Knowledge are of kin,
 And both descended from one parent, Sin,
 And therefore seldom have been known to part,
 In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
 Yet they have north-west passages to steer, 185
 A short way to it, without pains or care:
 For, as implicit faith is far more stiff
 Than that which understands its own belief,
 So those that think, and do but think they know,
 Are far more obstinate than those that do, 190
 And more averse to any thing they had ne'er been taught
 A wrong way, to any is one to be brought;
 Take hold of us in credit behindhand,
 And grow too proud to understand;
 Believe themselves, and knowing and as famous,
 As if their gins had gotten a *mandamus*, 195
 A bill of store to tax up a degree,
 A trial the innocent, and a prison-free,
 And too, and better than the bought at Court,
 As if they had done their exercises for't. 200

S A T I R E

U.S. 2

G A M I N G.

WHAT folly did trouble fortune more,
When I look'd on too kind beauty;
O tempter! O! could I but again
A, like the first time, see thee in vain,
Doubtless, I would have sworn thee to
To be despis'd, and to have scorn'd;
Ourselves, like the first time, to forsake;
Out of the which, I have a great deal to say.

To put it to the chance, and try
 If th' ballot of a box and dye,
 Whether his money be his own,
 And lose it, or he be cast down,
 As if he were betray'd; but let
 By his own flims to every cheat,
 Or wickedly command'd by fate
 To throw dice for his own estate;
 As mineers, by fatal doom,
 Do for their lives upon a drum?
 For what less assistance can produce
 So great a noisier, a chance,
 Or any two-legg'd thing poss'ble
 With such a fruitful loss of souls?
 Unless more tutary fears,
 Int'ast'd by astrologers,
 To have the charge of man, combin'd
 To use him in the self-same kind;
 As those that he'd them to the trust,
 Are wout to deal with others just.
 For to become so sadly dull
 And stupid, as to sue for gill
 (Not, as in cities, to be extol'd,
 But so be indg'd it to be sold),
 That whoe'er can draw it in
 Is sure inevitably to win.
 And, with a cas'd half-witted fate,
 To grow more daily desperate,
 The more 'tis made a common prey,
 And cheat, if possibly at play,
 In their condition; Fate befits
 To folly suit, and then destroys.
 For what but miracles can serve
 So great a madness to preserve,
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels
 (Where there's no question of battles,
 And fights with more bags as sold,
 As men with sand-bags did of old;
 Purs lands, and tenements, and rocks,
 Into a paltry juggler's box;
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,
 Ent'rieth in to visit a bottom;
 Engag's blind and feeble's hip
 'Gainst hags, and low, and slur, and knap
 (As Tartar, with a man of draw
 Encounter lions hand to paw);
 With those that never venture more
 Than they had risk'd before;
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
 Do, like the Cockin rattle-shake,
 But serve to ruin and destroy
 Those that mistake it for mere play:
 That have their treasures at command,
 Brought up to do their feats at hand;
 That understand the nest, and knoeas,
 And how to place themselves i' th' box;
 Can tell the odds of all games,
 And when to answer to their names:
 And, when he conjures them uppe'd,
 Like imps, are ready every where:
 When to play fast, and when run slow
 (Out of design) upon the square,
 And let the greedy cully war,
 Only to draw him further in;

While thus he works while he idly plays
 Have not heard to such he sings,
 Alas! his learning and blasphemy,
 When they mislead, heaven and them. 75
 And when he sings, and swear, and curse,
 And when he sings, and swear, and curse,
 15 That some few of them threw out,
 When they were in his coat;
 Denounce even, as if he heard,
 And when they were in his coat,
 And when they were in his coat,
 20 How to commit to memory;
 When the poor bones are innocent
 Of all he did, or said, or meant,
 And have as little sense, almost,
 As he that damns them when he's lost;
 25 As if he had rely'd upon
 Their judgment rather than his own;
 And that it were their fault, not his,
 That mana'd them himself amiss,
 And gave them ill instructions how
 30 To run, as he would have them do,
 And then condemns them fitly
 For having no more wit than he? 95

S A T I R E,

TO

A B A D P O E T

40 GREAT famous wit! whose rich and easy vein,
 Free, and unaid'd to drudgery and pain,
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
 And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand;
 45 In all Wit's combats master of defence!
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
 'Tis said they apply to thee, and in thy verse
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers.
 50 And without pain, or pumping for a word,
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
 I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
 With slavish continence vex my brain
 55 To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
 Sometimes I let my wits upon the rack,
 And, when I would say white, the verse says
 black;
 60 When I would draw a brave man to the life,
 It names some slave that pumps to his own wife,
 Or bawdy pederast, that would have sold his
 daughter;
 65 If he had met with any to have bought her;
 When I would praise an author, the ventward
 Darn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme —;

Ver. 22.] *Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme*

70 — This blank, and another at the end of
 the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be
 supplied by the reader. It is not my business,
 therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

In fine, whatever I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains unspent,
I give it over, tired, and discontent, 26
And, darning the dull thread a thousand times,
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
But, having cur'd the Muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for it, ere I am aware. 30
Spite of myself, I start and take life again,
And to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
And, back again, the same I made, in vain
From verse to verse expect them and again.
But, if my muse or I were so direct 35
To endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In making all sorts, nouns, and then, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes—
And gold and rubies, with as little care, 41
To fit the colour of her hair and hair;
And, making sun, and flowers, and pearl, and
fray,

Make them serve all complexions at once
With these few fancies, at hap-hazard wit, 45
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit: 50
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that cause,
To imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit!
Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content; 60
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and
hope, 65

Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
To avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sent me to verse! 70
But, ever since this peremptory vein,
With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
Not to against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow so weary of the flimsy trade,
To envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Soudry! whose easy quill 80
Once, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For, though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinence and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of caution to tell, or art to read;

Vol. II.

For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85
No matter whether all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be told up to rules of art.
A sop that scribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write, 90
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But, still with all they do unsatisfi'd, 95
Ne'er praise themselves, though all the world be
side:
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
While, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
That, then, that nest how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme: 100
And, if the instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach — how ne'er to write again.

S A T I R E

ON OUR

RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

WHO would not rather get him gone
Beyond the intolerable zone,
Or steer his passage through those seas
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school, 5
And learn of another, like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affections,
And dare to wear no mode or dress,
But what they in their wisdom please; 10
As monks are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
Submit to all that they devise,
As if it were their lives;
Make read, and craft the imagination, 15
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
And change it, to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's tail, for new, though worse;
To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs, 20
The tropics between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes hats, like popkins' lids;

Ver. 1.] The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles the Second's reign, partly owing to the connexion and intercourse which the politics of those times oblig'd us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity of the hypochondriacal age that preceded.

511

With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas, 25
 And sometimes narrow, as Punchinellos;
 In coldest weather, as in summer;
 And close in heat, as if they were lac'd;
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
 And sometimes tighter than a hide: 30
 Wear periwigs, and with false grey hairs
 Disguise the true ones and their years;
 That, when they're modish, with the young
 The old may seem to be the things;
 And, as some must have been known 35
 In time to put their manners down,
 So ours are often found to be got
 More tricks than ever they were taught:
 With sly intrigues and artifices
 Usurp their pexes and their vices; 40
 With garnitures upon their faces,
 Make good their claim to gouty toes,
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
 Pretend to aches in their bones,
 To scabs and botches, and lay trains 45
 To prove their running of the reins;
 And, lest they should seem destitute
 Of any mangle that's in repute,
 And be behind hand with the mode,
 Will swear to crySTALLIN and node: 50
 And, that they may not lose their right,
 Make it appear how they came by't:
 Disdain the country where they were born,
 As bastards their own mothers scorn,
 And that which brought them forth condemn, 55
 As it deserves, for bearing them;
 Adore what'er they find abroad,
 But nothing here, though e'er so good:
 Be natives where'er they come,
 And only foreigners at home: 60
 To which they appear so far estrang'd,
 As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
 Or from beyond the seas convey'd
 By witches—not born here, but laid;
 Or by outlandish fathers were 65
 Begotten on their mothers here,
 And therefore justly sight that nation
 Where they've fo mongrel a relation;
 And seek out other climates, where
 They may degenerate less than here; 70
 As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
 Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
 Forsake the countries where they're hatch'd,
 And seek out others to be catch'd:
 So they more naturally may please, 75
 And humour their own gen'ies,
 Apply to all things which they see
 With their own fancies best agreed;
 No matter how ridiculous,
 'Tis all one, if it be in use: 80
 For nothing can be bad or good,
 But as 'tis in or out of mode;
 And, as the nations are that use it,
 All ought to practise or refuse it:
 'T' observe their postures, manners, and stand, 85
 As they give out the world's command;
 To learn the dullest of their whims,
 And how to wear their very limbs;

To turn and manage every part,
 Like puppets, by their rules of art; 90
 To shrug, dissent, act, and tread,
 And to mimic like the dead,
 Until the ignorant that enquires
 At all things by the appearances) 95
 To see how Art and Nature strive,
 Believe them really alive,
 And that they're very men, not things
 That move by puppet-work and springs;
 When truly all their feats have been 100
 As well perform'd by motion-men,
 And the worst dolls of Punchinellos
 Were much th' ingenuouser fellows;
 For, when they're perfect in their lesson,
 Th' hypothesis grows out of season, 105
 And, all their labour lost, they're fain
 To learn new, and begin again;
 To talk eternally and loud,
 And all together in a crowd,
 No matter what; for in the noise 110
 No man minds what another says;
 'T' assume a confidence beyond
 Mankind, for solid and profound,
 And still, the less and less they know, 115
 The greater dose of that allow:
 Decry all things; for to be wise
 Is not to know, but to despise;
 And deep judicious confidence
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,
 And can pretend a title to 120
 Far greater things than they can do:
 'T' adorn their English with French scraps,
 And give their very language claps;
 To jernie rightly, and renounce
 I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones, 125
 And, while they idly think t' enrich,
 Adulterate their native speech:
 For, though to smatter ends of Greek
 Or Latin be the rhetorique
 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious, 130
 To mangle French is meritorious;
 And to forget their mother-tongue,
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
 And that they improve and benefit; 135
 'T' those that have been taught amiss
 In liberal arts and sciences,
 Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain
 Forget quite, and begin again.

S A T I R E

UPON

DRUNKENNESS.

TIS pity wine, which Nature meant
 To man in kindness to present.

And gave him kindly, to cares
 And cherish his frail happiness;
 Of equal virtue to renew
 His weary'd mind and body too;
 Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
 Which only grew to be forbidden)
 No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
 But th' owner is fatally destroy'd;
 And that which the for good design'd,
 Becomes the ruin of mankind,
 That for a little vain excess
 Runs out of all his happiness,
 And makes the friend of Truth and Love
 Their greatest adversary prove;
 T' abuse a blessing the bestow'd
 So truly essential to his good,
 To countervail his penive cares,
 And saveth drudgery of affairs;
 To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
 And, more than all these, confidence;
 To pass his times of recreation
 In choice and noble conversation,
 Catch truth and reason unawares,
 As men do health in wholesome airs
 (While fools their counterfeits possess
 As unawares with foolishness);
 To gain access a private way
 To man's best sense, by its own key,
 Which painful judges strive in vain
 By any other course to obtain;
 To pull off all disguise, and view
 Things as they're natural and true;
 Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
 For wise and honest in the crowd;
 With innocent and virtuous sport
 Make short days long, and long nights short,
 And mirth, the only antidote
 Against diseases ere they're got;
 To save health harmless from th' access
 Both of the medicine and disease;
 Or make it help itself, secure
 Against the desperate fit, the cure.
 All these sublime prerogatives
 Of happiness to human lives,
 He vainly throws away and flights,
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
 When nothing can detect, but words
 And pots, the right or wrong of words,
 Like princes' titles, and he's outed
 The justice of his cause than's routed.

No sooner has a chamber been founded
 With—*then of a sphere, and Denmark's confound'd,*
 And the bold signal given, the *drum*,
 But instantly the battles fly,
 Where cups and glasses are small mot,
 And cannon-balls a pewter pot;
 That blood, that's naturally in the vein,
 Is now remanded back again;
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
 And near as kin, within degrees,
 Strives to commit assassinations
 On its own natural relations;
 And those by inspiration so kind-hearted,
 That from their mouths no deadly parted

No sooner several ways are gone,
 But by themselves are set upon,
 Surpris'd like brother against brother,
 And put to th' sword by one another:
 So much more fierce are civil wars,
 Than those between mere foreigners!
 And man himself, with wine possess'd,
 More savage than the wildest beast!
 For serpents, when they meet to water,
 Lay by their poison and their nature;
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,
 In thirsty deserts, to the rare
 And distant river's banks to drink,
 In love and close alliance link,
 And from their mixture of strange feeds
 Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
 To whom the fiercest unicorn
 Begins a huge health with his horn;
 As cuckolds put their antidotes
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots;
 While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
 Is far more savage and untam'd;
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense
 With barbarousness and insolence;
 Believes himself, the less he's able,
 The more heroic and formidable;
 Lays by his reason in his bowls,
 As Turks are said to do their souls,
 Until it has so often been
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
 At length it never can attain
 To find the right way back again;
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes
 The end of 's life, as vignerons
 Cut short the branches of a vine,
 To make it bear more plenty of wine;
 And that which Nature did intend
 To enlarge his life, perverts to its end.
 So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
 And all the passengers he bore
 Were on the new world set ashore,
 He made it next his chief design
 To plant and propagate a vine;
 Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
 Far greater number, on dry ground,
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,
 Than all the flood before had done.

S A T I R E

UPON

M A R R I A G E.

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
 As when to matrimony men were com-
 mitted.
 Like thieves by justice, and to a wife
 Bound, like to sold beggars, during life

For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade:
And if both fail'd, there was no confidence
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense:
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the
yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rest,
Without being bound in duty to their cause,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For since, what use of matrimony has been,
But to make gallantry a greater sin
As if there were no appetite nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exorbitant,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear them friends;
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wise, and understand
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And, if they've illue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse;
As he that got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.
For why should not the brat for all account,
As well as for the christening at the font,
When those that stand for them lay down the rate
Of th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men), or how, they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a scruple in the case
Was held a miserable wretch and base:
For when they 'ad children by them, th' honest
men
Return'd them to their husbands back again.
Then, for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then,
But that which signified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Lest civil nations after hit upon't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dis honour but to him that thinks it so;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead 's shot-free, and he's enter the
world.

For horns (like hoine callouses) are found
To grow on skulls that have received any wound.
Are crackt, and broken: not at all on those
That are invulnerable and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-maker then,
When they were held the worst sort of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself!
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot!
For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,
He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reason must deserve a great deal more.
Then, if those glorious warriors of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they had overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The best to save their empire from decay,
Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this lesson forth
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For, if 'tis honourable by all confest,
Adultery must be worshipping at least,
And these times great, when private men are
come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with these
That claim by title right of the four seas:
For, being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot:
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force
Than those begotten the dull way of course.
The Chinese place all piety and zeal
In serving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
Upon their women's supererogation:
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind;
And those that can produce the most gallants,
Are held the preciousst of all their saints;
Wear rosaries about their necks, to eke
Their exercises of devotion on;
That serve them for certificates, to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do:
Before they're married, make a conscience
To omit no duty of incontinence;
And she that has been ofteneft prostituted,
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
But, when the conquering Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their ancestors
And they had prosper'd in so many years;
Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters martyrs, and their wives,
Before they would commit to great a sin
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE

UPON

PLAGIARIES*.

WHY should the world be so averse
To plagium priuatum,
That all men's letters and lines, seize,
And make free prize of what they please?
As if, because they huff and swell,
Like pilferers, full of what they steal,
Others might equal power assume,
To pay them with as hard a doom:
To shut them up, like beads in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds:
Mark them with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands;
And in enlig hang and draw
The poor delinquent by club-law,
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may be assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By being transplanted and remov'd;
And, as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it serves no more account
Than vice, estate, and merit's want;
Is neither mov'd, le nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tithement,
Nor was it ever paid by entail,
Nor settled upon heirs-male:
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall the second hand;
So 'tis no more to be engros'd
Than tithing, or the arid clos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than the uncontrol'd and scatter'd wind.
For why should that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent;
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known;
Is perishable and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd;

Be reant'd of that liberal use,
Which all mankind is free to chuse,
And only hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And, the more levin and profuse,
Tis for the nobler general use;
As riot, though supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they've freely coming in.
The world 's as full of curious wit,
Which those that father never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the lot,
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other bye-blow were their own.
For why should he that 's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stop't
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
As none but kings have power to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own,
So he that 's able to impote
A wit-excise on verse or prose,
And still, the abler authors are
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time.
And they his vassals that supply him;
Can judge more justly of what he takes
Than any of the best he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What 's fit to chuse, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly upon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt, that 's made of salt, 's more fine,
Than when it first came from the brine;
And spirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold
(As many a lout and silly clown
By his instructions since has done);
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-outs and beams.
When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms;
To whom th' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance, as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.
'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ,
And woe men understood by rote,
By an implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing-birds, i' th' dark,

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiarist, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why should the world be so severe
To every small-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better: but, as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

And understood as much of things,
As th' ablest blackbird what it sings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those who pick and chuse
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In grateful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repaite
As those who with less art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the home-born business fit
As freely with their mother wit;
Since, what by Nature was deny'd
By art and industry's supply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert;
While all th' endowments she confers
Are not so much our own as hers,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchase, but inherit.

Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were to mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to polish and review;
And that a wit at second-hand
Has greatest interest and command;
For to improve, dispose, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.

Invention's humorous and vice,
And never at command appl'ies;
Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance to be in the fit
(Like prophecy, that can prestage
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophesy again;
Makes all her suitors court and wait,
Like a proud minister of state,
And, when she's serious, in some freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly lazy pleasure.
Until she chance to be at leisure;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit
To slip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting sports, of those that write;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting sport.

Hence th' great saint, who set up first
As raw, and wretched, and unvest,
And open'd with a flock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one sore;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But paid, or sent, like a parson,

105 And at the best could but commend;
The petty-larceny of wit;
To whom to write was to purchase,
And printing but to stamp false coin;
Yet, after long and stupid labours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
110 With gathering rags and scraps of wit,
As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong—to be admir'd;
115 And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck to be preferr'd.
For, as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums he only owes,
Than he who honestly is known
120 To deal in nothing but his own.
So, whoso'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

S A T I R E,

IN TWO PARTS,

Upon the Impetition and Abuse of HUMAN LEARNING*.

P A R T I.

135 **I**T is the noblest act of human reason,
To free itself from flimsy prepossession,
Assume the legal right to disengage
140 From all it had contracted under age,
And put its ingenuity and wit,
To all it was imbued with first, submit;

145 * In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's
enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman,
we are told by the learned editors, under the
article *H. H. H.*, that they were personally in-
formed by the late Mr. Longueville, That amongst
the genuine remains of Butler, which were in
his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The His-
tory of Learning*.—To the same purpose is the fol-
lowing passage, cited from *The Poetical Register*,
vol. II. p. 21.—“In justice to the public, it
is thought proper to declare, that all the ma-
nuscripts Mr. Butler left behind him, and now
“in the custody of Mr. Longueville (among
“which is one, entitled *The History of Learning*
“written after the manner of Hudibras) and that
“not one line of those poems lately published
“under his name is genuine.”

As these authorities must have given the world
reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this
sort, it becomes necessary for me to inform the
public, that Butler did meditate a pretty long
satire upon the impetition and abuse of Human
Learning; but that he only finished this first
part.

Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have or to hold indifferently of course.
For Custom, though but officer of the school,
Where Nature bred the body and the soul, 13
Gives a greater power and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That the two different interests is lost,
Born to be one, and to the other bred,
And to mix up with reason, more false 15
Than Nature does her stupid animals:
And that's one reason why more care is bestow'd
Upon the body than the soul is allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So fully as the body is found to grow. 20

Though children, without study, pains, or
thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their natural talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all strangers never leave the tones 25
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
But render words they first begin to con,
The end of all that's suffer to be known, 30
And set the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, find the artificial fool
Have not been chang'd in the cradle, but the
schools,
Where error, peevishness, and affectation, 35
Run them behind-hand with their education,

part of it, though he has left very considerable
and interesting fragments of the remainder,
some of which I shall subjoin.

The Poet's plan seems to me consist of two
parts: the first, which he has executed, is to ex-
pose the defects of humane learning—from the
wrong methods of education—from the natural
imperfection of the human mind—and from that
over-eagerness of men to know things—beyond the
reach of human capacity.—The second, as far
as one can judge by the *Rowley*, and the other
parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has
asserted in the first; and ridiculed and satirized
the different branches of humane learning, in
characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, to the
mistake of calling this work *A Satire on Learning*;
or perhaps it might arise from his own say-
ing, in one poem, which he afterwards altered,
begin with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,

That few can tell from whence at first it came.

What has been said will, I flatter myself, be a
sufficient apology for the printing an imperfect
work, in the many good things to be met with
in it does not make one unnecessary.—However,
for this reason, I did not think fit to place it
amongst his other Satires, which are perfect in
their different way.

And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one is fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain, 40
But knowledge, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the ruins of Babylon:
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudgery than it e'er had before:
And therefore those imported from the East, 45
Where first they were incur'd, are held the best,
Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks
Than gifted trademen scratch in sermon note-
books.

Are ready but pains and labour lost,
And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50
Unless, like rarities, as they've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When those who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone:
As men that wink with one eye see more true, 55
And take their aim much better, than with two:
For, the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And, for the industry he's spent upon 't,
Must full as much some other way discount. 60
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits, that strive to understand it
(Like those that write the characters) left-
handed:

Yet he that is but able to express 65
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for leamerder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins:
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away; 76
When the ancient Greeks and Romans had no
more

Than a school and playhouse, but the same,
And in their languages, so long ago,
To study or be idle was all one; 80
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In leisure to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And wasting, little less extravagances,
In rest and recreation of tired thought, 85
Which is run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake
And, when he wants an equal competence
Of wits and wits, abates as much of sense. 90

Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possess'd,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take 95
pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;

While those she has indulg'd in foul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise. 100
But when those great conveniencies meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
And scholars, by preposterous over-doing, 105
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the understanding of mankind
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond. 110
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cause 115
That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her; 120
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
And ever since that miserable rate 125
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For, though the most divine and sovereign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' interest of truth than ignorance, 130
And therefore never bore so high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academies, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fauces;
Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T' assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-fiet 140
And own professions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book;
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And, having but a little paltry wit 145
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for. 150

Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for interest, th' other show:
As scriblers take more pain to learn the height
Of making knots, than all the names they write:
So all his study is not to extend 155
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
T' appear and pass for learned, though his chain
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
Burst forth, then, understand not by the yard, 160

As a French library by the whole is,
So much an end for quater and for folio:
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;
But situate with their title and editions, 165
And place them in their Classical partitions;
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own power,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it at the best, 171
Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest:
And whether he will ever get it out,
Into his own possession, is a doubt:
Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients,
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet, 181
And compliment the riddle in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
And, by so mean contemptible a bribe, 185
Trepas'd the suffrages of every tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he's esteem'd the learned if of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors. 190

FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED

SECOND PART

OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,

The *Fragment* were fairly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transferred by Butler, but never connected or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each a part, well finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended scheme: and well, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that some parts of it ought to have been illustrated with notes; but

As matters prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where they've least capacity to doubt,
Are wou't t' appear most peremptory and stout;
While those that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines;
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere;
Enjoy an absolute free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,
Than those that falsely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;
And still, the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom;
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as easy how the world was made,
As if they'd been bred up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why nith,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

WHAT mad fastastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the frocks
Of all our knave-like mat' scholars!
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was caught, and lambskins-flaring mad with passion;
And had no other way to show his wit,
But when his wife was in her foetid fit;
Was atter'd in the Lagan menstruation,
And suffer'd martyrdom for his religion.
Next him, his scholar, striving to excel
All poets his poetic cannon well,
Enslav'd himself, and all his fellows,
Notorious poets, only biding verse.
The Sisyphus, unable to expound
The Lærtius, leap'd into it, and was drown'd:
So he that put his eyes out, to consider
And contemplate on natural things the steadier,
Died but himself for idiot convince,
Though reverend'd by the learned ever since.
Empedocles, so be esteem'd a god,
Leap'd into Zetum, with his sandals shod:
That being blown out, discover'd what an ass
The great philosopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
And was himself the victim and the priest.
The Cytle could not false money, and, for fear
Of being hang'd for it, turn'd philosopher;

as the printing an imperfect work may be judged,
by some readers of great delicacy, a sort of in-
trusion upon the public, I did not care to enhance
the objection by clogging it with additional ob-
servations of mine own.

VOL. II.

Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honest man in th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himself to be but one.
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate
Things that are proper for Knightsbridge col-
lege,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More foolish than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
To rally on an ass that ate a thistle;
That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
A niter mistress could not pick and chuse,
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree to fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd;
For when they affirm'd that nothing's to be
known,

They did but what they said before disown;
And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
Were often set by officers i' th' stocks
For quarrelling about a paradox:
When pudding-wives were launch'd in cock-quean
flood.

For falling foul on orator-women's schools,
No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions.
A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to foal
A pair of shoes of any other school;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cynics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lifts,
With beard to beard, and toe to heel, and nails to fists,
Like made-wicks and cutts among the youth
Of academies, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest frays of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the interests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In warring cutts and bruises as dispute,
Until with wounds and bruises which they had
got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot.
When all their quarrels rightly understood
Were but to prove disputes the forerun-

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first
sign

To regulate the errors of the mind,
By being too nicely overstrain'd and vex'd,
Have made the comment harder than the text,

3 [4]

And do not now, like carving, hit the point,
But break the bones in pieces, of a point,
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things to be uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when they've flur'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
With blunted foy'es) engage with blunted sense;
And, as they're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat a way the jack;
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest
on,
Prevaricate, and change the state of th' question;
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding

AS old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the countercarps upon their backs;
So disputant's advance, and post their arms,
To form the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be tried;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king;
For which he has been admir'd by all the learn'd,
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,
And still, the more 'tis us'd, is wont to abate
The subtilty and niceness of its weight,
Unless 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all removed from none.

It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind;
For, as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in them.
Truth would undo the world, if it possess
The meanest of its right and interest;

It but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can have no claim;
As far from guile and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrend'rd her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lyes—

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense, being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, power and force,
And pass for sense to all purposes as good
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges;
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper found
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

FOR all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style,
And the most curious critics or the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
For, as it is the garniture and dress
That all things wear in books and languages
(And all men's qualities are wont to appear,
According to the habits that they wear),
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity of th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of interest and their clients' eloquence;
When consuls, censors, senators, and praetors,
With great dictators, us'd to apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate of th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And those who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
That express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not understood:
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud th' outsid'es of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight to harangue;

Whole science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise:
And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
Only to serve for noise and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear;
For, if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest:
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expence:
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's, as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is dash'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity:
Whilst all the best and soberest things he does,
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point to evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) in his handkercher;
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't
Unhappily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false:
For, whether 'tis their want of conversation,
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation;
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly:
Their poring upon black and white too subtly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;
Or squandering of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;
Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their certain wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the insides of their skulls:
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things else unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never nobly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of reverend men and sages
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And, by th' immoderate excess of study,
Have found the flesh could not outgrow the body.

For pedants are not a good sort worth,
Bred in the kin of judgment, sense, and art,
A supply'd of reference, like a wen,
And by the gross and narrow of blind sense,

That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he that once food for the learned'st man,
Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane;
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos,
To read all authors to him with their glosses,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear

folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to fit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crackt his skull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memories of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve to improve a feeble gamster's study,
That ventures at grammatic beaft, or noddie;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry vats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whose authors oft articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the
Germans;

Was wont to scatter books in every room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,
And lay a train that naturally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course:
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When, lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, he gone, h' unriddled all he had read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE*.

THERE's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,

* This and the two following compositions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this manner. Which some readers may, perhaps, think too grave and solemn for the subject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It must, however, be allowed, that he fell no way short of his usual depth and reach of thought, keenness of satire, and richness of expression.

But, if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence;
And all that dare but question it, are strait
Pronounc'd the uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
As malefactors, that escape and fly 10
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do't,
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd-up 15
To Satan, that engag'd him to't,
For venturing wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they 20
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And, as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples, and their altars, of one piece;
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That, out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination, 30
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,
For spiritual gifts and offerings,
Which Heaven to present him brings;
And still, the further 'tis from sense, 40
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence

III.

But, as all tricks whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence;
And, as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
Like spiritual foundations
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind;
But still diverts them as to bad, or worse, 55
Than others are by unjust governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heaven the devil to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,

And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present
For painful holding-forth against the government;

IV.

The subtle spider never spins,
But on dark days, his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machins
Unless among the weak and ignorant, 70
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the high,
That in their zeal are most extravagant;
For trout are tickled best in muddy water:
And still, the muddier he finds their brains, 75
The more he's fought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains:
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still, the flatter and more dull 80
His gifts appear, is held more powerful;
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found,
By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound.

V.

A great Apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great Saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crack:
Cries moral truths and human learning down, 90
And will endure no reason but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and task
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object or ask;
But to be found impregnable, 95
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic power away;
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For, while he holds that nothing is to damn'd
And shameful as to be atham'd,
He never can b' attack'd, 100
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepossess'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly power, oppress'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel, 110
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there's something to be gain'd;
And, that being once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale 115
O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail:
For, as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;

For the same thing enriches that confines; 120
 And like to Lull, when he was in hold,
 He turns his safer metals into gold;
 Receives returning and returning fees
 For holding forth, and holding on his peace;
 And takes a pension to be advocate 125
 Against the church and state
 For gall and tender consciences;
 Commits himself to prison to the pain,
 Draw in, and spirit all he can;
 For birds in cages have a call, 130
 To draw the wilder into nets,
 More prevalent and natural
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slippery conscience has more tricks
 Than all the jugglery of magicians; 135
 And every one another contradicts;
 All laws of heaven and earth can break,
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,
 And yet is to himself and wise;
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check, 140
 But at the slightest nice grows squeaky;
 Disdains control, and yet can be
 No wiser, but in a prison, free;
 Can force itself, in spite of God,
 Who makes it free, to thought at home, 145
 A slave and villain to be sold,
 To serve his interests abroad;
 And, though no Pharisee was ever so cunning
 At tithing mine and cummin,
 No dull doler was ever so fat 150
 In things of deep and solid weight;
 Pretends to charity and holiness,
 But is implacable to peace,
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
 And, though the zeal of God's house ate a prince
 And prophet up (he says) long since, 155
 His cross-grain'd preemptory zeal
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a
 meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
 As if he went to law, his suit; 160
 Summons his Maker to appear
 And answer what he shall prefer;
 Returns him back his gift of prayer,
 Not to petition, but decline;
 Exhibits cross complaints 165
 Against him the breach of Covenants,
 And all the charters of the Saints;
 Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
 Upon high terms and bold demands;
 Excepts against him and his laws; 170
 And will be judge himself in his own cause;
 And grows more saucy and severe
 Than th' Heav'n emperor was to Jupiter;
 That us'd to wrangle with him and dispute,
 And sometimes would speak boldly in his ear,
 And sometimes loud and full of tears,
 And threaten, if he did not grow his suit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts he employs
 In holding forth, the virtue lies
 Not in the letter of the feast, 180
 But in the spiritual vehemence,
 The power and dispensation of the voice,
 The zealous pangs and agonies,
 And heavenly turnings of the eyes;
 The groans, with which he proudly destroys 185
 And towns the nonsense in the noise;
 And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
 And take his heaven by violence;
 To fright the Saints into salvation,
 Or scare the devil from temptation; 190
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,
 No kind of carnal sense
 Can be made out of what he means:
 But, as the ancient Pagans were precise
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice, 195
 He still conforms to them, and has a care
 To allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the best,
 By their own martyrs' blood increast;
 But he has found out a new way, 200
 To do it with the blood of those
 That dare his church's growth oppose,
 Or her impious canons disobey;
 And strives to carry on the work,
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk, 205
 With holy rage, and edifying war,
 More safe and powerful ways by far:
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
 Of th' ancient Christian belief, 210
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,
 And apostolic superstitions,
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
 And his successor was a Presbyter, 215
 With greater right than Italy or Abubeker.

XI.

For, as a Turk, that is to act some crime
 Against his Prophet's holy law,
 He went to bid his soul withdraw, 220
 And leave his body for a time;
 So, when some horrid action's to be done,
 Our Turkish prototype puts on
 Another skin, and lays by his own;
 And, when his over-heated brain
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman, 225
 He's led by his lord, and all his frenzies held
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
 And yet in madness all devotion plants, 230
 And where he differs most concurs;
 Both equally exact and just
 In perjury and breach of trust:
 So like in all things, that one Brother
 Is but a counterfeit of th' other; 235

And both unanimously damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the
same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways; 240
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with fire and sword convert;
To preach the gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though, in worshipping of God, all blood
Was by his own laws disallow'd, 245
Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
And, both, to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints, one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast 250
As fury and destruction waste:
Both equally allow all crimes,
As law but means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in gospel-times. 255
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid it scenes of blood and sin;
For, when religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

UPON

MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

TIS well that equal Heaven has plac'd
Those joys above, that to reward
The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess 5
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the devil's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wife,
Though at th' expence of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base 10
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A generous spirit t' undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know:
Which some, with only confidence and face, 15
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurp the chair, 20
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge,

For that which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, though in spite
Of Nature and their state, a right 25
To censure, judge, and know,
Though she can only order who
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wife:
Then why should those whom she denies
Her favour and good graces to, 30
Not strive to take opinion by surprize,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desperately assumes
The censure of all wits and arts,
Though without judgment, skill, and parts, 35
Only to startle and amuse,
And mark his ignorance (as Indians use
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nee her-parts t' adorn),
Can never fail to captivate some, 40
That will submit to his oracular doom,
And reverence what they ought to scorn;
Admire his sturdy confidence,
For solid judgment and deep sense:
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit, 45
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine
Against the world, may pass a fine
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
And settle it as they think fit 50
On one another, like the choice
Of Persia princes, by one horse's voice:
For those fine pageants which some raise
Of false and disproportion'd praise,
T' enable whom they please t' appear 55
And pass for what they never were,
In private only being but nam'd,
Their modesty must be ashamed,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd, 60
And own'd in public every where:
So vain some authors are to boast
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their assiduous wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight o' the Post, 65
As false as suborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own
ears.

IV.

But, when all other courses fail,
There is one easy artifice,
That seldom has been known to miss— 70
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do condemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reason, wit, and sense, 75
And all that makes against himself condemn;
To quarrel at all things, right or wrong,
Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue;

Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
To its first original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;
Though to perform his task as dull,
As if he had a tondition in his skull,
And could produce a greater stock
Of maggots than a putrid poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
As sure as stoutest heart of prey,
And, only with their eyes and breath,
Infect and poison men to death;
But that more impotent halibon,
That makes it both his business and his sport
To sail at all, is but a drone,
That spends his strength on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of bribery of life,
Like o'ergrown flunkey, that is snipping talk
for delight.

InvaDES the reputation of all those
That have, or have it not, to lose;
And, if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongest sense:
As rooking gamblers never lose
Upon those hands that use fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the flurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less
Than all the world beside;
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness;
Revenge on himself the wrong
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,
To those that feel it not, have done,
And whips and spurs himself because he is out-
gone:
Makes idle characters and tales,
As witches' pictures are, of wax and clay,
To those whom they would in effigy slay.
And, as the devil, that has no shape of his own,
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone,
So he that's worse than nothing strives to appear
In the likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but, when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I.

TIS true, to compliment the dead
Is impertinent and vain,
As were of old to call them back again;

Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With settlements for after-lives;
For all that can be done or said,
Though e'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.
All our fine sleights and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert,
And those romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuff with ranting flatteries.
And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
For, as those times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in use at all;
So we boast glory and renown
Where it was never deserv'd nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,
To reward our nefarious crimes,
And cheer the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave
behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn-but be Fame;
That held us fast to leave behind
A good example to mankind;
That set a public example,
From ruin to preserve those few
Who, though born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise;
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
The arrival of his fatal hour,
Made every day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative:
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
Than e'er was known before to the dull English
nation.

III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where gowns and mens are current goods;
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat;

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets 4to; and, agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuscripts, with some little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may observe, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

To understand cravats and plumes,
 And the most modish from the old perfumes;
 To know the age and pedigree
 Of points of Flanders or Venice;
 Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay:
 To affect the purest negligences
 In gestures, gait, and mien,
 And speak by *reporter mien*
 Out of the most authentic of romances,
 And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
 What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of
 season;

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
 He had his birth and education,
 Where all men are so ingeniously inclin'd,
 They understand by imitation,
 Improve untaught, before they are aware,
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all a deep and solid confidence;
 A virtue of that precious life,
 That he whom bounteous Heaven endues
 But with a moderate share of it,
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
 In all the deep Hermetic arts
 (For so of late the learned call
 All tricks, if strange and mystical).
 He had improv'd his natural parts,
 And with his magic rod could found
 Where hidden treasure might be found:
 He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
 Whatever happen'd in his way,
 As lawful west and stray,
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew
 To nobler feats, and tried his force
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
 Whom he as bravely did subdue;
 Declar'd all caravans, that go
 Upon the king's highway, the foe;
 Made many desperate attacks
 Upon itinerant brigades
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
 On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;
 Made them lay down their arms, and yield,
 And, to the smallest piece, restore
 All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
 And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
 In every bold affair of war
 He had the chief command, and led them on;
 For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
 Of others' lives, until he has made it known
 How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt fun and fun,
 Have by his conquering sword been won;
 And mighty fums of money laid,
 For ransom, upon every man,

And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
 The excise and chimney-peddler,
 The Jew-foreteller and enhancer,
 To him for all their crimes did answer.
 He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
 Of all his foes, the Contraband;
 And oft had beat his quarters up,
 And routed him and all his troop.
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
 That in his own allow'd highway
 Does feats of arms as great as his,
 And, when they encounter in it, wins the day:
 Safe in his garison, the Court,
 Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,
 To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,
 But as the Scotchman did to a Tartar,
 That he, in time to come,
 Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,
 And brought its haughty spirit down;
 Have cut it off from all relief,
 And, like a wife and valiant chief,
 Made many a fierce assault
 Upon all ammunition-carts,
 And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
 Or bacon, from remoter parts:
 No convoy e'er so strong with food
 Durst venture on the desperate road;
 He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
 And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
 The savage butcher, and stout drover
 Durst not to him, their feeble troops discover;
 And, if he had but kept the field,
 In time had made the City yield;
 For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
 I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
 In which his stars began to frown,
 And had in close cabals contriv'd
 To pull him from his height of glory down,
 And he, by numerous foes oppress'd,
 Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
 Secur'd with mighty guards,
 Left he by force or stratagem
 Might prove too cunning for their chains and
 them,
 And break through all their locks, and bolts, and
 wards;
 Had both his legs by charms committed
 To one another's charge,
 That neither might be set at large,
 And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
 As jewels of high value are
 Kept under locks with greater care
 Than those of meaner rates,
 So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron
 grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all part,
 To offer up close prisoners their hearts;

[illegible]

"Heard not bold knight, to roll his
 "Hilbert's horse, in forward heat, at move 18-
 "As he had done, for his sake,
 "Would not, for proud to stand there;
 "And, but, as usual, to defend
 "The world, thus in their own,
 "Saw who should have the honour to lay down
 "And change a life with him: 191
 "But, finding death's horse lay in
 "To move his first determin'd fate,
 "Their life itself began to hate,
 "As if it were an infancy 195
 "To live when he was doom'd to die;
 "Made loud appeals and moans,
 "To soft hard-hearted grates and stones:
 "Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
 "To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers, 200
 "And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
 "Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A B A L L A D
UPON
THE PARLIAMENT,
WHICH DELIBERATED
ABOUT MAKING OLIVES RINGS.

As close as a goose,
 Sit the Parliament-house;
 To hatch the royal gull;

*This Ballot refers to the Parliamentary Committee
was called, which deliberated 2000 minutes
Vol. 11.

Afternoon and 15.00 hrs.
The day proved idle. \$
And On a fine calm day. No.

Yonah, Chief Mage,
 Littleport, Great Inland,
 I have forwarded to you of a May-pole;
 The purchase of which
 The Village Council,
 And the Council of the Marion Clay, etc.

To make it conclude
 with a flourish.
 With a deeper and fuller
 To the point of the poet,
 To the very heart,
 To the very heart.

A good good resolution
 I have made, I have made, I have made,
 To be good and true, and night
 If it be good and true,
 Oh, but I have made,
 To be good and true, and night.

Stricken, faint, and dead,
Dropt and cold as lead,
There he lay, till his friends came;
But when the friends came,
There was no sign
Enough in them both to serve for one.

Wherefore two thought good
To add Hon. you;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knave in the whole,
And that made up a Pair-royal.

A B A L I
IN TWO PARTS
CONJECTURED TO BE A

OLIVER CROMWELL
PART I

Draw near, good people all, draw near,
And hear the joyful sound.

the model, the first part of the model is accepted and the second part is rejected. The model is then revised and the process is repeated until the model is accepted. The model is then revised and the process is repeated until the model is accepted.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

A stranger thing
Than this I say
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this new fier,
You would not give a farthing
For the horse or the pig,
Nor the mole in the garden.

You would not see the pageants
Are none like these the mayor;
The shape of shape
You would not see
Upon a thing's brow!

His face is not a little decent,
As is a dish or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of his forehead
Are eyes, but they're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,
That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever see the like?

He has no scull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing but a skin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o' th' very same leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they're mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, chuse ye whether.

wards crossed it out, for which reason I have not inserted it; and only mention it as a circumstance which may amuse such as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this sort. It does not appear to bear any sense consistent with the subject: but some other critic may perhaps find one, or at least please himself with thinking so.

Ver. 16.] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the oddness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The towce that grows so near.

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within, a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and brass
As easy as
That you would do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.

Ver. 13, 14.] This whimsical liberty our Author takes, of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expence of the sense, is a new kind of poetic licence; and it is merry enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place;

As soon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap:
They say 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
Forth' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vanish'd, fear of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the flink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
 Became like to a wilderness;
 For the fight
 Of him that sought
 A way men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all those parts much harried,
Till a wife-woman, when
Some call a white-witch,
Him into a hog-five charmed.

There, when she had him fast,
With brimstone and with nitre
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame to a spangle;
For he us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-Street
All those may see it
That will not believe my date.

God save the King and Parliament,
And eke the Prince's highness,

Put those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake:
For one for tenfold, and one for rhyme,
I think, 's sufficient for one line.

And quickly fend
The ways an end,
As here my song has—*Finis*.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

ALL men's intrigues are project and,
 Base and low, as they are bad;
 To compass, by the secret flow,
 Whatever's in the figure's show;
 And that will, even the most pretext
 Be a fair game to be
 Chanc'd to, that by a better part
 Much better than the other is.
 And he's a good man, just and true
 That's the best of men, as he is;
 To the wife, as to the girl,
 Appear more knowing than the wife;

Ver. 61.] From this circumstance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the King, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public; and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no discredit to his younger years.

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Barter, in a sort of poetical Theatrum, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them as separate little thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very useful to him, cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over-curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land,
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Rast to reconcile, &c.

The publishing of Miscellaneous Thoughts, or what passes under the name of *Table Talk*, might be justly the subject of notice of the great and able in the learned world; and these copies of wit, and modestly printed, four times give more pleasure than when they are often perused in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels separately in a cabinet, than to see them all forming a prince's crown or a royal robe. Our next venture to add, that none of our Author must have a kind of diamond in his collection, by the agreeable singularity of their being a work.

Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
Pais on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Just muffler for the valiant;
For he that has but impotence,
To all things, has a just pretence,
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

HOW various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble!
'Tis they maintain the church and state;
Employ the priest and magistrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And in millions of all prices;
Bear all the expence of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions;
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rents and lands;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the fees
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
Discharge all damages and costs
Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
All statesmen, cutpurse, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchase this world, hell, or heaven.

SHOULD once the world resolve to abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
To apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and
Lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains,
To undo themselves with drudgery and pains,

THE foolish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on the account of books;
And, when there are two scholars that within
The species only hardly are a kin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they've toser'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up,
feed

Upon the rare fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

AS all Fanatics preach, so all men write,
Out of the strength of guts, and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses thorough pack'd
Were never taught, and therefore go make fast.

IN all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desperate; it will to err,
And worst to be avoided; as a wound
Is said to be the harder cur'd that's cur'd;
For error and mistake, the less they appear,
In the end are found to be the dangerous;
As no man needs those clocks that use to go
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

THE truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

THE metaphysic's but a puppet motion
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught,
Unnaturally taken from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix,
That counterchanges whatsoever it calls
By another name, and makes it true or false;
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'TIS not the art of schools to understand,
But make things hard, instead of being explain'd;
And therefore those are commonly the learned'st
That only study between jest and earnest;
For when the end of learning's to pursue
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
They ne'er consider how they're to apply,
But only listen to the noise and cry,
And are so much delighted with the chase,
They never mind the taking of their prey.

MORE profelytes and converts use to accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be the right,
As numbers may to infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
The more 't is for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France
Fighting against Mahometans,

In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner:
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half of the nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The king's security for good:
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days, with an infidel,
That will not pass for five pence now,
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

THOSE that go up-hill life to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To please themselves, and sometimes creep,
When the way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble addresses,
Can stoop to say things that are base,
To wiggles, and fops, and grace;
Are like to rise no higher than
Than those that go down-hill, and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of mercy, that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

NOTHING is more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present trait;
And, to patch up, on shifts, will close
Or break alike, with friend or foe;
That runs behind-hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent:
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend nor true cause.

THE Devil was the first of the name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker.
And, though miscarrying in the event,
Was never yet known to repent.
Though tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss:
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or suffer, like the devil.

THE word of rebels never came
To do their king or country harm.

But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

NO feared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity is as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

AS thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever venture to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
To do, like a rattle-snake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them, without their care;
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The natural by blinder chances;
While others by desert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are lost the abler thought to serve.

GREAT wits have only been prefer'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last:
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

AS gold, that's proof against the assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,
And having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least;
So some men, having stood the bare
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
Transported with a false career
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing else but patience;

'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state;
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain't and justest cause;
Nor keep unpotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage;
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion o'er the rest.
And, as one field that fell from heaven
Was countermined by eleven,
The better to secure the rule
And lasting empire of either,
The false are numerous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand them least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unlight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lye for,
And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Must be by 'a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in them
As that inhuman brute, Opinion;
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion,
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing 's so perverse in nature
As a profound opinator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime;
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

WEY should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,

And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion;
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions;
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in life,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion;
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been
made
Of profelytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wife and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please;
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And, when they prove averse and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath,
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keep the keys within;
Has no superior to control
But what itself sets o'er the soul;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear:
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus:
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold.
As Marcy-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments;
For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

ALL love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and froths until 'tis fine;

But, when 'tis settled on the bed,
And from th' imperious mother free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by nits and flarts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruel fates
Which all fencibles below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
To translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse:
The lion's constant to his only mistress,
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men,
The docile and ingenuous elephant,
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead:
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,
That some believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They 've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And, though their passions have most power,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' absolute will, that with a breath
Has sovereign power of life and death,
And, as its little interests move,
Can turn them all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate,
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and long-tail, but a spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

MOST virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce;
Before they 've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or, having staid and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage-bed
Has been too loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, separate alimony;
And ladies-erant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And, for their journey-worth and pains,
The chaste-women clear greater gains.

AS wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And could be much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry whose generous strains
Flow without ferule study, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, some a Muse,
That, as possessing devils life,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he's in, he's out of 's wits.

ALL writers, though of different species,
Do make all people in some case;
That are distrustful and discontent
Make songs, and sing t' an indictment;
And poets by their sufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been
rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due;
For praise, that's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to command, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what is amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply t' poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some, more wise, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expence
Of difficult wit and sense;

And seem more learned than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him the odds,
On even terms, of all the god;
Then Caesar he's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julia,
And was address'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently, long ago;
And, as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest,
That's of the house that's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

THERE 's nothing our felicities endears
Likethat which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desperate with success;
Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a negative voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament:
"No money" is as good as "No assent."

WHEN princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses and falser jurymen.

NO court allows those partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once:

For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Engaged to play the knave and fool with justice;
And with the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himself will rather chuse to play
At paltry mail-games than to sit out, they say;
But when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trol.

THE law that makes more knaves than ever it
Little considers right or wrong: [hang,
But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd
When 'tis to judge on its own file.

THE law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

WHO can deserve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court of justice proof,
And, need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The Statute Law 's their Scripture, and Reports
The ancient reverend fathers of their courts;
Records their general councils, and Decisions
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And, when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,
The Court directs the obstinate dispute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-hags to draw in carts.

TOO much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they had none.

AS those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do 't;
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest *single* brought about
By engines *most* unlike to do 't.

ALL

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fingering trick or slur;
And, when the gamblers doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the search.

WHAT else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious,
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
To fortify pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treachery, that undoes, of custom,
Their own selves first, next those who trust them?

BECAUSE a feeble limb's carest,
And more indulg'd than all the rest,
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the most incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

AS at th' approach of winter all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage;
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year:
So, when the glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

AS when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor prisoners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their ravenous clutches fall:
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part o' th' first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fittest materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls.
So jailors, that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear:
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That's both a prisoner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

VOL. II.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own,
Beside th' imaginary territory,
He buys a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins;
But as for heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Crois-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:

Yet, when he comes to the account, and that
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women;
Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For, dealing both for Judas and th' high-priest,
He makes a plentiful trade of Christ.

THAT spiritual pattern of the church, the
ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an universal sea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

AN ass will with his long ears fray,
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades, more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying;
But in the great, unjust dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome Laws preserve us free,
By fining of our liberty.

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use;

3 [Y]

And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation;
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' exceed than avarice:
It neither cares for food nor cloathing:
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

IN Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though the e 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions, in th' account of heaven
Of time and motion, and adjust them even;
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a we't or stray
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

AS he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefractable schoolman means:
As if the schools design'd their terms of art
Not to advance a science, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

AS 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to shorten any part
Than draw it out: so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit's bought t' obey,
Is only us'd, on liking, to betray:
And, when he's bid a liberaler price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ
From other men: as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of plant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way so'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And provid'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To pay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has turn'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school and rule a state,

Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command 's so imperious as a school.

AS he whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share;
So he whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE universal medicine is a trick,
That Nature never meant, to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great:
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack that set up for,
Call'd his receipt a General Specific. [sic]
For, though in mortal persons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure them all as easy as they're got;
Much less, among so many variations
Of different maladies and complications,
Make all the contraries in Nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT 's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble,
As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show or monster, meet;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight;
And, when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices;
And all the reasons that prevail
Are men's, not by weight, but tale.

AS in all great and crowded fairs
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,
Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS use to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And, in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ,
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains
But most of all t' th' drudgery of brains;
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;

And children are more busy at their play
Than those that wisely 't pass their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out for brains;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or over-sight.

TRIPLIETS UPON AVARICE.

AS misers their own laws enjoin,
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets he spar'd,
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And, though he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And, after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And, when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, does but spring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be sure, but at the rate they sink;
That live as if they had been on a ground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown-up, and crack,

Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreck;
That feed, like Crombils, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes;
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

DO not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress'd.

In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

DO not more affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white:
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPICRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like him who ever, ere he hooped into a tub,
And in a tub, ere he was drown'd,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY*.

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
Were famous, and renown'd to retire,
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hen itphere,
And there among the stars to leave them, 5
Until the gods sent to relieve them:
And fare our Knight, whose very fight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot, 10
Wou'd have left reason to complain,
If he should chance to rise again:
And therefore, to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful doggerel thus we trudge on.

Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell 15
How this renowned champion fell,
But must reflect, alas! alas!

All human glory fades like grass,
And that the strongest martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats! 20
Witness our Knight, who sure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,

Than of More-mall the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down 5
Than Bevis of Southampton town,
Or than our modern heroes can,

To take them singly man by man.
No, sure, the worthy King of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error, 30
To issue his death warrant for him,
To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory,
I tremble when I tell the story.

Oh! if I see, help me, some kind Muse, 35
This fellow errant to expose,
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel
To rob the world of such a jewel!

A knight, more learned, stout, and good,
Sare ne'er was made of flesh and blood: 40
All his perfections were so rare,
The wit of man could not declare

* Neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in *The Complete Remains of Butler*, as published by Mr. Elver. Both however having frequently been reprinted in *The Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler*; and as they, besides, relate particularly to the hero of his principal poem; there needs no apology for their being thus preserved. Some other of the *posthumous poems* would not have disgraced their supposed author; but, as they are so positively rejected by Mr. Elver, we have not ventured to admit them. N.

Which single virtue, or which grace,
 Above the rest had any place,
 Or which he was most famous for,
 The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
 Of each he had an equal spice,
 And was in all so very nice,
 That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,
 In which he did excel the most.
 When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
 And out he went a colonelling,
 Strange hopes and fears possess'd the nation,
 How he could manage that vocation,
 Until he shew'd it to a wonder,
 How nobly he could fight and plunder.
 At preaching, too, he was a dab,
 More exquisite by far than Squab;
 He could fetch uses, and infer,
 Without the help of metaphor,
 From any Scripture text, how'er
 Remote it from the purpose were;
 And with his fist, instead of a stick,
 Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
 Till he made all the audience weep,
 Excepting those that fell asleep,
 Then at the bar he was right able,
 And could bind o'er as well as swaddle;
 And famous, too, at petty sessions,
 'Gainst thieves and whores, for long digressions.
 He could most learnedly determine
 To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.
 For his address and way of living,
 All his behaviour, was so moving,
 That, let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
 As people say, below the waist,
 If Hudibras but once come at her,
 He'd quickly make her chaps to water;
 Then for his equipage and shape,
 On vestals they'd commit a rape;
 Which often, as the story says,
 Have made the ladies weep both ways.
 Ill has he read, that never heard
 How he with Widow Tomson far'd,
 And what hard conflict was between
 Our Knight and that insulting quean.
 Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
 For rhymes for his melodious strains,
 Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
 To get into a jilt's good graces,
 Than did Sir Hudibras to get
 Into this subtle gypsy's net;
 Who, after all her high pretence
 To modesty and innocence,
 Was thought by most to be a woman
 That to all other knights was common.
 Hard was his fate in this, I own,
 Nor will I for the trapes atone;
 Indeed to guess I am not able,
 What made her thus inexorable,
 Unless she did not like his wit,
 Or, what is worse, his perquisite.
 Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
 The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:

Vile harlot! to destroy a knight,
 That could both plead, and pray, and fight.
 Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
 To give him such a mortal stab,
 That made him pine away and moulder,
 As though that he had been no soldier:
 Could'st thou find no one else to kill,
 Thou instrument of death and hell!
 But Hudibras, who stood the Bears
 So oft against the Cavaliers,
 And in the very heat of war
 Took stout Crowdero prisoner;
 And did such wonders all along,
 That far exceed both pen and tongue?
 If he had been in battle slain,
 We 'ad had less reason to complain;
 But to be murder'd by a whore,
 Was ever knight so serv'd before?
 But, since he's gone, all we can say,
 He chanc'd to die a lingering way;
 If he had liv'd a longer date,
 He might, perhaps, have met a fate
 More violent, and fitting for
 A knight so fam'd in Civil war.
 To sum up all—from love and danger
 He's now (O happy Knight!) a stranger;
 And, if a Muse can aught foretell,
 His fame shall fill a chronicle,
 And he in after-ages be
 Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras,
 A Knight as errant as e'er was;
 The controversy only lies,
 Whether he was more stout than wise;
 Nor can we here pretend to say,
 Whether he best could fight or pray;
 So, till those questions are decided,
 His virtues must rest undivided.
 Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
 And full as oft took pains in tubs;
 Of which the most that can be said,
 He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
 As for his personage and shape,
 Among the rest we'll let them scape;
 Nor do we, as things stand, think fit
 This stone should meddle with his wit.
 One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
 He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
 And for the Good old Cause stood buff,
 'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.
 But, since his Worthip's dead and gone,
 And mouldering lies beneath this stone,
 The Reader is desir'd to look,
 For his achievements in his Book;
 Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
 Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

SELECT POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
 Since my heart is gone before,
 To what purpose should I stay?
 Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
 When dissembling was your crime,
 In pity now employ that art,
 Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign:
 Men dissemble still with pain.
 What advantage will it prove,
 If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why
 Love from hearts in love does fly?
 Why the bird will build a nest,
 Where she ne'er intends to rest?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
 Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
 Which when gain'd, in childish play,
 Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
 Love does nothing by degrees:
 Basely flying when most priz'd,
 Meanly fawning when despis'd.
 Flattering or insulting ever,
 Generous and grateful never:
 All his joys are fleeting dreams,
 All his woes severe extremes.

Vol. II.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;
 Love, like us, must Fate obey.
 Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
 Constancy alone is strange.
 See the heavens in lightnings break,
 Next in storms of thunder speak;
 Till a kind rain from above
 Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.
 Flames begin our first address,
 Like meeting thunder we embrace:
 Then, you know, the showers that fall
 Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget?
 'Twas so pleasant to be wet!
 They kill'd love, I knew it well.
 I dy'd all the while they fell.
 Say at least what nymph it is,
 Robs my breast of so much bliss?
 If she's fair, I shall be eas'd,
 Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,
 Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
 Gentle, innocent, and free,
 Ever pleas'd with only me.
 Many charms my heart enthral,
 But there's one above them all:
 With aversion, she does fly
 Tedious, trading, constancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
 Do what love and you think fit:
 Change is fate, and not design,
 Say you would have still been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
 Change has greater charms than you,

Be, by my example, wife;
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false, in scorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's disguise,
I thy love and thee despise.
Womankind more joy discovers
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain
So lost a swain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain,
Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by some cruel powers above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
'To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peevish to mankind,
For their own honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of love,
By honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Must sensible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
To the nymph have never nam'd
The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;
For, since to serve we're not sham'd,
Why should the blush to reign?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise
My humble proffer'd one,
The just compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
Hers are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;
My heart's consum'd almost:
New fires must kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?
Be dead before thy passion dies;
For if thou should'st survive,
What anguish would thy heart surprize,
To see her flames begin to rise,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleasure should I meet
In my triumphant scorn,
To see my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit
A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd! cease, for shame,
Which way can you pretend
To merit so divine a flame,
Who to dull life make a mean claim,
When love is at an end?
As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my soul doth cling;
When torn by the herd's greedy taste,
The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd,
They wither in the spring.
My ruffled love would soon retire,
Dissolving into air,
Should I that nymph cease to admire,
Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,
Or at her feet despair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,
Fair Cælia, when it does not love withstand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
All but the god must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the charms you have,
He'd quit his godhead to become your slave:
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himself for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different bands subjected slaves and kings:
Fetter'd in forms of royal state are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, resistless does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he shall reign
By harmony the universe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?
Who would resist an empire so divine,
Which universal nature does enjoin?

See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged banks on either side;
While in their crystal streams at once they flow,
And with them feed the flowers which they be-
flow :

Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd sea; for streams have their desires;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with such passion, that if any force,
Stop or molest them in their amorous course,
They swell, break down with rage, and ravage
o'er

The banks they kiss'd, and flowers they feed be-
fore.

Submit then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead soil, which Love
Manners, and does by wife commerce improve :
Sailing by sighs, through seas of tears, he sends
Courtships from foreign hearts, for your own ends :
Cherish the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their useless toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and starve,
Your gewgaw reputation still preserve :
Live upon modesty and empty fame,
Foregoing sense for a fantastic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful servant you disown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own :
But bright ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell :
Unknown and undisturb'd it rest'd there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The sacred quiet of these hallow'd shades;
His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter sky.
How can my passion merit your offence,
That challenges so little recompence?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
A thing, whose bliss depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitless sighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its mother Pride.
Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves;
But own the fates of your neglected slaves :
When in the crowd yours undistinguish'd lies
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
More mercy, than your anger has design'd :
But Love has carefully design'd for me,
The last perfection of misery,

For to my state the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease,
My worst of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phyllis continued still unkind :
Then you may e'en despair, he said,
In vain I strive to change her mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart,
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And shew myself a mightier god.

III.

This huffing Honour domineers
In breasts, where he alone has place :
But if true generous Love appears,
The hector dares not shew his face.

IV.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd :
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

V.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,
She lives a wretch for Honour's sake.
Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Consider Real Honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the same;
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean distrustful shame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

THE utmost grace the Greeks could shew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love;
This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine;
And their best powers united move,
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A S O N G.

I.

Age, in her embraces past,
Would seem a winter's day;
Life and light, with envious haste,
Gone and snatch'd away.

II.

Time, how slowly minutes roll,
When absent from her eyes;
That bid me love, which is my foul,
In languish and dies.

III.

For there is more a soul but shade,
In my heart she does move;
And her absent breast, by absence made
The home of love.

IV.

Let not man despise me not;
Nor let me seek fancy raves,
For I am as I am, and heaven knows what
I shall be when in graves.

V.

With those wounding eyes, so full
Of tears as if you did see,
My heart has been profoundly dull,
And I am gone mad like me.

VI.

But you who perceive
I am beloved and me,
My heart's content, complain and grieve,
For we disagree.

VII.

'Tis sacred jealousy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe:
Taking false pleasure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest at last.

A S O N G.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languish still;
Then ask me not, When I return?
The fraying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love and peace, and truth, does flow,
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Left, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

A S O N G.

I.

PHILIS, be gentler, I advise,
Make up for time mis-spent,
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive, in spite,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A S O N G.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown;
When not one charm her face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly art
Virtue had ill design'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The Gorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead passion to her,
That much she fears (but more she loves)
Her vassal should undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A S O N G.

I.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone :
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not ;
How can it then be mine ?
The present moment's all my lot ;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows ;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A S O N G.

I.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin :
'Tis not for pity that I move ;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing ;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure ;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

A S O N G.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my
arms,
Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright
charms :
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire ;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd ?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me ?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend ;
Then what room for despair, since delight is Love's
end ?

IV.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain ;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes :
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before ;
But, hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak :
Retire, divine image ! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love ; I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I should meet in her
arms.

UPON

HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

'TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone :
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine :
You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of a whole nation ?

II.

Let meaner spirits of your sex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex :
And boast, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
With universal influence.

UPON

DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

II.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast roasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took Mæstrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations:
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my fancies are,
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to Love again.

A S O N G.

I.

AS Chloris full of harmless thoughts
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
To pass the time away.

II.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
In spite of her disdain;
She found a pulse in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah, youth! (said she) what charms are these,
That conquer and surprise?
Ah! let me—for, unless you please,
I have no power to rise.

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lie.

VI.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a swain.

A S O N G.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides but weakly move,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than scorn, and cold disdain:
I, to cherish your desire,
Kindness us'd, but 't was in vain.

II.

You insisted on your slave,
Humble love you soon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er
By my love my empire lose;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my heart,
Scorn and rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You that could my heart subdue,
To new conquests ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I should complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

I.

MY dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A SONG.

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN EATON.

I.

TOO late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess.
'Twere madness not to love ye.

II.

Then spare a heart you may surprize,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

A LETTER

FROM ARTEMISA IN THE TOWN,
TO CLOE IN THE COUNTRY.

CLOE, by your command in verse I write;
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride and fight:
Such talents better with our sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At least they pass'd for such before they writ)
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly designing large returns of praise;
Who durst that stormy pathless world explore,
Where soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull
shore,
Broke off that little stock they had before!
How would a woman's tottering barque be tost,
Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost!
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise:
Dear Artemisa! poetry's a snare;
Bedlam has many mansions, have a care;
Your Muse diverts you, makes the reader sad;
You think yourself inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
To make yourself the fiddle of the town.
To find th' ill-humour'd pleasure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you suc-
ceed.

Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame,
That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poetess—
Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Because 'tis th' very worst thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin.
Y' expect to hear, at least, what love has pass'd
In this lewd town, since you and I saw last;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whe-
ther
The old ones last, and who and who's together.
But how, my dearest Cloe, should I sit
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that lost thing Love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The selfish refuge innocents find;

The fate director of unguided youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
 That cordial-drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
 On which one only blessing God might raise,
 In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise:
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and bless'd his power, in love:
 'Tis only joy, for which poor we are made,
 Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
 The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
 As many little cheats and tricks as that;
 But, what yet mere a woman's heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own sex;
 Our silly sex, who born, like monarchs, free,
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner liberty,
 And hate restraint, though but from infamy:
 That call whatever is not common nice,
 And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
 Forsake the pleasure, to pursue the vice.
 To an exact perfection they have brought
 The action Love, the passion is forgot.
 'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
 And ev'n without approving they desire:
 Their private wish obeys the public voice,
 'Twixt good and bad whimsy decides, not choice:
 Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike,
 They know what they would have, not what they
 like.

Boyy's a beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree
 Affected are, that with their ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other night,
 Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own
 skill,
 At his request, though much against his will,
 To come to London—
 As the coach stoppt, I heard her voice, more loud
 Than a great-belly'd woman's in a croud;
 Telling the knight, that her affairs require
 He, for some hours, obsequiously retire.
 I think she was aham'd he should be seen:
 Hard fate of husbands! the gallant had been,
 Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.
 Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend,
 Your beauly visit to your drunken friend,
 A bottle ever makes you look so fine;
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of wine.
 Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill;
 Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.
 Pr'ythee, farewell; we'll meet again anon:
 The necessary thing bows, and is gone.
 She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show
 That fifty antic postures will allow;
 And then bursts out—Dear madam, am not I
 The strangest, alter'd creature: let me die,
 I find myself ridiculously grown,
 Embarrass'd with my being out of town:
 Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
 My country nakedness is plainly seen.
 How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the state;
 And pray who are the men most worn of late?
 When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
 The men of wit were then held incommode:

Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
 Who, ere they'll be persuaded, must enquire,
 As if they came to spy, and not to admire:
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They still find out why what may should not please:
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make them think better of us than we are;
 And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;
 They little guess, who at our arts are griev'd,
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
 Inquisitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know
 What, being known, creates their certain woe:
 Women should these, of all mankind, avoid
 For wonder, by clear knowledge, is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a fool's dull sight
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.
 But the kind easy fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trusts us; his follies all conspire
 To flatter his, and favour our desire:
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease
 Believes we love him best, who best can please;
 On him our gross, dull, common flatteries pass,
 Ever most happy when most made an ass;
 Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
 Perceive us false, the sop himself is blind;
 Who, doating on himself—
 Thinks every one that sees him of his mind.
 These are true womens men—Here, forc'd to cease
 Through want of breath, not will, to hold her
 peace,
 She to the window runs, where she had spy'd
 Her much-esteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd:
 With forty smiles, as many antic bows,
 As if 't had been the lady of the house,
 The dirty chattering monster she embrac'd,
 And made it this fine tender speech at last:
 Kifs me, thou curious miniature of man;
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
 Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
 For half an hour, in compliments she ran:
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the world she sent,
 So very wise, yet so impertinent:
 One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
 Should be an ass through choice, not want of wit;
 Whose foppery, without the help of sense,
 Could ne'er have rose to such an excellence:
 Nature 's as lame in making a true sop,
 As a philosopher; the very top
 And dignity of folly we attain
 By studious search and labour of the brain,
 By observation, counsel, and deep thought:
 God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
 We owe that name to industry and arts:
 An eminent fool must be a fool of parts,
 And such a one was she, who had turn'd o'er
 As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
 Had a discerning wit; to her was known
 Every one's fault, or merit, but her own.
 All the good qualities that ever blest
 A woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except discretion only, she possesseth.

But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, she cries, adieu;
And the discourse broke off does thus renew:
You smile to see me, who the world perchance
Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
The interest of fools, that I approve
Th'ir merit more than men of wit in love;
But in our sex too many proofs there are
Of such whom wits undo, and fools repair.
Thus, in my time, was so observ'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meanest common slut, who long was grown
The jest and scorn of every pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have seduced
Some sop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foller could make an Irish lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.
A woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
Be still reveng'd on her undoer, man:
How lost foe'er, she'll find some lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool than she a whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
Through all the several ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at first by love, and living then
By turning the too-dear-bought cheat on men:
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they
flew,
When first the town her early beauties knew;
Court'd, admir'd, and lov'd, with presents full,
Youth in her looks, and pleasure in her bed;
Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit;
Who found 't was dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jest, and went away.
Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
She's a *memento mori* to the rest:
Disens'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Must mortgage her long scarf and mantle gown;
Poor creature, who, unhardens, as a fly
In some dark hole must all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
That for one month she tawdry may appear.
In Easter-term she gets her a new gown;
When my young master's worship comes to town,
From pedagogue and mother just set free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with strong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been fools;
And now, with careful prospect to maintain
This character, lest crossing of the strain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A cousin of his own to be his bride:
And thus set out—
With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Dunghill and peace forsook; he comes to town,
Turns spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense,
Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
This o'er-rown school-boy lost Corinna wins;
At the first dash to make an ass begins:
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town;
Fresh is the youth, and faithful in his love,
Lager of joys which he does seldom prove;

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Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure
But what the fair-one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the sex esteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdness of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheists, and maintains
'Tis better than good sense, than power or wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never seen
A creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient seat,
To buy his mistress a new house for life,
To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her bastard heir to his estate;
And, as the race of such an owl deserves,
His own dull lawful progeny he starves.
Nature (that never makes a thing in vain,
But does each insect to some end ordain)
Wisely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
Still mixt with follies of impertinence.

But now 'tis time I should some pity show
To Cloe, since I cannot choose but know,
Readers must reap what dulciest writers sow.
By the next post I will fetch stories tell,
As, join'd to these, shall to a volume swell;
As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
But you are tir'd, and so am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

FROM LORD ROCHESTER TO LORD MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does so abound
In fancy censurers, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
But (howe'er envy their spleen may raise,
To rob my brows of the deserved bays)
Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I'll say in my defence,
'T'obtain one line of your well-worded sense,
I'll be content t' have writ the "British Prince." }
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
'T'avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
Which way foe'er desire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget, }
No matter though the censoring critics fret.
These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,
With equal spleen, against my course of life;

4 [C]

The least delight of which I'll not forego,
 For all the flattering praise man can bestow.
 If I design'd to please, the way were then
 'To mend my manners, rather than my pen :
 'The first's unnatural, therefore unfit ;
 And for the second I despair of it,
 Since grace is not so hard to get as wit :
 Perhaps ill verses ought to be confin'd,
 In mere good breeding, like unfav'ry wind.
 Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink.
 I'll own that you write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime
 Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see,
 It could have been produc'd by none but me.
 And that's my end ; for man can wish no more
 Than so to write, as none e'er writ before ;
 Yet why am I no poet of the times ?
 I have allusions, similes, and rhymes,
 And wit ; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole race of mankind, should have none
 Unequally the partial hand of heaven
 Has ail but this one only blessing given.
 The world appears like a great family,
 Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,
 (That to a few great bounty he may show)
 Is fain to starve the numerous train below.
 Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
 Keeping more creatures than it can maintain :
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.
 In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most avaricious are content.
 For none e'er thought (the due division's such)
 His own too little, or his friend's too much.
 Yet most men show, or find, great want of wit,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
 Look on mankind as envious and dull.
 Born to myself, I like myself alone,
 And must conclude my judgment good, or none :
 For could my sense be naught, how should I know
 Whether another man's were good or no ?
 Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
 That 'tis the best ; and there's a fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whether to merit due, or arrogance ?
 Oh, but the world will take offence hereby !
 Why then the world shall suffer for't, not I.
 Did e'er this faucy world and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly will on me ?
 Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,
 To every rule their musty customs spawn ?
 But men may censure you ; 'tis two to one,
 Whene'er they censure, they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
 It calls the courtier knave, the plain-man rude,
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
 Impertinent the brisk, merose the sad,
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd-one mad.
 Poor help'd woman is not favour'd more,
 She's a fly hypocrite, or public whore.

Then who the devil would give this—to be free
 From th' innocent reproach of infamy ?
 These things consider'd, make me (in despite
 Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS.*

IN IMITATION OF A SATIRE IN BOILEAU.

SINCE the sons of the Muses grew numerous
 And loud,
 For th' appealing so factious and clamorous
 crowd,
 Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
 To establish a government, leader, and laws.
 The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,
 Had drawn them together, the Devil and all ;
 All thronging and listening, they gap'd for the
 blessing :
 No presbyter sermon had more crowding and pre-
 sing :
 In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
 That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
 But Apollo had heard a story in town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black
 gown ;
 And so gave him leave now his poetry's done,
 To let him turn priest since R—— is turn'd nun.
 This reverend author was no sooner set by,
 But Apollo had got gentle George† in his eye,
 And frankly confess'd, of all men that writ,
 There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment, and
 wit :
 But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
 That his long seven years silence was not to be
 pardon'd.
 —W——y‡ was the next man shew'd his face,
 But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the
 place ;
 No gentleman writer that office should bear,
 But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
 As none but a Cit—er makes a Lord-Mayor.
 Next into the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
 And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
 That 'tis he alone best piques the age,
 Himself and his wife have supported the stage :
 Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
 To oblige him, he told him, he should be huge
 glad,
 Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
 Nat Lee stepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
 Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice ;
 By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much wit as wine could supply ;

* See "The Session of the Poets," in the State Poems, vol. I. and "The Election of the Poet Laureat, 1719," in Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's Works.

† Sir George Etherege.

‡ Mr. Wycherley.

Could'st that indeed he had a musical note,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in
 throat ;
 Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for't,
 He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
 Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
 He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn
 out,
 And humbly desir'd he might give no offence ;
 Down him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense :
 And Bencks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull
 rogue :
 Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
 Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a
 fool,
 And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
 Tom Orway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear
 Zany,
 And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any :
 Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his mangle was quite cur'd, and his lice were
 all kill'd ;
 Anababutha put in for a share,
 And little Tom Effence's author was there :
 But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
 And prudently did not think fit to engage
 The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an
 age.
 In the numerous crowd that encompass'd him round,
 Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he
 found.
 His cravat-string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His lily-white hand out, the laurel to reach.
 Alledging that he did most right to the bays,
 For writing romances, and finishing of plays :
 Apollo rose up, and gravely confess'd,
 Of all men that writ, his talent was best ;
 For since pain and dishonour man's life only
 damn,
 The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
 Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense of
 shame ;
 And to perfect his bliss in poetical rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the charter.
 The poetess Afra next shew'd her sweet face,
 And swore by her poetry, and her black ace,
 The laurel by a double right was her own,
 For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she
 had won.
 Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
 Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
 He told her, were conquests and charms her pre-
 tence,
 She ought to have pleas'd a dozen years since.
 Nor could D'Urfey forbear for the laurel to flie-
 kle,
 Professing that he had the honour to tickle
 Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam
 Pickle.
 With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
 But that they're too long to stand in my verse :
 Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
 At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
 For, since poets without the kind players may
 hang,

By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a laureat, he'd look out no
 more,
 A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
 To think that the bays to an actor should fall ;
 Tom told them, to put his desert to the test,
 That he had MAID plays as well as the best,
 And was the great it wonder the age ever bore,
 Of all the play-feribblers that e'er writ before,
 His wit had most worth, and modestly in't,
 For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR

AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious creatures
 man,
 A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
 What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear, }
 I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
 Or any thing, but that vain animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other five ;
 And, before certain instinct, will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
 Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
 Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind :
 Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
 Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes ;
 Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
 Mountains of whimsies, heapt in his own brain :
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong
 down
 Into Doubt's boundless sea, where like to drown
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with bladders of philosophy ;
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light, }
 The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
 Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
 Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful and so long,
 That all his life he has been in the wrong.
 Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :
 Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a wretch :
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the world he should enjoy :
 And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own expence ;
 For wits are treated just like common whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors :
 The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
 Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring fools.
 Pleasure allures ; and when the fops escape, }
 'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate ;
 And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate. }

But now, methinks, some formal band and beard
Takes me to task : come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ,
Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care,
Upon this point, not to be too severe;
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part;
For, I profess, I can be very smart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
But your grand indiscretion bids me flay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reason and mankind?
Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlasting soul hath freely given;
Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
That from himself he did the image take,
And this fair frame in shining reason drest,
To dignify his nature above beast:
Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material sense,
Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming limits of the universe,
Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted
there,

And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reason I despise
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal and the Ever-blest.

This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crouds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges and schools,
Dorne on whose wings, each heavy lot can pierce
The limits of the boundless universe.

So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.

'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities:

This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions' government,
Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.

Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.

Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey;
That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Reason don't hinder, mine helps to enjoy,
And my appetites, yours would destroy.
Reason is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Reasoner calls out, my reason bids me eat;
Ravens cry yours, your appetite does mock;
This asks for food; that answers, what's a clock?

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.

Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.

For all his pride, and his philosophy,
'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
As wise at least, and better far than he.
Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare,
Better than Meres supplies committee-chair;
Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler in justice will be wiser found.

You see how far man's wisdom here extends:
Look next if human nature makes amends;
Whose principles are most generous and just;
And to whose morals you would sooner trust:
Be judge yourself, I'll bring it to the test,
Which is the basest creature, man or beast:
Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,
But savage man alone does man betray.
Prest by necessity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himself no good:
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to supply their want.
But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains works his distress;
Not through necessity, but wantonness.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear:
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
From fear to fear successively betray'd:
Base fear, the source whence his base passions
came,

His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
The lust of power, to which he's such a slave;
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various projects are design'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise;
Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
Look to the bottom of his vast design,
Wherein man's wisdom, power, and glory join;
The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
Merely for safety, after fame they thirst;
For all men would be cowards if they durst:
And honesty's against all common sense;
Men must be knaves; 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's honest; if you think it fair,
Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
You'll be undone——

Nor can weak truth your reputation save;
The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
Thus here you see what human nature craves,
Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
The difference lies, as far as I can see,
Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
And all the subject-matter of debate,
Is only who's a knave of the first rate.

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd,
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, sweln with selfish vanity, devise
False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.

But if in court so just a man there be,
(In court a just man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppress and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way soever laid,
Is still a tax on that unhappy trade;
If so upright a statesman you can find,
Whose passions bend to his unbiass'd mind:
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raise his country, not his family.

Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
Not one blown up with vain aspiring pride,
Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride:
Whose envious heart with flattery eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense:
Who in his talking vents more peevish lyes,
More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony:
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives,
Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a score of years completed be,
Can from the lofty stage of honour see,
Half a large parish their own progeny.

Nor doating — who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council board,
A greater sop, in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more,
Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.

But a meek humble man of modest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them;
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey,
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, than man from
beast.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS some brave Admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but peest with courage
still,

Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill:

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he
views

The wise and daring conduct of the fight:
And each bold action to his mind renews
His present glory and his past delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks
away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his foes.
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I'm by wine and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch,
On the dull shore of lazy temperance:

V.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain;
When fleets of glasses sail around the board,
From whose broadsides volleys of wit shall rain.

VI.

Nor shall the sight of honourable scars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed soldiers from the wars;
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should some brave youth (worth being drunk)
prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
I would please the ghost of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or should some cold-complexion'd sot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's brisk alarms;
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home.
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortress won;
Windows demolish'd, watches overcome,
And handsome lads by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline;
I'll make him long some ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus statesman-like I'll easily impose,
And, safe from danger, valiantly advise;
Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were
not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight be-
got,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did
join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves
again.

VIII.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
'Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philoso-
phies.

XI.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and
best.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing
fit?

XIV.

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they
like thee look wise.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in
thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they
bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANSLATION

OF

SOME LINES IN LUCRETIVS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, must possess
An everlasting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares;
Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

THE LATTER END OF THE

CHORUS

OF THE SECOND ACT OF

SENECA'S TROAS,

TRANSLATED.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.
Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
His hope of heaven (whose faith is but his pride);
Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this life they shall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world,
And to that mass of matter shall be swept
Where things destroy'd with things unborn are
kept;

Devouring Time swallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds body and soul.
For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim grizzly dog that keeps the door,
Are fenside's stories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

TO HIS
SACRED MAJESTY,
ON HIS
RESTORATION
IN THE YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant shrine! who dost en-
gage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage:
Which in extatic duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home;
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is
Itself the nation, not metropolis,
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men;
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet:
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In steel before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold respect were treason to
A father's allies, greater than to you;
Whose one ambition 't is for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's son.
Wadh. Coll. ROCHESTER.

TO HER
SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-
MOTHER,
ON THE

DEATH OF MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

RESPITE, great queen, your just and hasty
fears:
There's no infection lodes in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.
Oh! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
To understand, and to support our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,
And seem to have out-liv'd ev'n banishment:
Whom traitorous mischief fought its earliest prey,
When to most sacred blood it made its way;
And did thereby its black design impart,
To take his head, that wounded first his heart:
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin stood,
When three great nations sunk beneath the load;

Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and steady eyes
Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies.
And then sustain'd the royal Prince's fall;
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our sad complaints lost in the empty wind;
Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore;
Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly
Of sharing in this scene of tragedy:
While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
Relents, and only now contrives your stay;
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill:
In vain on fevers curses we dispense,
And vent our passion's angry eloquence:
In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,
And the forlorn physicians imprecate;
Say they to death new poisons add and fire,
Murder securely for reward and hire;
Arts basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,
And truly write bills of mortality,
Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,
First drain those vital speaking streams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with
these?
Become yourself a third and new disease?
If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
Who take yourself and the fair princess too:
For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have
When France doth ravish hence, as when the
grave:
But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim }
got,
"That 't is still better to be pleas'd than not;" }
And therefore never their own torment plot.
While the malicious Critics still agree
To loath each play they come and pay to see.
The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
To find a fault, than taste an excellence:
Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while
these
Are dully vain of being hard to please.
Poets and women have an equal right }
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spight. }
'Twas impotence did first this vice begin;
Fools censure wit, as old men rail at sin:
Who envy pleasure which they cannot taste,
And, good for nothing, would be wife at last.
Since therefore to the women it appears,
That all the enemies of wit are theirs, }
Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
To stand or fall with beauty on his side.

AN ALLUSION

TO THE

Tenth Satire of the First Book of

HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 't is granted; I said Dryden's rhymes

Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times :
What foolish patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this ?
But that his plays, emul'der'd up and down
With wit and learning, justly pleas'd the town,
In the same paper I as freely own.
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass
That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense,
Hits the false judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,
Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull
load ;

Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain :
But within due proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear
With useless words to oppress the weary'd ear.
Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.
For elegance sake, sometimes allay the force
Of epithets, 'twill soften the discourse :
A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remotest satire's sting.
Shakespeare and Jonson did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well,
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himself a sheer original,
Nor that flow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose
reins.

When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Hannibal a whining anorous slave,
Flaugh, and with the hot-brain'd sustian fool
In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.
Of all our modern wits, none seem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of nature, none of art ;
With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
Showing great mastery with little care,
Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,
To make the fools and women praise them more.
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains :
He frequently excels, and, at the least,
Makes fewer faults than any of the rest.
Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
In panegyric does excel mankind.

He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings.
For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse
For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen ;
Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
That can with a resolute power impart
The loosest wishes to the chasteest heart,
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit ;
For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
To give the ladies a dry lawdy bob,
And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
But, to be just, 't will to his praise be found,
His excellencies more than faults abound :
Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull ?
Beumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's
style

Stiff and affected ? To his own the while
Allowing all the justice that his pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd ?
And may not I have leave impartially
To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit
Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit ?
Or if his lumpy fancy does refuse
Spirit and grace to his loose flatter'd Muse ?
Five hundred verses every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit :
Such scribbling authors have been seen before ;
Maftapha, the Island Princess, forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
To write what may securely stand the test
Of being well read over thrice at least ;
Compare each phrase, examine every line,
Weigh every word, and every thought refine ;
Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
And be content to please those few who know.
Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
To wish thy works might make a play-house ring
With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
Of fops and ladies, fashious for thy plays ?
Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom
From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.
I've no ambition on that idle score,
But say with Betty Morice heretofore,
When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's* whore ;
I please one man of wit, am proud on't too,
Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.
Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight,
Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,
Picks silly faults, and censures what I write ?

* The same probably who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurst (or Dorset) in his Poems. See Gen. Mag. 1780, p. 218.

Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?
Loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense. I count their censure fame.

Sir Car Scrope, who thought himself reflected on at the latter end of the preceding Poem, published a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occasioned the following Reply.

TO SIR CAR SCROPE.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
Is thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy person we more clearly see
That satire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To shew there were some men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shapes:
In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.
A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born.
Begot in Love's despatch and Nature's scorn;
And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.
Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy grizzly face, to dance, to dress,
And all these awkward follies that express
Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.
Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;
Where dreadfully Love's scare-crow thou art
plac'd,
To fright the tender flock that long to taste:
While every coming maid, when you appear,
Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste
for fear;
For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise;
But thy half wit will ne'er let thee be wise,
Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
Half honest (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
For any thing entirely, but an Ass.

EPILOGUE.

AS charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;
For songs and scenes a double audience bring,
And doggrel takes, which smooths in latin sing.

VOL. II.

Now to machines and a dull mask you run;
We find that wit's the monster you would shun,
And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done.
For since with vice and folly wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.
Players turn puppets now at your desire,
In their mouth's nonsense, in their tail's a wire,
They fly through crowds of clouts and showers
of fire.

A kind of losing Loadum is their game,
Where the worst writer has the greatest fame.
To get vile plays like theirs shall be our care;
But of such awkward actors we despair.

Falsely taught at first—
Like bowls ill-bias'd, still the more they run,
They're further off than when they first begun.
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There's one is such a dear familiar spark,
He yawns as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free-speaking does mistake;
False accent and neglectful action too:
They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an ape's mock-face,
By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half players, like half wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
Of the great * wonder of the English stage;
Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as the bid Shakespeare write.
Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they—

Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
As monsters heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before;
These draw you on with an old painted whore,
And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids
twice o'er.

Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' these Covent-Garden men,
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for those thundering
blades

Should have an audience of substantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew
Æolus.

O how the merry citizen's in love
With—

Plyene, the goddess of each field and grove.
He cries, I faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff!
So to their house the graver sops repair,
While men of wit find one another here.

* Major Mohn.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE
COURT AT WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING CHARLES II.

BY THE LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly; or at the best, severe:
And poets share the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard, our sense should against such prevail,
Whose ends are to deliver you, though they fail.
You men would not let an ill-manner'd jest,
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.
Then rail not here, though you see reason for 't;
If wit can find itself no better sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at court.
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
You'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,
To spy out faults in what we women say.
For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
How kindly can we say—I hate you now!
And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do;
They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I descend to lose a prayer
On those small faults in wit? the god sits there!

TO THE KING.

TO you (Great SIR) my message hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
See my credentials written in my face,
They challenge your protection in this place;
And hither come with such a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your prosperous arms.
Millions of Cupid's hovers in the rear,
Like an' following fatal troops, appear:
All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
Of those bold gazers who this night must die.
Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,
From which old age alone must set you free.
Then tremble at the fatal consequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great
Prince,
'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wise, and take our part:
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;
Else you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vassals, not to conquer kings.
But oh to what vain conquest I pretend!
While Love is our commander, and your friend.
Our victory your empire more assures,
For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

ELEGY

ON THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

BY MRS. WHARTON.

DEEP waters silent roll; so grief like mine
Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of
grief,
Let tears flow from their eyes when tears relieve.
They from their heads fall, but it would there,
Could my heart weep, its sorrows would declare:
When drops of blood, my heart, should left; thy
pride,
The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide!
He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way,
And 'twas thy fault when thou wert'll astray.
And since thou stray'd'st when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be surely left now left alone.
It is thy Elegy I write, not his:
He lives immortal and in highest bliss,
But thou art dead, alas! my heart, thou art dead:
His eyes, that lately shone for ever fled,
But thou'rt not dead, on earth art buried.
Great was thy loss, which thou canst not express,
Nor was the insensible dull nation's loss;
He should the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wise; such awful magic hung
Upon his useful kind but smiling tongue.
His lively wit was of himself a part,
Not, as in other men, the work of art;
For, though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet sure all learning came below his wit;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likeness here,
He was—but I want words, and never can tell,
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.
He was what no man ever was before,
Nor can indulgent nature give us more,
For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.

* See Mr. Waller's verses on the Elegy here printed; and verses also on Mrs. Wharton's "Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer." Waller's two cantos of Divine Poetry were "occasioned upon" Sight of the 53d chapter of Isaiah, turned into "verse by Mrs. Wharton." Her "Verses to 'Mr. Waller'" are mentioned by Ballard; and her translation of "Penelope to Ulysses" is printed in Toulton's edition of Ovid's Epistles. For further particulars of this lady, see "Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1786," vol. I. p. 31. vol. II. p. 319.

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

F S S A Y

TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct & easy
Repairs to well our old iteration way;
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age:
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd
To search the treasures of the Roman store;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The noblest fruits transplanted in our life
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
And Nature second all his soft desires:
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
Above the Modes, above the wealthy East?
Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis'
Who does not weep that reads the moving verse!
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Æolian Muses through these happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo

John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire.

When France had breath'd, after intestine
broils,

And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils.
There (cultivated by a royal hand)

Learning grew fair, and spread, and blest the
land:

The choicest books that Rome or Greece have
known,

Her excellent translators made her own:

And Europe still considerably gains,

Both by their good example and their pains.

From hence our generous emulation came,

We undertook, and we perform'd the same.

But now, we shew the world a nobler way,

And in translated verse do more than they;

Serene and clear, harmonious & force flows,

With sweetness not to be express'd in prose:

Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,

And shows the stuff, but not the workman's skill:

I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)

Scarce know my master as he there appears.

Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their
cares,

The fault is more their language's than theirs:

'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words

Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;

But who did ever in French authors see

The comprehensive English energy?

The weighty bullion of one sterling line,

Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages
shine.

I speak my private, but impartial sense,

With freedom, and (I hope) without offence;

For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit,

As strong as ours, and as succindly writ.

'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,

But good translation is no easy art.

For though materials have long since been found,

Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;

And by improving what was writ before,

Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds
Must be well purged from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true :
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve ;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he ;
Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise !
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind ;
Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend,
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond ;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls
agree,

No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd !
How nice the reputation of the maid !
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant-breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence ;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate sop would raze the Park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may
choose ?

Variety of such is to be found :
Take then a subject proper to expound :
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice :
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign,
That calls the staring fots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)

With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sing
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise :
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd ?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down ;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts ;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass :
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing
came,

But few, oh few souls, præordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd
height.

No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb :
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide :
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a
call !

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast :
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ !
How few are they who understand him yet !
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there :
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan God,
Hail mighty Maro ! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame ;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse,
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
Muse !

What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar ;
Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind ;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng ;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd ;
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe ?
Such secrets are not easily found out,
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.

Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will this through all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text
Whole exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over-nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Crassus's * ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been to jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monaces' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexplicably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest
drefs.

Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait.
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty scriblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even syllables (and still the last)
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
With maxims-elegance of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
*How very active in his own trepan!

* Hor. 3 Od. 78

For, greedy of physicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
His name struck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd
too;

In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts and past all hope of bail,
Th' un pity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-arms, scarce kept alive,
Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead.
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a Muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they
write,

Have you been led through the Cimmerian cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting; Lo! the god, the god, she cries;
With words not hers, and more than human sound
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling
through the ground.

But, though we must obey when heaven com-
mands,

And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat;
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remote,
These, cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.

'Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous
way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it—
Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight,
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience, when with faucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stop: debauch'd the found.

When, by impulse from heaven, Tyrtæus sang,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poetry together rise.

True poets are the guardians of a state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate,
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

* Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous
prose

* An essay on blank verse, out of Paradise Lost,
B. VI.

Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
And mark'd the ground where proud apostate
thrones
Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt host and host,
(A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came towering arm'd in adamant and gold.
There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters,
woods)
From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
They bore like shields before them through the
air,
Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes,
All was confusion, heaven's foundation shook,
Threatning no less than universal wreck,
For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin:
Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
Son

(Effulgence of paternal deity)
Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Drove th' old original rebel's headlong down,
And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

TO THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

ON HIS ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE,

BY DR. CHETWOOD, 1684.

AS when by labouring stars new kingdoms rise,
The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
A court uniform'd, disorder at the bar,
And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,
Till some wise statesman into method draws
The parts, and animates the frame with laws;
Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil
Founded the Muses' empire in our soil.
Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,
But lost a noble Muse in Fairy-land.
Shakespeare said all that Nature could impart,
And Jonson added Industry and Art.
Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
And some, who merit as they wear the bays,
Search'd all the treasuries of Greece and Rome,
And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
But still our language had some ancient rule;
Our flights were often high, but seldom just.

There wanted one, who license could restrain,
Make civil laws or barbarous usage reign:
One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit;
In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet;
And force poetic rage to be discreet;
Who grows not nauseous while he strives to please,
But marks the shelves in the poetic seas.
Who knows, and teaches what our clime can
bear.

And makes the barren ground obey the labourer's
care.

Few could conceive, none the great work could
do,

'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you.
Those talents all are yours, of which but one
Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son.
Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
A head well-balance'd, and a generous heart.
While insect rhymes cloud the polluted sky,
Created to molest the world, and die.
Your file does polish what your fancy cast;
Works are long forming which must always last.
Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mold,
Touch'd by your chemic hand, is turn'd to gold,
A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
And inspiration through the labour shines,
Writers, in spite of all their paint and art,
Betray the darling passion of their heart.
No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence,
Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.
So Saints, from Heaven for our example sent,
Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.
Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
Would give no laws, but only yours translate.
Hail! fail, bold writers, search, discover far,
You have a compass for a Polar-star.
Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes
Soften the savage humour of the times.
Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd
When Fate itself for our great Monarch fear'd:
Securely through the dangerous forest led
By guards of Angels, when his own wife fled.
Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,
To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.
Make warlike James's peaceful virtue known,
The second hope and genius of the throne.
Heaven in compassion brought him on our stage,
To tame the fury of a monstrous age.
But what blest voice shall your Maria sing?
Or a fit offering to her altars bring?
In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.
True Roman majesty adorns her face;
And every gesture's form'd by every Grace.
Her beauties are too heavenly and refin'd
For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.
It is your part (you Poets can divine)
To prophesy how she by Heaven's design
Shall give an heir to the great British line,
Who over all the Western isles shall reign,
Both awe the continent, and rule the main.
It is your place to wait upon her name
Through the vast regions of eternal fame.

True Poets souls to Princes are ally'd,
And the world's Empire with its Kings divide.
Heaven trusts the present time to Monarch's care,
Eternity is the good Writer's share.*

TO THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON;

OCCASIONED BY HIS LORDSHIP'S ESSAY ON
TRANSLATED VERSE.

From the Latin of Mr. Charles Dryden.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

THAT happy Britain boasts her tuneful race,
And laurel wreaths her peaceful temples
grace,

The honour and the praise is justly due
To you alone, illustrious Earl! to you.
For soon as I trace, with his artful page,
By thee explain'd, had taught the listening age;
Of brightest Bards arose a skilful train,
Who sweetly sing in their immortal strain.
No more content great Maro's steps to trace,
New paths we search, and tread unbeaten ways.
Ye Britons, then, triumphantly rejoice;
And with loud peals, and one consenting voice,
Applaud the man who does unrival'd sit,
"The sovereign-judge and arbiter of wit!"

For, led by thee, an endless train shall rise
Of Poets, who shall climb superior skies;
Heroes and Gods in worthy verse shall sing,
And tune to Homer's lay the lofty string.

Thy works too, sovereign Bard! if right I see,
They shall translate with equal majesty;
While with new joy thy happy shade shall rove
Through the blissful mazes of th' Elysian grove,
And, wondering, in Britannia's rougher tongue
To find thy verses and thy shepherds song,
Shall break forth in these words: "Thy favour'd
name,

Great heir and guardian of the Mantuan fame!
How shall my willing gratitude pursue
With praises large as to thy worth are due?
Though tasteless Bard, by Nature never taught,
In wretched rhymes disguise my genuine thought;
Though Homer now the wars of Godlike Kings
In Cato's soft equestrian numbers sings:
Tumultuous Silenus, and the matchless verse
That does the birth of infant worlds rehearse,
And as for all, by that my rescued fame
Shall vie in age with Nature's deathless frame;
By thee the learned song shall nobly live,
And praise from every British tongue receive.
Give to thy daring genius then the rein,
And freely launch into a bolder strain;

* See Miscellany Poems, 1780, vol. III. p. 173.

† Virgil. H. N.

Nor with these words my happy spirit grieve :
 " The last good office of thy friend receive " .

On the firm base of thy immortal lays,
 A nobler pile to thy lov'd Maro raise ;
 My glory by thy skill shall brighter shine,
 With native charms and energy divine !
 Britain with just applause the work shall read,
 And crown with fadeless bays thy sacred head.
 Nor shall thy Muse the graver's pencil need,
 To draw the hero on his prancing steed ;
 Thy living verse shall paint th' imbattled host
 In bolder figures than his art can boast.
 While the low tribe of vulgar writers strive,
 By mean false arts to make their versions live ;
 Forsake the text, and blend each sterling line
 With comments foreign to my true design ;
 My latent sense thy happier thought explores,
 And injur'd Maro to himself restores."

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

CXLVIIIth P S A L M.

O Azure vaults ! O crystal sky !
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the god of war,
 Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day,
 O praise his name, without whose purer light
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
 By God's command, your influence ;
 Resign to him, as your Creator due,
 That veneration which men pay to you.

Pairest, as well as first, of things,
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs ;
 O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
 Who useth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious spheres,
 Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
 Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
 And whose command is th' universal law :

Ye watery mountains of the sky,
 And you so far above our eye,
 Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
 Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

" Cape dona extrema tuorum ;" the motto to
 Lord Roscommon's Essay. H. N.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
 Peoples the dark retreats of death,
 Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
 And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
 That in the seas vast bosoms sleep ;
 At whose command the foaming billows roar,
 Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
 And you who through the concave blow,
 Swift executors of his holy word,
 Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty
 Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
 Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
 Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
 All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him sweet offspring of the ground,
 With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd ;
 And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
 That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
 Whose only care's to love and sing,
 Fly through the world, and let your trembling
 throat
 Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
 That on his stores do daily feast :
 And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
 Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
 Whose power hath here no periods,
 May all attempts against your crowns be vain !
 But still remember by whose power you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
 Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
 And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
 Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
 Praise him from whom your power derives ;
 Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
 As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time ;
 O praise him in your youthful prime ;
 Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense,
 Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
 When heaven, and earth, and all is past :
 Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
 But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
 The God of gods, the God of grace ;
 Who will above the stars your empire raise,
 And with his glory recompense your praise.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF
YORK,

AT EDINBURGH.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
Was once supported, Sir, by you alone;
Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
Yet trusted then with her last desperate stake:
When wealthy neighbours strove with us for power,
Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean
blood,

Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

O happy islands, if you knew your bliss!
Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his!
Express your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:
Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
Proclaim that such a hero never springs
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

S O N G.

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SANG FINELY, AND
WAS AFRAID OF A COLD.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempests swell the sea.
In vain let sinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, blest Genius of our ill,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the listening Gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
With extasy transport our souls,
Whilst all our passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold destroy,
All taste we have of heavenly joy!

Vol. II.

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

S I L E N U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This Eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I First of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains,
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse:
A shepherd, Tityrus, his flocks should feed,
And choose a subject suited to his reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars)
My pastoral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
And every grove and every echo ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.

Proceed my Muse.

Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanc'd to stray
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest Nais of the flood,
With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay
(She shall be satisfy'd another way).

With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their listening branches bow'd,
And savage beasts and Sylvan Gods did crowd;
For lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,

And purer fire, through universal night
And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply;
How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
Till when, few wandering beasts on unknown
mountains fed.

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
Rival'd the sun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could
tell?)

Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell;
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphaë's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty
thought?

The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with such unnatural heat.

Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains
stray,

He on soft flowers his snowy side does lay;
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, the cries, surround the
grove;

Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
My happier rivals have entic'd him home.

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to
rise.

He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will
Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)

The hero's welcome, and their thanks, ex-
press'd:

This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious
song:

Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the
ground,

Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.
Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
The wandering Greeks (ah frightened men!)
alarm'd;

Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
While, loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it still
her own?

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted sheep from every dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murmuring world
resign'd.

O D E

U P O N

S O L I T U D E.

I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempestuous sea,

And with wise pride despise

All those senseless vanities:

With pity mov'd for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,

Unhappy men or adverse Fate,

Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state.

But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,

Fly from her kind embracing arms,

Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest
charms,

And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate
please.

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,

It is by thee I truly live,

Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;

Dost each unruly appetite controul:

Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,

With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.

Presuming love does ne'er invade

This private solitary shade:

And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,

The joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere :

Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring fordid gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain :

Nor is it for my solitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one ;
To the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings man can hope to know ;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the
mind ;
Pleasures which do from friendship and from
knowledge rise,
Which make us happy, as they make us wise :
Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass :
Till with a gentle force victorious death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The surest guard is innocence :
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands and Scythian snows,
Or where Hydaspes' wealthy tide
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming wolf unfeared,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size
In the Hercynian forest lies ;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace ;
Where angry Jove did never spare
One breath of kind and temperate air.

Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching country run.

The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles :
All cold but in her breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that in Celia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence :
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone ;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great * Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace ;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They form a submissively to rear in verse.

PART OF THE FIFTH SCENE OF THE SECOND
ACT IN

GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

A H happy grove ! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred silence, rest's eternal seat ;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid ;
Oh ! if kind heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend ;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine :
Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made ;
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare ;
And, having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Opprest with blessings which we fear to use.

* Mrs. Catharine Philips

Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
 Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
 In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
 If our abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmless country-maid,
 Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
 Whose modest cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
 But like her soul preserves the native white;
 Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton
 ease,
 Who, free from storms, which on the great-ones
 fall,
 Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
 No care but love can discompose her breast,
 Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best:
 While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
 Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
 Not one on whom or Gods or men impose,
 But one whom love has for this lover chose,
 Under some favourite myrtle's shady boughs,
 They speak their passions in repeated vows,
 And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;
 Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
 And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE DREAM.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
 Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
 Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,
 Who, though his victories as numerous are,
 Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
 But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
 When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight
 Of all the baleful troubles of the night,
 Derinda came, divested of the scorn
 Which the unequal'd maid so long had worn;
 How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
 To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
 Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
 The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
 A rising blush increas'd the native store
 Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
 Once more present the vision to my view,
 'The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
 How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
 Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE GHOST OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS, TO THE NEW ONE, APPOINTED TO MEET AT OXFORD.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,
 The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
 I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
 A reasonable and important truth.

I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
 Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
 And of all others, the most tempting things
 Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
 None ever was superlatively ill,
 But by degrees, with industry and skill:
 And some whose meaning hath at first been fair,
 Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
 My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
 Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin;
 And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
 Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
 The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
 Did first my mind from true obedience draw
 While I did limits to the king prescribe,
 And took for oracles that canting tribe,
 I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
 And grew seditious for variety:
 All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
 And by the laws illegally abus'd;
 The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,
 In legal murder none so deeply read;
 I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
 Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
 Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms
 rung
 With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
 Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by,
 These had been taught to swear, and those to
 die,
 And to expect their arbitrary fates,
 Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
 To fright the people, and alarm the town,
 Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
 But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
 The king's three crowns were their rebellious
 aim:
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,
 And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
 Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,
 Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate:
 But above all I got a little guide,
 Who every sort of villainy had try'd:
 None knew so well the old pernicious way,
 To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
 And my small Jahu, at a furious rate,
 Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
 This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
 But I mistook his patience for his fear.
 All that this happy island could afford,
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
 In his whole paradise, one only tree
 He had excepted by a strict decree;
 A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
 Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear;
 Beware, my child! divinity is there.
 'This so undid all I had done before,
 I could attempt, and he endure no more;
 My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death,
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
 To th' utter darkness of the lower world:
 A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
 If you believe seducers more than me.

ON THE
D E A T H
OF
A L A D Y ' S D O G .

THOU, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure ;
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee ;
A sudden prudence drew thee hence
From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
Though life essay'd the surest wile,
Gilding itself with Laura's smile ;
How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,
Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms !
Poor Cynic ! still methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear ;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How fondly human passions turn !
What we then envy'd, now we mourn !

E P I L O G U E
TO
ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

WHEN ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

YOU 've seen to-night the glory of the East,
The man, who all the then known world
possess'd,
That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.
Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport :
And when his conduct wanted her support,
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder
sway,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
Secur'd by higher powers, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;
Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their
care ;
Born to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And stop'd our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a mist before this radiant day.
So when, in heaven, the mighty rebels rose,
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
God kept the conquest for his best lov'd :
At sight of such omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did ascend the throne,
Labour'd to draw three relative nations on.

He boldly drives them forward without pain,
They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
Such terror speaks him destin'd to command ;
We worship Jove with thunder in his hand ;
But when his mercy without power appears,
We slight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
How weak in arms did civil discord shew !
Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born :
Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were
dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

ON THE
D A Y O F J U D G M E N T .
I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find !

III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprize,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then ! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake ?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring !

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting-day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

P R O L O G U E

TO

P O M P E Y, A T R A G E D Y,

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS,

From the French of Monsieur CORNEILLE,

AND ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæsar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:

He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had stain'd with blood, Peace flourish'd in this
isle;

And you alone may boast, you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's judging sit.

But you, bright nymphs, give Cæsar leave to
woo,

The greatest wonder of the world, but you;
And hear a Muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as generously as e'er he fought;
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but hers.
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest,
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.

And you ('illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A present destiny preserv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces
here,

To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

R O S S ' S G H O S T.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's slave.
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy where the spring's im-
pure.

In all your meritorious life, we see
Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.
Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:
From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring,
You shew us all your parents, but the king,
From whose too tender and too bounteous arms
(Unhappy he who such a viper warms!
As dutiful a subject as a son!)

To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the sons of light :
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

THE SIXTH ODE
OF THE
THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

OF THE CORRUPTION OF THE TIMES.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke,

Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect ;
All empires on the gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they
end.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with unsulking pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Ægyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome,
While our seditions took their part,
Fill each Ægyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian
dart.
First, those flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation
ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound prentice to the wanton trade,
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice ;
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd
clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adulterous loves,
And scorns the common mean design
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No ! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call ;
Hither a merchant from the straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs ;
Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the flighted
shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides ;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield ;
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal
field.

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did
found.

And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was
done,
Home with their weary team they took their way.
And drown'd in friendly bowis the labour of the
day.

Time sensibly all things impairs ;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs ;
And we than ours ; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to
be.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING
VERSE

FROM LUCAN.

Virrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

THE gods were pleas'd to chuse the conquering
side,
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

H O R A C E ' S

A R T O F P O E T R Y *.

“ *Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.*”

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader ; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules, as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly : but Horace must be read seriously, or not at all, for else the reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive ; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

“ *Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit Alumnus.*”

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I ; it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy), has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly ; and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics ; but, if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured.

IF in a picture (Piso) you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad !
Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and Poets have been still allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfined.
This privilege we freely give and take ;
But Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile Antipathies,
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
Shine through the insipid dulness of the rest ;
Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine ;
But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he that only can design a tree,
Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low ?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.

* Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming excellence:
By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
And when they would write smoothly, they want
strength,

Their spirits sink; while others, that affect
A lofty style, swell to a tympany;
Some timorous wretches start at every blast,
And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in the Millen square,
May grave the nail, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun;
What can be more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the rest are fundamentally ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curbd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill:
You gain your point, when by the noble art
Of good connexion, an unusual word
Is made at first familiar to our ear.

But if you write of things abstract or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom and discreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint.
Can an impartial reader discommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious style
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.

Death is a tribute all things owe to fate;
The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
Why then should words challenge eternity,
When greatest men and greatest actions die?
Use may revive the choicest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue;
Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

VOL. II.

Homer first taught the world in epic verse
To write of great commanders and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
Though now we use them to express our joy:
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse,
Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with lambicks arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the Dramatic Muse.
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
Awe the tumultuous noises of the pit,
And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the first joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the Lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
Who neither knows nor would observe a rule;
And who is to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and I am?
Let every thing have its due place and time.

A comic subject loves an humble verse,
Thyestes forms a low and comic style.
Yet comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
And Chremes should now and then rail:
Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve;
Pelus and Telephus exiled and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write not only well, but movingly,
And raise men's passions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we see others do:
He only makes us sad who shows the way,
And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miseries my own:
But, if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh;
Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe:
For nature forms, and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
And these are all interpreted by speech;
But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
Abus'd, in pity'd, grows a public jest.
Observe the characters of those that speak,
Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impetuous, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea must be all ravenge and blood,
See all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Iphigeneia all woe, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well-known theme
Than trust to an invention of your own.

4 [E]

For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some fervile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As you must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."
In what will all this ostentation end?
The labouring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:

How far is this from the Mæonian stile?
"Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of
"Troy,

"So many towns, such change of manners saw."
One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,
The other out of smoke brings glorious light.
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprizes us with daring miracles,
The bloody Læstrygons, Charybdis' gulph,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Æna shore,
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Melæger's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Insensibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooses only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what every auditor expects;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The epilogue, and see the curtain fall;
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Guilt and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us slaves to interest and power.
Old men are only walking hospitals,
Where all defects and all diseases crowd
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past.
Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves less than what we see;
Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
But auditors must trust their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea must not draw her murdering knife,

And spill her children's blood upon the stage,
Nor Æreus there his horrid feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,
(She to a swal'ow turn'd, he to a snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.
Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God;
And in one scene no more than three should speak.

A chorus should supply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security, and peace,
And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's
wheel,

To raise the wretted, and pull down the proud.
But nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,

The verse, the music, and the scene, 's improv'd,
For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of sense applaud the jest of fools?
Then came rich cloaths and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving
notes,

And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those deliver'd by the Delphic God.

The first tragedians found that serious style
Too grove for their uncultivated age,
And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a
farce,

(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much
To make a god, a hero, or a king.
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
Descend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid such meanneis) soaring high
With empty sound and airy notions fly;
For tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,

As a grave mason would to dance with girls:
You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with Truth, then give invention scope,
And if your style be natural and smooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much pains) be deceiv'd.
So much good method and connexion may
Improve the common and the plainest things.
A satyr that comes stealing from the woods,
Must not at first speak like an orator:

But, though his language should not be refin'd,
It must not be obscene and impudent;
The better sort abhors scurrility,
And often censures what the rabble likes.
Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praise.
Be perfect in the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience (not to call it worse):
His harsh, unequal verse was music then,
And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Theſpis first expos'd the Tragic Muse,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of wine
Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
Brought vizards in (a civiler disguise),
And taught men how to speak and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
Till her licentious and abusive tongue
Waken'd the magistrates coercive power,
And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted every way;
And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse
Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crackt;

And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.
O my unhappy stars! if in the Spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;
But I must rest contented as I am,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,

And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
How judges and how senators should act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.

Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
We meet with such a lucky character,
As, being humour'd right, and well pursued,
Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is diligently taught
The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
And the first words that children learn to speak
Are of the value of the names of coin;
Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
Hath suck'd the basest dregs of usury,
Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts?
Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?
But you, brave youth, wise Numa's worthy
heir,

Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both:
Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful memories retain them long;
All superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your parts,
To think you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Austerity offends aspiring youths;
But he that joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
These pass with admiration through the world,
And bring their author to eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
A string may jar in the best master's hand,
And the most skilful archer miss his aim;
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent
As a musician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the same note:
When such a positive abandon'd fop
(Among his numerous absurdities)
Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
I fret to see them in such company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works sleep will sometimes sur-
prize;

Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest
light,

And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

But, Piso, (though your knowledge of the world,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you
wife)

Remember this as an important truth;
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Melissæ's powerful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cæcilius;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poetry.
As an ill concert, and a coarse perfume,
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been
spar'd;

So poetry, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
In other things men have some reason left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Despairing of success, forbears to try;
But all (without consideration) write;
Some thinking that the omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they please.
But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly with your genius to contend;
Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
Mine and your father's, and not see the light
Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
What you keep by you, you may change and
mend,

But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human power,
Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
But men as lawless and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood;
Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They sign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute;
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native use;
Some they appropriated to the gods,
And some to public, some to private ends;
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful laws were made,
So great was the divinity of verse,
And such observance to a poet paid.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse
Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
And our best precepts of morality;
Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
(Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd minds)
Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them so;
I neither see what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they crave each other's aid.
He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
And no musician dares pretend to skill,

Without a great expence of time and pains;
But every little busy scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself;
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Bragg of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience, than poor tradesmen do
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
For he'll commend and feign an extasy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please:
True friends appear less mov'd than counter-
feit;

As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
Wife were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts;
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy;
But if he found you fond and obstinate
(And apter to defend than mend your faults),
With silence leave you to admire yourself,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants orna-
ment,

Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
And with a strict enquiry mark your faults;
Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love:
These things which now seem frivolous and
flight,

Will be of a most serious consequence,
When they have made you once ridiculous.

A poetaster, in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proscrit by men of sense;
They make a lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
Fanatic phrenzy sent by heaven pursues.
If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
And minding more his verses than his way,
Any of these should drop into a well,
Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.
Give poets leave to make themselves away,
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will?
Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again,

And his pretensions to divinity :
 'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
 Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
 The rhyming fiend is sent into these men ;
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,
 And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,

Without distinction seize on all they meet ;
 None ever escap'd that came within their reach,
 Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,
 Without remorse insatiably they read,
 And never leave till they have read men dead.

* * Lord Roscommon's verses on the " Religio Laici" are printed in this Collection.

P O E M S

BY

T H O M A S O T W A Y.

WINDSOR CASTLE,

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN KING CHARLES II. OF
EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

“ Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
“ Dúmque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ ;
“ Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudésque manebunt.
“ Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.”

VIRG.

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign King CHARLES II. of ever
blessed Memory ; and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and mighty Prince
JAMES II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following POEM is in all humility dedi-
cated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

T H O. O T W A Y.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers
live :

How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name :
But that I wanting fame am sure of thine
To eternize this humble song of mine ?
At least the memory of that more than man,
From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise,

Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest,
Would never give its nursing father rest ;
But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe ;
But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd ;

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Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,
Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make;
Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, 25
Lent to our succour a forgiving hand.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence
arise.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,
For gods have power to keep the balance even, 30
Which if kings loose, how can they govern well?
Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:
Compassion's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;
And round the throne themselves in tumults
spread, 35

To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head.
By example this that godlike king once knew,
And after, by experience, found too true.
Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,
When he, our great Deliverer, return'd; 40
But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:
And when this land in blood he might have laid,
Brought balm for the wounds ourselves had
made.

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 45
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Then matrons blest'd him as he pass'd along,
And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd
throng:

On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne: 50
The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
Of nature generous, and of stedfast mind,
To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold, 55
Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
True to his friends, as watchful o'er his foes,
And a just value upon each bestows;
Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's
friend. 60

Now justly seated on th' imperial throne,
In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:
Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
Till all his foes their just confusion meet, 65
And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!

The second, for debates in council fit,
Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit:
To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
Both men and books with curious search had
read: 70

Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious piece,
Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a
state,

And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
But our then angry fate great Goliath seiz'd, 75
And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd:
For, oh! what pity, people blest'd as we
With plenty, peace, and noble liberty.

Should so much of our old disease retain,
To make us surfeit into slaves again! 80
Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
And serv'd so base a bondage to before;
Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.
Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse, 85
And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring
chafe.

Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breath,
Though much the lion in his bosom prest:
But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
That his own passions knew him, and obey'd: 90
Master of them, he soften'd his command,
The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:
Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford 95
One least perfection more, h' had been ador'd.
Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave:
The paths of life by noblest methods trod;
Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god. 100
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

In this great mind long he his cares revolv'd,
And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd:
Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd; 105
Peace was the choice, and their debates were
clos'd.

But, oh!
Through all this isle, where it seems most de-
sign'd,

Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.
The elements due order here maintain, 110
And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:
Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.

But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,
Of so much happiness (if known, possess) 115
Mistaking every noblest use of life,
Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, Strife. }
The man in power, by wild ambition led,
Envy'd all honours on another's head; 120
And, to supplant some rival, by his pride
Embroid'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.
The priests, who humble temperance should pro-
fess,

Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease;
So, with small labours in the vineyard shown, 125
Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) Law,
Instead of doing right and giving awe,
Kept open lists, and at the noisy bar,
Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war, 130
Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,
Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's
cause,

From false religions and corrupted laws;
Till so at last rebellion's base was laid, 135
And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel whose surmounting power
Watch'd great Charles in each emergent hour,

Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
Nor faster could design than that foresee, 140
Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
From all its blackest arts, was with him now,
Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind
By patience, mercies large, and many toils, 145
In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
Thence every root of discord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love.
Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring
shores,
Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars; 150
To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
Who, to their madness and their rage might cease,
Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
Like us the people, and like him their kings.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 155
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
A while forgot, he might for ease repair: 160
A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
Even I, the meanest of those humble swains, 165
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find,

Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. 170
'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
On which that man of miracles was born,
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare, 175
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard; 180
Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And cheerful howls with loyal vows were crown'd.
First, above all, within those lofty towers,
Where glorious Charles then spent his happy
hours,
Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face; 185
'Twas gay, but yet majestic, as the place;
Tell then, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find

Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Within a gate of strength, which ancient frame
Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame, 190
A reverend * dome there stands, where twice each
day
Assisting prophets their devotions pay,
In prayer and hymns to heaven's eternal king,
The cornet, flute, and shawm, assisting as they
sing.

* St. George's Church.

Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount, 195
From the first tables of the holy mount,
To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
Here speak, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find

Worthy thy song and his celestial mind. 200
Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,
Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
When one approach'd who bore much sober
grace, 205

Order and ceremony in his face;
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:
His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
Ready to open all to all that pay. 210
This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently spoke: "Those banners ‡ rais'd on
high

‡ Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
"Which here their heroes with religion make, 215
"When they the ensigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me understand
What honour fam'd St. George had done our land;
What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters
frove;

Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and
love, 220
Hang here their trophies, while their generous
arms

Keep wrong suppress, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but show;
That oft bold villainy had best success, 225
As if its use were more, nor merit less.
But here I saw how it rewarded fair'd.
Tell on, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find

Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind. }
I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, a § cell, 230
Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,
The door unhang'd, without a bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lock'd within found small regard.
Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for
prey. 235

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait:
The hero, level'd in his humble grave, 240
With other men, was low nor great nor brave;
While here his trophies, like their master, lay,
To darkness, worms, and rotteness, a prey.
Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet; 245

† St. George's Chapel.

‡ Of the Knights of the Garter.

§ An old file in the church, where the banner
of a dead knight is carried, when another succeeds
him. I

Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;
But what his recompence? A short applause,
Which he ne'er bears, his memory may grace,
Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his crime; 251
Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his pride,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear
The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his
care; 255

Whose mind no disappointment here can shake,
Who a true estimate of life does make,
Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that prospect still his thoughts does bend,
Who, though his right a stronger power invade,
Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid, 261
Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
For who's a prince or beggar in the grave? 265

But if immortal any thing remain,
Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
Keep from my soul repining, while I sing 270
The praise and honour of this glorious king;
And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Beyond the Dome a * lofty tower appears,
Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past
years, 275

Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
And, like his loyalty, without decay.
This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.
So careful watch seems piously to keep, 280
While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
And they may rest, since † Norfolk there com-
mands,

Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.
But now appears the ‡ beauteous seat of Peace,
Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease; 285
Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,
Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had
birth;

Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd, 290
And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:
Such strength without does every where abound,
Within such glory and such splendor's found,
As man's united skill had there combin'd
T' express what one great genius had design'd. 295

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;
Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;

But, at his call, from farthest nations came, 300
While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd
most,

Rome never yet a work like this could boast:
No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
Nor ever were his nations half so blest: 305
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Here, as all Nature's wealth to court him prest,
Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
Through all the lofty roofs § describ'd we find 310
The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
And only fit for ¶ his who did perform.

The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
Equal to what in temples shin'd of old, 315
Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,
Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas;

Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms:
For when wars troubled her soft fountains there,
She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here;
With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest
As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
Waste and confusion through the wretched world,
To after-times leave a great hated name, 326
The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame;

His country's father, through whose tender care,
Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear;
Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes,
Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize. 331

But if submission brought her to his feet,
With what true joy the penitent he'd meet!
How would his love still with his justice strive!
How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive! 335

But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Since after all these toils through which he strove
By every art of most endearing love,
For his reward he had his Britain found, 340
The awe and envy of the nations round.
Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst
find

Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Tell now what emulation may inspire,
And warm each British heart with warlike fire;
Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill, 346
And by the painter's pencil guide my quill;
Describe that lofty monumental ¶ hall,
Where England's triumphs grace the shining }
wall, }
When she led captive kings from conquer'd }
Gaul. }

Here when the sons of Fame their leader meet, 351
And at their feasts in pompous order sit,
When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
And high rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,

* The Castle.

† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable of Windsor
Castle.

‡ The House.

Vol. II.

§ The Paintings done by

¶ The Sieur Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.

¶ Where St. George's Feast is kept.

Here as a lesson may their eyes behold 355
 What their victorious fathers did of old:
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
 Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
 Here may they see how good old * Edward sat,
 And did his † glorious son's arrival wait, 360
 When from the fields of vanquish'd France he
 came,
 Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
 Oh, for such laurels on another head!
 Unsoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'erloy'd with peace,
 We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease, 366
 In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
 And with no foreign education curs'd.
 Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
 Nor sent for softening into hotter air. 370
 Nor did they 'as now from fruitless travels come
 With follies, vices, and diseases home;
 But in full purity of health and mind
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
 Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd 375
 Which long had England's happiness oppos'd
 With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,
 All means to such a noble end deny'd,
 To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,
 And those revolted nations own'd their lord. 380
 But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
 it rise.

And now survey what's open to our view,
 But down all heads, and pay devotion due,
 The ‡ temple by this hero built behold, 385
 Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
 Whose radiant roof such glory does display,
 We think we see the heaven to which we pray;
 So well the artist's hand has there declin'd
 The merciful redemption of mankind; 390
 The bright ascension of the Son of God,
 When back through yielding skies to heaven he }
 rode,
 With lightning round his head, and thunder }
 where he trod.

Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
 Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven;
 A house like his he built, and temple rais'd; 396
 Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;
 With riches too and honours was he crown'd,
 Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him
 found.

Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said 400
 When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,
 To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
 Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly
 reign.

"Happy were they who could before him stand,
 "And saw the wisdom of his dread command;"
 For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest 406
 Of other nations Britain should be blest.
 Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
 Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight.

Then to his throne in triumph him did bring, 410
 Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.
 But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
 it rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,
 Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse. 415
 Two kindred arts they are, so near ally'd,
 They oft have by each other been supply'd.
 Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts
 incline

The works of Fame, let this be the design:
 As thou couldst best great Charles's glory show, 420
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe,
 The meeting of a numerous senate draw!
 Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
 And through the air let grinning Furies fly. 425
 Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
 To raise fell discord and intestine hate;
 From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
 The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,
 Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall)
 'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall; 431
 There into murmuring bosoms let them go,
 Till their infection to confusion grow;
 Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,
 As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the
 threaten'd skies. 435

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand,
 His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand;
 To send abroad his word, or with a frown
 Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down:
 Unable to behold his dreaded ray, 440
 Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away.
 Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
 And all new peaceful order seem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
 An hour like this, and mingled in the throng, 445
 Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
 T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow:
 When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
 Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head;
 With them t' have pointed her destroying dart, 450
 And through the brain found passage to the heart.
 Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow
 On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!
 On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
 And sent him to the sorrows of the grave! 455

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
 The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;
 How on his royal bed that woeful day
 The much lamented mighty monarch lay;
 Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king, 460
 No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
 Through many steady and well-manag'd years
 He'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears,
 Which common mortals want the power to hide,
 When their mean souls and valued clay divide. 465
 He'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew
 Its troubles many, and its blessings few:
 Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,
 And grew familiar with his destiny;
 Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate, 470
 Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,

* Edward III.

† The Black Prince.

‡ The Chapel at the end of the hall.

Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning people left behind! 475
But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive,
None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive.

For though a stubborn vice deserving ill,
Yet would he shew himself a father still.
Therefore he chose for that peculiar care, 480
His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.
Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
And keep the foxes and the wolves away. 485

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
And shew the wonders of fraternal love;
How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
The dying grasping the surviving hand;
How round each other's necks their arms they
cast, 490
Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and em-
brace'd;

And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.
Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,
And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to
break. 495

Here, let thy curious pencil next display,
How round his bed a beautiful offspring lay,
With their great father's blessing to be crown'd
Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground, }
And in majestic silent for ever drown'd. 500

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
And paint the griefs of the sad standers by;
Th' unwearied reverend father's pious care,
Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.
Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train, 505
Whole looks may speak how much they shar'd his
pain;

How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
With different lines of woe in every face; 510
With downcast heads, swollen breasts, and streaming
eyes,

And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies
But yet there still remains a task behind,
In which thy readiest art may labour find
At distance let the mourning queen appear, 515
(But where sad news too soon may reach her ear;
Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
Pleading with prayer the tender cause of love;
Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky,
(For they, whene'er she called, were always nigh):
Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan, 520
With looks of beauteous sadness like her own,
Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525
So any farther sad description shun.
Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,
'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;
And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow. 530

Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a prospect now of clearer air.
Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,
And there the embryos of time display;
The forms of many smiling years to come, 535
Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb;
Each struggling which shall eldestship obtain,
To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.
Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
Place too the charming partner of it there. 540
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
And soft-eyed Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
Then from the different corners of the earth 545
Describe applauding nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auspicious omens from his reign.
Set at long distance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose;
Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes, 550
And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.

But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's ease;
Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep, 555
Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;
There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,
Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;
Or shelter'd from the scorchings of the sun,
Their labours ended, and repast begun; 560
Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did
raise,

Singing th'ir own content, and ruler's praise.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and
bowers,
Where Contemplation best may pass her hours:
Fill'd with chaste lovers, lighting constant hearts,
Rejoicing Muses, and encouraging Arts. 566
Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Best suited with thy theme, great James's fame.
Known for the man who from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears;
Whole conquering arm far-envy'd wonders
wrought. 570

When an ungrateful people's cause he fought;
When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,
Who in return would have his rights destroy'd:
But heaven such injur'd merit did regard 575
(As heaven in time true virtue will reward);
So to a throne by Providence he rose,
And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease ;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O ! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE :

OR,

A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

" Si quid habent veri vatum presagia, vivam."

To the Right Honourable THOMAS Earl of OSSORY, Baron of Moor Park, Knight
of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now ; yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordship's goodness must be my best refuge : and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection ; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now) : yet truth and honour are things which your lordship must needs be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship ; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

O D E.

I.

TO a high hill where never yet stood tree,
Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes
grow,
Where (nipt by piercing air)
The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
A wandering bard, whose Muse was crazy
grown,
Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing
town,
Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him
down;
'Twas far from any path, but where the earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
When by the word it first was made,
Ere God had said,
Let grass and herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so.
The whistling winds blew fiercely round his
head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
Where we are told Peace only's found at last:
And as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
The distance of his future joy
Had been enough to give him pain alone;
But who can undergo
Despair of ease to come, with weight of present
woe?
Down his afflicted face
The trickling tears had stream'd so fast a pace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-
proportion'd limbs as useless fell,
Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain
Itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its pain.
I heard his groans as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see
What the sad cause could be
Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints
so high.

On me he fixt his eyes. I crav'd,
Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did command:
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my friend
My much-lov'd friend; so down I
sat,
And begg'd that I might share his
fate:
I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale:

III.

I am a wretch of honest race:
My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were,
They left me heir to no disgrace.

My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:
The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled boy:
They gave me generous education, high
They strove to raise my mind, and with it grew
their joy.

The sages that instructed me in arts,
And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,
And cheer my parents longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a dispute,
My fellow-pupils oft stood mute;
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine:
Thus my first years in happiness I pass'd,
Nor any bitter cup did taste:
But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.
As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my
head,
And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my ears; Arise, thy good Senan-
der's dead.
It shook my brain, and from their feast my fright-
ed senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding years.
The world was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,
Where Fortune's general game is
play'd;
Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
My forward spirit prompted me to find
A converse equal to my mind.
But by raw judgment easily misled,
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)
I mis'd the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of vanity I fed.
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating
fools,
Bullies of o'er-grown bulks and little souls,
Camesters, half wits, and spendthrifts (such as
think
Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink
Are gallantry and wit,
Because to their lewd understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
To all their fustian follies most incorrigibly bent;
Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,
T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart:
Or, when she had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.

I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
 No beauty with my Muse's might compare.
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,
 Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair.
 Upon her head a crown she bore
 Of laurel, which she told me should be mine:
 And round her ivory neck she wore
 A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
 With jewels and with gold,
 Numberless to be told;
 Which in imagination as I did behold,
 And lov'd, and wonder'd more and
 more,
 Said she, These riches all, my darling, shall be
 thine,
 Riches which never poet had before.
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
 By royal favour, and by endless fame;
 But never told
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
 Thus by the arts of this most sly
 Deceiver was I caught,
 To her bewitching bondage brought.
 Eternal constancy we swore,
 A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:
 And as we did in our entrancements lie,
 I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
 No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond
 When first his pusillage he lost,
 Or could of half my pleasure boast.
 We never met but we enjoy'd,
 Still transported, never cloy'd.
 Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,
 Bore witness of our daily loves;
 And on the bark of every tree
 You might the marks of our endearments see.
 Distichs, posies, and the pointed
 bits
 Of satire (written when a poet meets
 His Muse's caterwauling fits)
 You might on every rhind behold, and hear
 I and my Clio had been at it there.
 Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
 With offsprings of the choicest kinds,
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest
 minds,
 And been approv'd by judgments of the best.
 But in this most transporting height,
 Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd
 at fate,
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone;
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was
 gone:
 I try'd if I a verse could frame:
 Oft I in vain invol'd my Clio's name.
 The more I strove, the more I
 fail'd,
 I chaf'd, I bit my pen, I cast my dull skull,
 and rail'd,
 Resolv'd to force my untoward thought, and at
 the last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,
 No traveling matron in her child-birth pains,
 Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,
 Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape
 Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,
 Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.
 I tore my paper, stab'd my pen,
 And swore I'd never write again,
 Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
 But when my reckoning I began to make,
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake;
 I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whole false
 fake
 I did myself undo,
 Had robb'd me of my dearest store,
 My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and
 poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had en-
 thrall'd,
 I straight to council call'd;
 Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago
 I had cashier'd, to please my flattering fair.
 To me with readiness he did repair,
 Express'd much tender carefulness, to find
 Experience had restor'd him to my mind;
 And loyalty did to me shew,
 How much himself he did abuse,
 Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, trea-
 cherous Muse.
 I ask'd the causes why. He said,
 'Twas never known a Muse e'er fluid
 When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bowd
 To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,
 Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell
 Of poetry, which there does ever flow;
 And where wit's lusty, shining god
 Keeps his choice seraglio.
 So whilst our fortune smiles, our thoughts aspire,
 Pleasure and fame's our business, and desire,
 Then, too, if we find
 A promptness in the mind,
 The Muse is always ready, always kind.
 But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies
 Her favour, all our pleasure and rich fancy dies,
 And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse, too,
 from us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due;
 And as right search into myself I made,
 I found all he had said
 Was very honest, very true.
 O how I hug'd my welcome friend!
 And much my Muse I could not discommend:
 For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me
 apace,
 And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.
 Then, to confirm me more,
 He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes:
 See here, my son, (said he) the valued prize;
 Thy fustome Muse behold, be happy, and be wife

I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,
 With a more horrid train
 Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,
 Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
 The first was he who flunk of that rank verse
 In which he wrote his Sodom Farce;
 A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,
 That he writ bawdry sure in spite,
 To ruin and disgrace it quite. }
 Philosophers of old did so express
 Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.
 Next him appear'd that blundering sot,
 Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.
 Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
 By 's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
 The other birds have hooted him from light;
 Much buffeting has made him love the night,
 And only in the dark he strays;
 Still wretch enough to live, with worse fools }
 spends his days,
 And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull
 plays.
 Then next there follow'd, to make up the
 throng,
 Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song,
 Who fought her love, and promised
 for't,
 To make her famous at the court.
 The city Poet too was there,
 In a black satin cap and his own hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the ho-
 nour
 To beget a pageant on her
 For the city's next lord-mayor.
 Her favours she to none deny'd:
 They took her all by turns aside.
 Till at the list up in the rear there came
 'The Poets' scandal, and the Muses' shame,
 A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his
 name. }
 But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
 How he was born, how bred and where, and where
 he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
 Down in an obscure vale,
 'Midst fogs and fens, whence mists and vapours
 rise,
 Where never sun was seen by eyes,
 Under a desert wood,
 Which no man own, but all wild beasts were
 bred,
 And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
 An ill-pill'd cottage stood,
 Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war,
 By magic art brought thither from afar,
 There liv'd a widow'd witch,
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
 Like one whom wants and care had
 worn;
 Mounge her locks, and sunk her eyes,
 Yet mischief's study'd, discords did devise.
 Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride:
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctity'd.

Still when she spoke she meant another way;
 And when she curs'd, she seem'd to
 pray.
 Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,
 And bore the name of godliness, }
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace.
 Honest habits they all wore,
 In outward show most lamb-like and divine:
 But inward of all vices they had store,
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by heart,
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
 Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
 And, for their turn, interpret backward too,
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure.
 Though not to paint, she'd arts to change the
 face,
 And alter it in heavenly fashion.
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
 And making ugly faces was mortification.
 Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name:
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) the good
 old cause.

X.

A time there was (a sad one too)
 When all things wore the face of woe,
 When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
 And a destroying angel was sent down,
 To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.
 He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his con-
 quering hand:
 Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grass
 Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,
 And melancholic poisonous green;
 Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill
 seen,
 Where some murrain-murder'd hog,
 Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,
 In rottenness had long unbury'd laid,
 And the cold soil productive made.
 Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
 And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;
 And, as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold,
 Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
 That dire commission ended, down there came
 Another angel with a sword of flame:
 Desolation soon he made,
 And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.
 Distract ours and distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old disguise,
 This witch with all her mischief-making train
 Began to shew herself again.
 The sons of Old Rebellion straight she summon'd
 all;
 Straight they were ready at her call:
 Once more th' old bait before their eyes she cast,
 That and her love they long'd to
 taste;
 And to her lust she drew them all at last.
 So Ruben (we may read of heretofore)
 Was led astray, and had pollution with his father's
 more.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In safety from observing eyes,
 Th' old strumpet did herself disguise
 In comely weeds, and to the city went,
 Affected truth, much modesty and grace,
 And (like a worn-out-suburb-trull) past there for
 a new face.

Thither all her lovers flock'd,
 And there for her support she found
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does
 found,
 With all ingredients for his business stock'd,
 Not unlike him whose story has a place
 In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.
 Of all her business he took care,
 And every knave or fool that to her did repair, }
 Had by him admittance there.

By his contrivance to her did resort
 All who had been disgusted at the court.
 Those whose ambition had been crost,
 Or by ill-manners had preferments lost,
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her
 charms,
 Lay nearest to her heart, and ofteneft in her arms.
 Interest in every faction, every sect, she fought;
 And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought
 All those who use religion for a fashion.
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains
 To make their godliness their gains,
 And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
 She by her art insnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase tolera-
 tion,
 The rebel power, the beggar'd spend-thrift lands,
 Out of the king's or bishops' hands.
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong multitude.
 Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress
 Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
 Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
 With May-day routs, November squibs, and burn-
 ing pasteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
 Till at the last she pregnant grew,
 And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
 This monstrous, most detested birth.
 Of children born with teeth we've heard,
 And some like comets with a beard;
 Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire change:
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,
 A form like this, so hideous and so strange.
 To help whose mother in her pains, there came
 Many a well-known dame.
 The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
 And madam Impudence the fair:
 Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
 That loves to set good neighbours at debate,
 And raise commotions in a jealous state,
 Was there, and Malice, queen of far-spread lies,
 With all their train of frauds and forgeries.

But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab.

That's always talking, always loud.
 Was she that first took up the babe,
 And of the office most was proud.
 Behold its head of horrid form appears:
 To spite the pillory, it had no ears.
 When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely
 kin

To the blest family of Pryn.
 But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,
 Or oath, the father was a lord.
 The nose was ugly, long and big,
 Broad, and snouty like a pig;
 Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to }
 dig;
 Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
 And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
 And a hopeful youth to make him.
 To nurse he straight was sent
 To a sister-witch, though of another sort,
 One who profess'd no good, nor any meant:
 All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly
 slept,
 Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,
 A little smoaky mansion of her own,
 Where her familiars to her did resort,
 A cell she kept.
 Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;
 And many an ugly loathsome toad
 Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
 Under her roof all dismal, black, and smoak'd,
 Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
 Sprawling nests of little cats;
 All which were imps she cherish'd with her
 blood,
 To make her spells succeed and good.
 Still at her shrivel'd breasts they hung, when'er
 mankind she curst,
 And with these foster-brethren was our monster
 nurs'd.

In little time the hell-bred brat
 Grew plump and fat,
 Without his leading-strings could walk,
 And (as the forcerefs taught him) talk.
 At seven years old he went to school,
 Where first he grew a foe to rule.
 Never would he learn as taught,
 But still new ways affected, and new methods
 fought.

Not that he wanted parts
 T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;
 But, as negligent as fly,
 Of all perverseness brutishly was full,
 (By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
 And was obstinately dull.
 Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sot
 (And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)
 At last in part began to understand.
 Some insight in the Latin tongue he got;
 Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain
 hand.

For which his guardians all thought fit,
 In compliment to his most hopeful wit,

He should be sent to learn the laws,
And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new
cause.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd
find,
A wretch's converse much he did frequent :
One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and ev'n of necessities bare,
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife :
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and
believ'd no God)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggars scraps he
bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water got,
Not to be clean, but flake his thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curs'd.
The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept :
And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept ;
Old worn-out statutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the acts, resolves, and orders, made
By the old long Rump-parliament,
Through all the changes of its government :
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning matters of the state,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-
eight.

XV.

His friendship much our monster fought
By instinct, and by inclination too :
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he
taught.
He learnt of him all goodness to detest ;
To be ashamed of no disgrace ;
In all things but obedience to be best ;
To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.
He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog :
'T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,
But to profess them all for a pretence.
Fraught with these morals, he began
To compleat him more for man :
Distinguish'd to him in an hour
Twixt legislative and judicial power ;
How to frame a commonwealth,
And democracy, by stealth ;
To palliate it at first, and cry,
'Twas but a well-mixt monarchy,
And treason *salus populi* ;

Vol. II

Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of association ;
How by a lawful means to bring
In arms against himself the king,
With a distinguishing old trick,
'Twixt persons natural and politic ;
How to make faithful servants trai-
tors,
Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
And at last troopers adjutators.
Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
Of such-like wordy, canting stuff,
Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.
Where-e'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every word he spoke,
By which becoming faucy grace,
He gain'd authority and place :
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treason without fear or wit ;
For opening failings in the state ;
For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mythical green ribband in his
hat.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew,
But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his distaff drew,
His foes that found him saw he was but man :
So when my faithless Clio by her snare
Had brought him to her arms, and I surpriz'd him
there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began ;
To see how foolishly she'd dress,
And for diversion trick'd the beast.
He was poetry all o'er,
On every side, behind, before :
About him nothing could I see
But party-colour'd poetry,
Painter's advices, litanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious excess
Of ills that malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
Hung round about him like a spell :
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern wit,
The country's late appeal.
But from such ills when will our wretched state
Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's
head ?
'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
Of a huge dragon sent by fate
To lay a sinful kingdom waste :
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
And each day with a virgin broke his fast :
Till wretched matrons curst their
womb,
So hardly was their loss endur'd :
The lovers all despair'd, and sought their
tombs
In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were
cur'd.

4 [11]

Till, like our monster too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the metropolis he came :
His cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a maid was slain.
The curse through every family had pass'd,
When to the sacrifice at last
Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow :
A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal
brother now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey ;
On him his cast
His fordid venom, and prophand
With spurious verse his spotless fame,
Which shall for ever stand
Unblemish'd, and to ages last,
When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
Heaven took such care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the heart, dangerous to the eyes.
Why do all good men bless him as he goes ?
Why at his presence shrink his foes ?
Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend ?
Why through the world is he distinguish'd most
By titles, which but few can boast,
A most just master, and a faithful friend ?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young ?
Of him what orphan can complain ?
Of him what widow make her moan ?
But such as with him here again,
And miss his goodness now he's gone.
If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true ;
Then prythee, prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the world's esteem,
Not one man's foe ? and then why are not all men
friends with him ?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
For his ungrateful country's sake,
What dangers or what labours did he ever shun ?
Or what wonders has not done ?
Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
(Spreading his fleet in fight of Holland's shore)
Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
Then did the English lion roar,
Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of conquest and re-
nown,
Of Britain's honour, and his own,
To them he like a threatening comet shin'd,
Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind ;
But constant as the stars that never move,
Or as women would have love.
The trembling genius of their state
Look'd out, and strait shrunk back his
head,
To see our daring banners spread :
Whilst in their harbours they
Like batten'd monsters weltering
lay ;
The winds, when ours th' ad kiss'd, scorn'd with
their flags to play ;

But drooping like their captains' heart
Each pendent, every streamer, hung
The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts ;
Their ships at anchor now, of which w^e had heard
them boast,
With ill-fur'd sails and rattlings loose, by every
billow tost,
Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung ;
Till at the last, provok'd with shame,
Forth from their dens the baited foxes came ;
Foxes in council, and in fight too grave ;
Seldom true, and now not brave :
They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he }
brought,
With spoils of victory and glory fraught.
To him then every heart was open, down
From the great man to the clown :
In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd ;
And as his health round the glad board did pass,
Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glais ;
And shew'd the fullness of his mind.
No discontented venom of ill times
Durst then affront him but in show ;
Nor libel daub him with his dirty rhymes ;
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whole heart would not wish so too,
That had but seen
When his tumultuous mislead foci
Against him rose,
With what heroic grace
He chose the weight of wrong to undergo !
No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
True witness of the innocence within.
But, when the messengers did mandates bring
For his retreat to foreign land,
Since sent from the relenting hand
Of the most loving brother, kindest king ;
If in his heart regret did rise,
It never reap'd his tongue or eyes ;
With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
Sad as the business, sullen too
As proud men, when in vain they woo,
Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
The Court, where pleasures us'd to
flow,
Became the scene of mourning and of woe :
Desolate was every room,
Where men for news and business us'd to come ;
With folded arms and down-cast eyes men walk'd
In corners, and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the hour drew
near
When he must part : his last short time was spent
In leaving blessings on his children dear :
To them with eager haste and love he went ;

The eldest first embrac'd,
As new-born day in beauty bright,
But hid in mind as deepest night:
What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them
pall,
Till grief too close upon them crept;
So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
Much of the father in his breast did rise,
When on the boy he fix'd his eyes,
A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty charms:
And as to give the fair-well kiss he near it drew,
About his manly neck and little arms it threw;
Smil'd in his eyes, as if he beg'd his stay,
And lov'd kind things it could not
say.

XXI.

But the great romp of grief was yet to come.
Th' appointed time was almost past,
Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid
him haste
To seek a foreign home;
The summons he resist'd t' obey,
Disdaining of his sufferings to comply,
Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way
By a sad lamening throng,
That blest him, and about him hung.
A weight his generous heart could hardly bear;
But for the comfort that was near,
His beautiful Mate, the fountain of his joys,
That fed his soul with love;
The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
To which all worldly blessings else are toys.
I saw them ready for departure stand;
Just when approach'd the Monarch of our
land,
And took the charming Mourner by the hand:
'T' express all noblest offices he strove,
Of royal goodness, and a brother's love.
Then down to the shore side,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With solemn pace they pass'd,
And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's
heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She ev'n amidst afflictions fair,
He, though oppress'd, still great.
Into th' expecting boat with haste they went,
Where, as the troubled Fair one to the shore some
wishes sent
For that dear pledge sh' had left behind,
And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kiss'd away,
And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and
smil'd.
Strait forth they launch into the high-swoln
Thames;
The well-truck oars lay up the yielding streams.

All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing flood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till less'n'd out of sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore.

PHEDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sail'd to Sicily, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus's husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had won'd a virgin, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

If thou'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy:
Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move;
By letters does converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faltering tongue abortive dy'd;
Long shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd
quite.
But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,
The gods obey him, and he's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it
fair.
But Love's long breeding to worst pain does turn;
Outward unharmed, within, within I burn!
As the young bull or courser yet untam'd,
When yoc'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and
main'd:
So my unarm'd heart in love can find
No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
When younger, Love's pangs by arts we may re-
move,
But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis cowardly done

And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too, with strange desires I change.
Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my goddess too, because she's thine:
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, I
Stretch'd on the grass; and would'st not thou be
by?

Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride,
And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they
When under Ida's hills they offerings pay:
Ev'n mad as those the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.
But still each little interval I gain,
Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
The faithless Theseus by my sister's aid
The monster slew, and a safe conquest made:
Now, in that family my right to save,
I am at last on the same terms a slave:
'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
Let monuments of triumph then be shown
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid:
'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,
Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein:
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread:
That face, which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms:
I love the man whose fashion's least his care,
And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
And all thou dost is lovely in my sight:
But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.
Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none?
That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow.
Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.
Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;
Atalanta's love too Meleager sought,
And to her tribute paid of all he caught

Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair,
Where Love's a stranger, woods but deserts are.
With thee, through dangerous ways unknown be-
fore,

I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
Where on each side the beating billows rise,
There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
More blest and pleas'd than in my native Cret.
As we could wish, old Theseus is away
At Theffaly, where always let him stay
With his Perithous, whom well I see
Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
Nor has he only thus express'd his hate;
We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My brother first he cruelly did slay,
Then from my sister falsely ran away,
And left expos'd to every beast a prey:
A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
A mother worthy of a son so brave,
From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him
kind.

Unwedded too he murder'd her in spite,
To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault:
Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,
I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.
How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,
From which himself so abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and son are notions, very names
Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
And with his sister did himself begin.
Nearacts of blood and kindred best we prove,
When we express it in the closest love.
Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;
'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
A mother's kindness to a grateful son.
No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
To unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this
way!

No busy spies our pleasures to betray.
But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live;
In public, kisses take; in public, give:
Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain ap-
plause
From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:
Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;
So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind,
For this I am an humble suppliant grown;
Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?
I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right;
Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy knees;
What's decent no true lover cares or fees:
Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
Forgive this fond confession which I make,
And then some pity on my sufferings take.
What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies;
Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies;

What though my father's fire in beams drest gay
 Drives round the burning chariot of the day;
 Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,
 Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king.
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
 So may'st thou never love a scornful fair;
 In fields so may Diana grace thee still,
 And every wood afford thee game to kill;
 So may the Mountain Gods and Satyrs all
 Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall;
 So may the Water-nymphs in heat of day,
 Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.
 Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
 Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of
 thine,
 Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from
 mine.

E P I S T L E

TO MR. DUKE*.

MY much lov'd friend, when thou art from my
 eyes,
 How do I loath the day, and light despise!
 Night, kinder night, 's the much more welcome
 guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;
 Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of
 thee.
 Last night methought (heaven make the next as
 kind!)
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As our first parents in their Eden were,
 Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
 We two together wander'd through a grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our love;
 Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,
 And sung their joyful songs of liberty;
 While through the gladfome choir well pleas'd we
 walk'd,
 And of our present valued state thus talk'd:
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
 Who for preferments at a court would wait,
 Where every gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste;
 When the wide river he behind him sees,
 Where he may launch to liberty and ease?
 No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day;

Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
 Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly.
 Just as the sun, declining with his beams,
 Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams;
 Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
 And roll in wanton liberty away.
 Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
 Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep,
 And sing their vespers ere they go to sleep:
 There we two lie, between us may be 's spread
 Some books, few understand, though many read.
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wondering, and still finding cause for more.
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
 And fear'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
 Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire;
 We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
 And love their friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of love and wine by him we're
 fir'd,

Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
 A generous bottle and a lovesome fire,
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight,
 When to our little cottage we repair,
 We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there,
 Dear Beverley, kind as parting lovers tears,
 Adderly, honest as the sword he wears,
 Wilton, professing friendship yet a friend,
 Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,
 Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,
 Watchful to do, to modest merit, good;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down;
 With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
 What joys in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
 With choicest meats at least, though not with
 store:

Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
 Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
 Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
 Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's las.
 Then down we sit, while every genius tries
 To improve, till he deserves his sacrifice:
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis
 night.

Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll
 part,

Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;

* See the Answer, in "Duke's Poems."

Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet craving Love, till the next night
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our books our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all;
 While the poor under-faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make court;
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no entrance to be had.
 Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the antic queen,
 Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when
 Attended by those fine-dress gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,
 And into court with resolute virtue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
 This image, when it came, too fiercely shook
 My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found:
 No grove, no freedom, and, what's worse to me,
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:

God! life's your gift, then season 't with such
 fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world;
 But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
 By day what's needful, and at night soft ease;
 The friend I trust in, and the she I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the wooll'st state of man;
 To be by fools mist, to knaves a prey,
 But make life what I ask, or take 't away.

TO MR. CREECH.

FROM HIS

TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIIUS.

SIR, when your boyl the first time came abroad,
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
 Lucretius english'd! 'twas a work might shake
 The power of english verse to undertake.
 This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
 To out-do the expectations of mankind;
 Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,
 Envy's appeas'd, and prejudice disarm'd;
 For when the rich original we peruse,
 And by it try the metal you produce,
 Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
 It will in you a something better find

Thus when the great Lucretius gives a look,
 And looks to her speed his fiery Muse;
 Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
 And bear full stretch upon him all the race;
 But when in rugged way we find him rein
 His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain,
 There the advantage he receives is found,
 By you taught temper, and to chide his ground.
 Next, his philosophy you've so express'd
 In genuine terms, so plain, yet nearly dress'd,
 Those murderers that now mingle it all day
 In schools, may learn from you the easy way
 To let us know what they would mean and say;
 If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
 To wave for once their statute in that case.
 Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,
 And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
 Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
 He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
 In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should
 fail,
 Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale:
 So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.
 You're only able to retrieve his doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:
 For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
 Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood;
 Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
 Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame,
 Since to their memory it is so true,
 And shows their poetry so much in you.
 Go on in pity to this wretched isle,
 Which ignorant poetasters do defile
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse;
 Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
 Would Plautus, Terence e'er, have been so lowd.
 I have dress'd Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd:
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd
 By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call?
 No, since we live in such a fastidious age,
 When nonsense loads the press, and chokes the
 stage;
 When blockheads will claim wit in nature's sight,
 And every dunc, that starves, presumes to write.
 Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause,
 Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws
 Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue;
 That to each chattering daw, who aims at song,
 In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
 What engines yet are wanting in his head
 To make him equal to the mighty dead,
 For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
 The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
 Unbred, untought, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
 And senselessly, as squirrel, jangle bells.
 Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore
 you
 Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true!
 May our defects be by your powers supply'd,
 Till, at our envy now, you grow our pride;
 Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
 The majesty of poetry return!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN UPON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
Had surfeited this Isle to a disease;
When noisome humors did its best parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire infection shed;
Our great Physician, who the nature knew
Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
He call his searching eyes o'er all the frame,
And finding whence before our sickness came,
How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.

When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
New-form'd rebellion durst rear up its head,
Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?
See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
Think on the blood was shed for you before,
And curse the parricides that think for more:
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
Lay, lay him in your heart, and guard him there,

Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
He wears a sword will justify your love.
With blood still ready for your good to expend,
And has a heart that ne'er forget his friend.

His dutious loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, un murmuring to obey.
Think what he has borne, your quiet to restore;
Repent your madness, and rebel no more.

No more let Boucquiers hope to lead petitions,
Scrivners to be treasurers; pedlers, politicians;
Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel fort.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of his powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They're mid-courts that every where go arm'd:
And when the horn'd herd's together got,
Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.

Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philistines durt with your blood:
Renounce your priests of Baal with ammen faces,
Your Wapping seats, and your Mile-end high places.

Nail all your medals on the gallows post,
In recompence th' original was lost:
At these, illustrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
A people's folly, and raz'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home:

Send all your wishes with him, let the air
With gentle breezes wait it safely there,
The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair:
Let the illustrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore.
With kind assurance she shall part no more.

Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
Of Cesar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

ON HER

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Tune your desiring eyes, and seat them there:
For leaning on your knees with me implore,
My dear prior land ne'er lose that presence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come to curse to envy what they see,
From the vain soul that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon:
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blacked heads, and die with shame:
Our mutual blessing is at last remend:
The joy arriv'd, for which so long we mourn'd:
From whom our greatest joys we expect are
cross'd,
And all our future generations blest.
Then, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:
And when he's born, let nature's hand be strong;
Bless him with days of strength, and make them long:

Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
Three kingdoms hammers waiting his command,
His father's conquering sword within his hand:
Then th' English lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring music to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France:

PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BORN'S

CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

HOW vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
You care as little what the poets teach,
As you regard at church what parsons preach.

But where such follies and such vices reign,
 What honest pen has patience to refrain?
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
 Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,
 And run so very evenly your race,
 Y' improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
 It must be so; some dæmon has possess'd
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.
 Y' have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
 Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
 'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
 But heaven have mercy on us when it swore!
 Where'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
 Out of his mouth at random halters flew
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,
 Though still the cunning devil sav'd its own:
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
 The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
 From silken doctor, home-spun Ananias:
 Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
 Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
 And fills the heads of fools with politicks.
 'This dæmon lately drew in many a guest,
 To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.
 Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
 For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
 To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
 Would lay sweet money out in sham thankgiv-
 ings?

Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
 But who e'er paid for a sham treat before?
 Had you not better sent your offerings all
 Hither to us, than Sequestrators' Hall?
 I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
 I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Shew me at sea the heldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.
 For quiet, friend, the soldier fights,
 Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
 Since wealth and power too weak we find,
 To quell the tumults of the mind;
 Or from the monarch's roofs of state
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
 Happy the man with little blest,
 Of what his father left possess'd;

No base desires corrupt his head,
 No fears disturb him in his bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun?
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail,
 'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day,
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd:
 No perfect good is to be found.
 One mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,
 Another's lingering death comes slow;
 And what of life they take from thee,
 The gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy flock,
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
 Horses and chariots for thy ease,
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.
 For me, a little cell I chuse,
 Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft content does best adorn,
 Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Though ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.
 For when, as long her chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn;
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold,
 But surely I a heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold;
 Can Sylvia such a covecomb prize,
 For wealth, and not desert;
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas, 'twill break my heart!

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
 I for my bliss contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.
 Ah, Sylvia! thus in vain you strive
 To act a healer's part,
 'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
 Alas! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast,

Her cruelty all ease denies;
 With some sad dream I start,
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart.
 Then rising, through the path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells:
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart;
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more:
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told;
 For every lovely generous maid
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart.

P R O L O G U E

T O

N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence,
 when first

Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
 That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
 That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,
 When it saw all, and said that all was good,
 The creature Poet was not understood:
 For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
 To mould retailers of dull third-day plays,
 That starve out threescore years in hopes of
 bays?

'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation,
 But came by meer equivocal generation?
 Like rats in ships, without collision bred,
 As hated too as they are, and used.
 Nature their species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing Poets, less by Poets known.
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at naught,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
 Disabled wasting Whore-masters are not
 Prouder to own the brats they never got,
 Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
 To adopt some base-born song that's not their
 own.

Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,
 To please the importunity of friends.
 The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit;
 And though he sinks with his employs of state,
 Till common sense forsake him, he'll translate.
 The Poet and the Whore alike complain,
 Of trading quality, that spoil their gains;
 The lords will write, and ladies will have
 swains!

W 21. 11.

Therefore all you who have male issue born
 Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
 Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley
 mourn'd,

How Butler's faith and service was return'd
 And if such warning they refuse to take,
 This last experiment, O parents make!
 With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,
 The parish whip and beadle by his side;
 Then lead him to some stall that does expose
 The authors he loves most; there rub his nose,
 Till, like a spaniel lath'd to know command,
 He by the due correction understand,
 To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land;
 Till he against his nature learn to strive,
 And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

THE BEGINNING OF

A P A S T O R A L

O N T H E

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the
 plain,

And thus disturbs the shepherds' peaceful reign?
 A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,
 Forewarning us some dreadful form is near.

The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray,
 The early larks forsake their warbling way,
 And cease to welcome in the new born day.
 Each nymph possess'd with a distract'd fear,
 Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevel'd hair.
 Diseases with her strong convulsions reign,
 And deities, not known before to pain,
 Are now with apoplectic seizures slain.

Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
 Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.

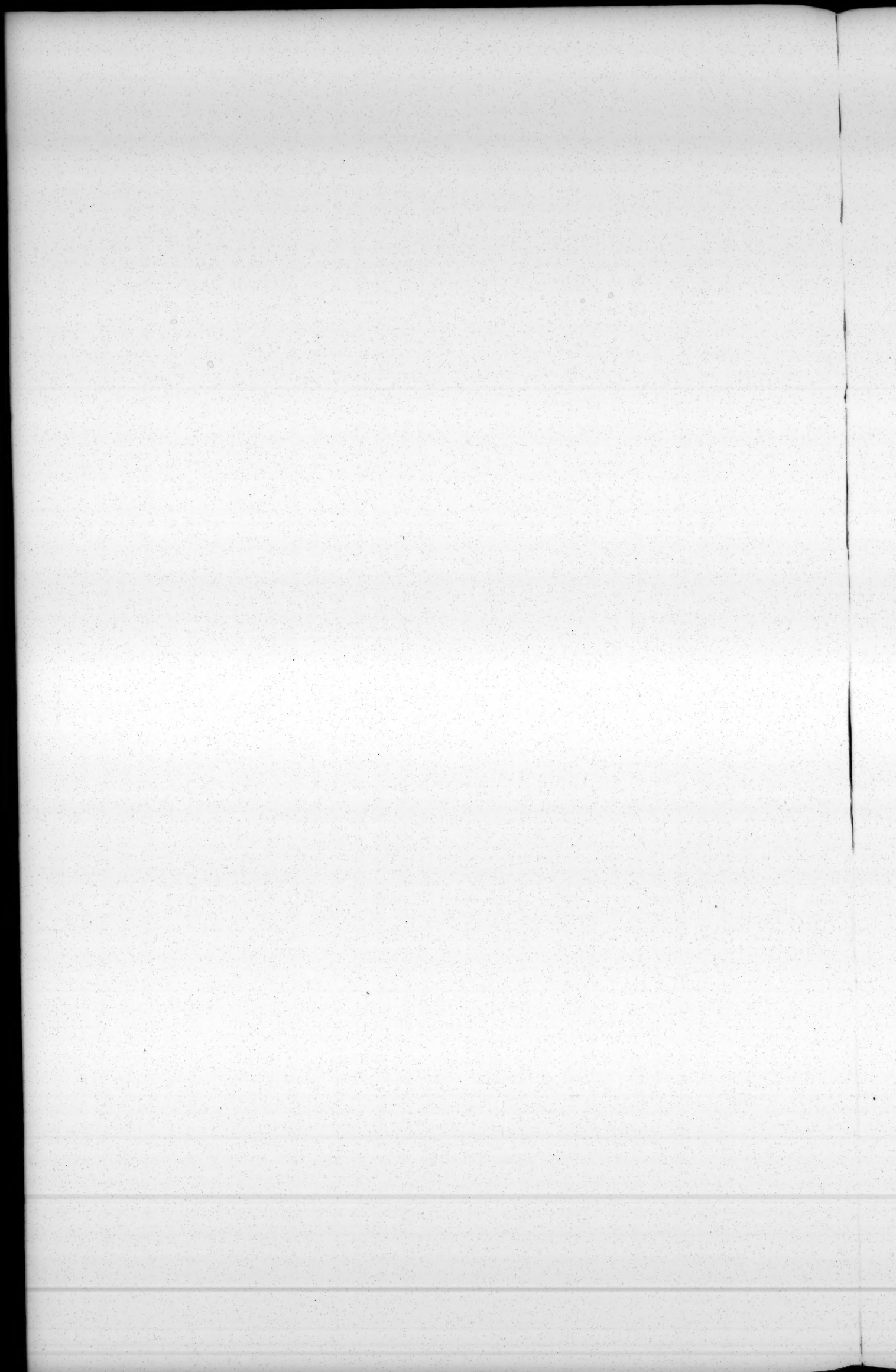
Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away,
 To weep and mourn let us together stay:

O'er all the universe let it be spread,
 That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.

The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's
 eternal sleep!

Begin, Daphnis, let thy numbers fly
 Alost where the soft milky way does lie;
 Mopsus, who Daphnis to the darts did sing,
 Shall join with you, and thither waite our king.
 Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
 And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian plain,
 The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's
 eternal sleep!

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THE E N G L I S H P O E T S.

D E D I C A T I O N.

To my Lady * * *

M A D A M,

YOUR commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed; but, intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe: for here your ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ablest of his countrymen), and the former Pope; who, they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of less weight and trouble. But, Madam, these Nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth; as ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forgot when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry; so this is not always practised without some villany to the mind; wresting it from present occasions; and accustoming us to a style somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not think his case deplorable who made these verses; we are told that Tully (the greatest Wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease; and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit and a Poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus, for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect Nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyship's

Most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

M R. W A L L E R ' S P O E M S,
AFTER THE RESTORATION;

Printed in the Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from aboard some years since, he was troubled to find his name in Print; but, somewhat satisfied, to see his Lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them; and say to a mistaking Printer, as * one did to an ill Reciter,

* * * Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the Authors); his answer was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favor, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such-like ugly things upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And, for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure; as they admire *most* what they least comprehend, so, his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration: which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Historians, truth; and of Poets, admiration. He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended: for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made public; so, might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in. And, for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent), that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman †,

* Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 39.

† Horace, Lib. II. Epist. ii.

P R E F A C E.

3

* * * Quem demifere Philippi
Decifis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, & fundi. * * *

Whofe fpreading wings the civil war had clip'd.
And him of his old patrimony ftrip'd;

Who yet not long after could fay,

Mufis amicus, triftitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis * * *

Lib. I. Ode xxvi.

They that acquainted with the Mufes be,
Send care, and forrow, by the winds to fea.

Not fo much moved with thefe reafons of ours (or pleas'd with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at laft given us leave to affure the Reader, that the Poems which have been fo long, and fo ill fet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firft writ them: as alfo, to add fome others which have fince been compos'd by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have difcouraged us; yet, obferving how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earneftly they have been always enquired after, but efpecially of late; (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:

Lib. II. Epift. i.

" Some verfes being, like fome vines recommended to our tafte by time and
" age,")

We have adventured upon this new and well-corrected Edition, which for own fakes as well as thine, we hope will fucceed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND PART OF

M R. WALLER'S POEMS;

Printed in the Year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in Poetry! He was indeed the Parent of English Verse, and the first that shewed us our Tongue had Beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way;

Tu pater, & rerum inventor; Tu patria nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: tuisque ex, Inclute! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ!

Lib. III. ver. 9.

The Tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He polished it first; and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable; so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners; and, for aught I know, last too; for I question, whether in Charles the second's reign, English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustan Age, as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chemists say of their Menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprising reflection, that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years distance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some Painters will hit the chief lines and master-strokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age, the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: He sought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament: and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at his first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the English Poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but this was less His case than any man's that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself; for, though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We

We are no less beholden to Him for the new turn of Verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words, which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked Atoms that compose a Body in Descartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon: but, as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly; and the reader was sure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verse in those days was but down-right prose, tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults; brought in more polysyllables, and smoother measures; bound up his thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verse He wrote in: so that where-ever the natural stops of that were, He contrived the little breakings of His sense so as to fall in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our Verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find Him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that He commonly closes with Verbs; in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his rhymes: which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the Great Master of writing, * "*Que sunt ampla, & pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida & concinna,*" (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) "*cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum.*" This he understood very well: and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety, and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shewn him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verse. But He continued an obstinate lover of Rhyme to the very last: it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in His eyes; and was courted by Him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer Him ever to slight a thing He had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial: no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he: yet he is so just as to confess, that it is was but a trifle; and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and Blank Verse set up in its room. There is † a third person, the living glory of our English Poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the Stage: though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his Genius, that first brought it into credit in Plays; and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing, it continues still; and will do so, till some excellent Spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the Charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it; and has proved it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance: the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good Poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

* Cicero ad Herennium, l. i.

† Mr. Dryden.

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find myself, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there

* Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.

The same censure perhaps will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigor of his youth: yet they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play † was altered to please the Court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. Waller's temper, to soften the rigor of the Tragedy, as he expresses it: but, whether it be so agreeable to the nature of Tragedy itself to make every thing come-off easily, I leave to the Critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion: but, the Reader may be pleased to allow that in Him, that has been allowed so long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that, when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words, but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection: so that between both, the Reader may make the set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been published: and Mr. † Cowley's decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Masters have been always valued, though the last hand were not put to them. And I believe none of those Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuse a sketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the ancient Greek and Latin Poets: there has been thought to be a Divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and revered like religious reliques. And, I am sure, take away the "§ mille anni;" and impartial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done; I can assure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect, that among so many admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the Author, to put them out whilst they continue genuine and unmixed; and such as He Himself, were He alive, might own.

* Virg. Æn. vi. 304.

† "The Maid's Tragedy;" which does not come within the plan of the present publication.

‡ In the Preface to his Works.

§ Alluding to that verse in Juvenal,

* * * Et uni zedit Homero

Propter mille annos * * *

Sat. vii.

And yields to Homer on no other score,
Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.

Mr. C. Dryden.

THE POEMS OF EDMUND WALLER.

OF THE DANGER HIS MAJESTY (BEING PRINCE)
ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT SAINT ANDERO.

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own power,
the main;

With British bounty in his ship he feasts
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watery wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons echoed from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the feed of cloud-compelling Jove:
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion Kings.

Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head;
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd
side:

Neglected Warwick, (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our State)
Wooes for his Master; and, with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady Bona: whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering
eyes

Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our State.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon his royal troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.

These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
deep:

Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast.
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;

They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toft to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effects of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load:
Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not
give,

That the good boat this tempest should out-live.

But storms increase! and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's face;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and fight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous son*,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire,
Waves threaten now, as that was fear'd by fire.
Th' impatient sea grows impotent, and raves
That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side:
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleasures of their Court before
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, or the face of Death affright:
Next to the power of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the Main
For angry Juno, labor'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold Aeneas, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had
quell'd

In honourable fight: our Hero set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall

* Phaeton.

That argues fear, if any thought annoys
 The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untasted joys;
 And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
 For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
 Where he had seen a brighter Nymph, than * she
 That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
 That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
 The conquer'd ocean could not make expire:
 Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
 Th' heroic Prince's courage, or his love:
 'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
 The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.
 Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
 Should not survive to let her know his pain:
 Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
 Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
 Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic Court;
 All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
 They roses seem, which, in their early pride,
 But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
 She the glad morning, which her beams does
 throw

Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so:
 Like bright Aurora, whose resplendent ray
 Foretels the fervour of ensuing day;
 And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat,
 To leafy shadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From Cupid's string of many shafts that fled,
 Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had
 shed,

As through the wondering world she flew, and
 told

Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
 Some had already touched the Royal Maid,
 But Love's first summons seldom are obey'd:
 Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
 She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
 His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
 That with delight those antique tales she hears
 Of Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old,
 As with his story best resemblance hold.
 And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
 What old Mææus so divinely sung:
 Which art with life and love did so inspire,
 That she discerns and favours that desire
 Which there provokes th' adventurous youth to
 swim,

And in Leander's danger pities him;
 Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
 To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
 For from the stern of some good ship appears
 A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
 New courage from reviving hope they take,
 And climbing o'er the waves that taper make
 On which the hope of all their lives depends,
 As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.
 The ship at anchor, like a fix'd rock,
 Breaks the proud billows which her large sides
 knock;

Whose rage, restrained, foaming higher swells,
 And from her port the weary barge repels:
 Threatening to make her, forced out again,
 Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.

* Venus.

Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
 Would not be mov'd for our sister States;
 For England is the third successful throw,
 And then the Genius of that land they know,
 Whose Prince must be (as their own books devise)
 Lord of the scene, where now his danger lies.

Well sung the Roman bard; "all human things
 "Of dearest value hang on slender strings."
 O see the then sole hope, and in design
 Of Heaven our joy, supported by a line!
 Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
 The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
 On which the fabric of our world depends;
 One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

OF HIS MAJESTY RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

SO earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
 No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
 The sacred wrestler, till a blessing given,
 Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven:
 Nor was the stream of thy devotion stop'd,
 When from the body such a limb was lop'd,
 As to thy present state was no less maim;
 Though thy wife choice has since repair'd the
 same.

Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
 In his * best pattern: of Patroclus slain,
 With such amazement as weak mothers use,
 And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
 Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
 Of war, impos'd by Royal Hector's lance:
 Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
 Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

The famous † painter could allow no place
 For private sorrow in a Prince's face:
 Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
 He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
 'Twas want of such a precedent as this,
 Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiss.
 Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part
 For the ‡ fair boy, than he did for his hart:
 Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
 That kept from him wish'd death, had thou been
 known.

He that with thine shall weigh good David's
 deeds,
 Shall find his passion, nor his love exceeds:
 He curst the mountains where his brave friend
 dy'd,

But let false Ziba with his heir divide:
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends,
 Like that of Heaven, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God-like, unmov'd; and yet, like woman kind!
 Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
 Our Charles's pedigree from heaven; and taught
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

* Achilles.

‡ Cyparissus.

† Timarctes.

TO THE KING ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
The French, and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Ships heretofore like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
Thou on the Deep imposest nobler laws;
And by that justice has remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both those fates, of storms and piracy.
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse:
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation, as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid Main,
Thy power were safe; and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The world's restorer once could not indure,
That finish'd Babel should those men secure,
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood:
Above the reach of any second flood:
To thee his chosen more indulgent, He
Dares trust such power with so much piety.

ON THE TAKING OF SALLE.

OF Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told:
Such beasts, and monsters, as their force oppress'd,
Some places only, and some times, infest.
Salle, that scorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race, successively renew'd:
Their King despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profess'd to all the world beside:
This pest of mankind gives our Hero fame,
And through the obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers children made,
So shall the sword make thine: and with that
word

He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these,
Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas:
With ships, they made the spoiled merchants
mourn;

With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
One Squadron of our winged castles sent
O'erthrew their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
Nor, not content the dangers to increase,
And add the part of tempests in the sea;

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Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish'd cattle, bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the sea!
Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades;
Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid
thief.

Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injur'd world's avenger and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which th' Apostle
bore,

Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
Than did his temple in the sea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the first * Monarch of this happy Isle,
Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his Glorious Son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap:
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound.

Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like
Kings,

Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings;
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great Apostle; and deface
Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the same
Of some new structure, to have borne her name:
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty, and greatness, of his mind:
Which, not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallow'd, from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace com-
mand,
More than by force of argument or hand.

* King James

5[C]

For, doubtful reason few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it should amend:
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Not aught which Sheba's wondering Queen
beheld

Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ships and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art

While the propitious heavens this work attend,
The showers long wanted they forget to send:
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The sun, which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend:
The King built all; but Charles the western-end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven!

Laomedon, that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him * that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so
high,

Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amaz'd, are our neighbour Kings,
To see such power employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

* * * *Sic gratia Regum*
Piculis tentata modis. * * * HORAT.

TO THE QUEEN, OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF
HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble
sight

Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted, Mighty Queen:
In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
'T' extend his light, and moderate his heat.
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,
'Than when the scorch'd world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;

* Apollo.

With admiration! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred Charles's) love never durst fly.
Heaven, that prefer'd a sceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No power achiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire, both in heaven and earth:
Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian Dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey;
The Royal Youth, pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic Court:
There public care with private passion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confess his greatness and his love,
And the free faith of your † Great Brother prove;
With his † Achates, breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their Graces shroud;
And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outline them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountain's ride?—
So, when the fair Leucothoe he esp'd,
To check his steeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd,
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?
Not so divine a flame, since deathless Gods
Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;
Nor shall, till Piety and They return.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build,
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field:
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play;
Then strait she shews, 'twas not for want of
voice,
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing the mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'ards heaven, as if from heaven her note she
fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain the ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

Those sovereign beams, which heal the wounded
soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld control!
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion
cur'd,

† Lewis XIII. K. of France.

† D. of Buckingham.

Rare like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd; supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone:
He held it dear, till, by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
'This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use.
"Could nature then no private woman grace,
"Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
"Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
"Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
"Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
"What envious Power has plac'd this glorious
light?"

Thus, in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky;
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion, to mankind:
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:
For mercy has, could mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious Queen.
Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruin, it prefers;
For all the miserable are made her's.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
shields:

The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and safety of the next!
Far which so oft thy fertile womb is vent:
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:
What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus descended, are to reign!
Led by commanders of so fair a line,
Our seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave romance who would exactly frame
First brings his knight from some immortal dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield;
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the * fair pearl, and glory of the sea:
The man † to whom great Maro gives such fame,
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came:
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, spring from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY, WHO CAN
DO ANY THING BUT SLEEP WHEN SHE
PLEASETH.

MY charge it is those breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and
care:

* Thetis.

† Æneas.

Rest to the limbs, and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,
Whom Heaven, and her transcendant thoughts,
have plac'd

Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command:
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feast:
That power would seem, that entertainment,
short

Of the true splendor of her present court:
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind:
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heaven, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what so hard which Numbers cannot force?
So sloop the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold † Mæonian made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep.
And, since the Muses do invoke my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower,
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies:
But, gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses; till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

P U E R P E R I U M.

YE Gods, that have the power
To trouble and compose
All that's beneath your bower,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth, impose.

Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast canst tame,
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,
Make heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us, while
Thy chief care, our Halcyon, builds her nest.

‡ Homer.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth;
Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

TO THE QUEEN MOTHER OF FRANCE
UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! whence thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,
As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here shines a Nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you so much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (though intrag'd) have tost
Thy sovereign bark, but where th' obsequious coast
Pays tribute to thy bed: Rome's conquering hand
More vanquish'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: here Berecynthia so
Among her deathless progeny did go:
A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on Ambrosia fed.
Thy god-like race must sway the age to come;
As she Olympus peopled with her womb.
Would those commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent; all pretences lay
Down at her royal feet; compose their jars,
And on the growing Turk discharge these wars:
The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:
Our England's Prince and Gallia's Dolphin might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In single combat by their swords again
The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, slain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your * Tuscan Muse exalt the fight.

THE COUNTRY TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
And nature's self, in those that could not lye:
Your beauty next our solitude invades,
And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.
Nor ought the tribute, which the wondering court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer, and consent, to that report,
Which echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
Present th' impartial images of things.

* Tasso.

A rural judge † dispos'd of beauty's prize;
A simple shepherd was preserv'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial skies
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was so justly given
To the bright Carlisle of the Court of Heaven.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their Amarillis, to resound:
Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound:
From Phœbus' rage our shadows, and our streams,
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE IN MOURNING.

WHEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear;
Heaven then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity, is fairer made;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get:
A Venus rising from a sea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-form'd light,
While yet it struggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.
We find not that the ‡ laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed:
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffus'd had marr'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief; as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,
But power to grieve exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold of none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove:
Who, by the power of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs
rung.

War he prevented, or soon made it cease;
Instructing Princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious Queen resort
To the § large-hearted Hebrew's famous Court.
Had Homer sat amongst his wondering guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty, and more sacred state,
The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
His absent Master's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun;
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms; while the Parisian dames
Mourn for the ravish'd glory; at her flames

† Paris.

‡ Venus.

§ Solomon.

No less amaz'd, than the amazed stars,
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
With Heaven itself; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

IN ANSWER TO ONE WHO WRIT A LIBEL
AGAINST THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of
love?

Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?
Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a rage, with such a different fate:
He honor won, where thou hast purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe;

While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,
Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?

So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;

Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes

His joyful beams: but Phœbus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy fight;
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

OF HER CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at heaven arrive;

But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike;
And renders all within these walls alike:
The high in titles, and the shepherd, here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Lose thought of what themselves or others are:
Ambition lose; and have no other scope,
Save Carlisle's favour to employ their hope.
The * Thracian could (though all those tales
were true

The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
Fearless, and wrathless, while they heard him play.
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one passion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While she with cheerful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus, so divides her light,
And warms us, that she stoops not from her
height.

* Orpheus.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyrsis threw,
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he sows:
From foes discharg'd as often meet
The shining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As souls that join in one desire.

Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the † cold youth mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
Prefer'd, to sleeping on her breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carlisle's conquering eyes;
Which she regards no more, than they
The tears of lesser Beauties weigh.
So have I seen the lost clouds pour
Into the sea an useless shower;
And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.

Then, Phyllis, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, still flying, or in chase,
Never encountering face to face;
No more to Love we'll sacrifice,
But to the best of Deities:
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

TO

MY LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

TO this great loss a sea of tears is due:

But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
Those showers, the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which
dries,

Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reason triumph's so
Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow,
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great self stray:
Whose mild example seem'd to engage
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.

The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly spoke

† Adonis.

Before Rome's people; "We did oft implore
 "That if the heavens had any bad in store
 "For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
 "On his own house, and let you flourish still."
 You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
 Whole springs; and summers to the public lent:
 Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
 And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife:
 For which your country's more obliged, than
 For many lives of old, less happy, men.
 You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
 Of youth, and private blifs, ought to impart
 Your sorrow too; and give your friends a right
 As well in your affliction, as delight.
 Then with Æmilian-courage bear this cross,
 Since public persons only public loss
 Ought to affect. And though her form, and youth,
 Her application to your will, and truth;
 That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
 (All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
 Might give excuse to any common breast,
 With the huge weight of so just grief oppress:
 Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
 With passion, but your character maintain'd
 To the last act: it is enough her stone
 May honour'd be with superscription
 Of the sole Lady, who had power to move
 The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,
 OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth
 invades
 Orpheus, returning from th' Elyfian shades;
 Embrace the Hero, and his stay implore;
 Make it their public suit, he would no more
 Desert them so; and for his spouse's sake,
 His vanish'd love tempt the Lethæan lake:
 The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
 (Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
 Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
 Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed:
 Eurydice! for whom his numerous moan
 Makes listening trees and savage mountains groan:
 Through all the air his founding strings dilate
 Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
 Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
 At once the land affecting, and the Main:
 When the glad news that you were Admiral
 Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by
 all
 That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in
 you,
 Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.
 So more than private was the joy, and grief,
 That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
 That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd;
 They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
 Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
 Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes:
 While not from time alone thy blood retires,
 But from those cheeks, which all the world
 admires.

The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
 Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
 Their beauty they, and we our love suspend,
 Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend.
 As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
 Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven
 contend:

Fold thee within thy snowy arms, and cry
 He is too faultless, and too young, to die.
 So like Immortals round about thee they
 Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
 Who would not languish, by so fair a train
 To be lamented, and restor'd again?
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
 Though to the Blest? O'er her Adonis so
 Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious shower
 Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great
 name,
 And second pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursue thee to the grave.
 And now, relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backward does so far extend
 That antique stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes;
 Kind Phœbus interposing, bid me say
 Such storms no more shall shake that house; but
 they
 Like Neptune, and his * sea-born Niece, shall be
 The shining glories of the land and sea:
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

S O N G.

STAY, Phœbus, stay!
 The world to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying day
 From us to them, can pay your haste
 With no such object, nor salute your rise
 With no such wonder, as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
 The error of those antique books
 Which made you move
 About the world: her charming looks
 Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
 Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.

ON MY LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such † Dorus' flame;
 The ‡ matchless Sidney, that immortal frame
 Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
 Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
 With such extremes of excellence, compose;
 Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
 Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
 Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,

* Venus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
 Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
 All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
 Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
 Had but this copy (which the artist took
 From the fair picture of that noble book)
 Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends * had jarr'd;
 And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
 Just nature, first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practis'd what he taught:
 This glorious piece transcends what he could
 think;
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves,
 Not our delights alone, but loves!
 From thy shop of beauty we
 Slaves return, that enter'd free.
 The heedless lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
 But, confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.
 Another, who did long refrain,
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
 With dear remembrance of that face,
 Where now he reads new hope of grace:
 Nor scorn nor cruelty does find:
 But gladly suffers a false wind
 To blow the ashes of despair
 From the reviving brand of care.
 Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
 This softness from thy finger took.
 Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
 The beauty only, but the fire:
 Not the form alone, and grace,
 But act, and power, of a face.
 May'st thou yet thyself as well,
 As all the world besides, excel!
 So you th' unfeign'd truth rehearse,
 (That I may make it live in verse)
 Why thou couldst not, at one assay,
 That face to after-times convey,
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit
 To make her oft before thee sit?
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
 For who would not repeat that bliss?
 And frequent sight of such a dame
 Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
 Though thy good hand had failed still;
 When nature's self so often errs?
 She for this many thousand years
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,
 To frame the race of women fair;
 Yet never could a perfect birth
 Produce before, to grace the earth:
 Which waxed old, ere it could see
 Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.
 But now, 'tis done, O let me know
 Where these immortal colours grow,

* Pyrochles and Musidorus.

That could this deathless piece compose?
 In lilies? or the fading rose?
 No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher,
 Than did Prometheus for his fire.

AT PENS-HURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortal's made
 Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade
 Had held an altar to her power that gave
 The peace and glory which these alleys have:
 Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
 That it became a garden of a wood.
 Her presence has such more than human grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest place:
 And beauty too, and order can impart,
 Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
 The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
 No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre:
 If she sit down, with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
 They round about her into arbors crowd:
 Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
 Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.
 Amphion so made stones and timber leap
 Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
 All in the symmetry of her parts is found
 A power, like that of harmony in sound.
 Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part,
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.—
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
 Such more than mortal-making stars did shine;
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble love:
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise
 higher,
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at Pens-Hurst groan,
 Opprest with their timely load;
 And seem to make their silent moan,
 That their great Lord is now abroad:
 They to delight his taste, or eye,
 Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.
 Not that thy harmless deer repine,
 And think themselves unjustly slain
 By any other hand than thine,
 Whose arrows they would gladly stain:
 No, nor thy friends, which held too dear
 That peace with France, and keeps thee there.
 All these are less than that great cause,
 Which now exacts your presence here;
 Wherein there meet the divers law
 Of public and domestic care,
 For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
 And in your prudent choice depend.

Not the bright shield of *Thetis' son,
 (For which such stern debate did rise,
 That the great Ajax Telamon
 Refus'd to live without the prize)
 Those Achive Peers did more engage,
 Than she the gallants of our age.
 That beam of beauty, which begun
 To warm us so, when thou wert here,
 Now scorches like the raging sun,
 When Sirius does first appear.
 O fix this flame; and let despair,
 Redeem the rest from endless care!

OF THE LADY WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE
 PLEASES.

NO wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,
 To bath himself in Sachariffa's eyes.
 As fair Astræa once from earth to heaven,
 By strife and loud impiety was driven:
 So with our complaints offended, and our tears,
 Wife Somnus to that paradise repairs;
 Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
 To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches
 wake.

More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold
 Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold:
 Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
 In darkning clouds, the power to close her eyes:
 Eyes, which so far all other lights control,
 They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
 Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
 Know, that though Venus and her son should
 spare

Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
 Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep;
 And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

OF THE MIS-REPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night,
 With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's
 light;

The noise may chase sweet slumber from her eyes,
 But never reach the mistress of the skies:
 So, with the news of Sachariffa's wrongs,
 Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues:
 Call Love to witness, that no painted fire
 Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire:
 While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
 With this new malice, than our loves before;
 But, from the height of her great mind, looks
 down

On both our passions, without smile or frown.
 So little care of what is done below
 Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth
 so!

* Achilles.

Paints her, 'tis true: with the same hand which
 spreads

Like glorious colors through the flowery meads;
 When lavish nature with her best attire
 Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
 With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;
 With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
 Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias'
 bow.

OF HER PASSING THROUGH A CROWD OF
 PEOPLE.

AS in old Chaos (heaven with earth confus'd,
 And stars with rocks together crush'd and
 bruise'd)

The Sun his light no further could extend
 Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd:
 So in this throng bright Sachariffa far'd,
 Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard:
 As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
 Foul in a tempest on their Admiral.

A greater favor this disorder brought
 Unto her servants, than their awful thought
 Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they press
 The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
 While Love insults, disguised in the cloud,
 And welcome force of that unruly crowd.
 So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
 Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
 But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
 Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
 Though loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
 More loth he is that friendly storm should cease;
 From whose rude bounty he the double use
 At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

THE STORY OF PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspir'd train,
 Fair Sachariffa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
 Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues;
 With Numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
 Such is the chace, when love and fancy leads,
 O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery
 meads;

Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel Fair.
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 All, but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrsis, Phæbique
 sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore.
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illi:
 Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Pascua: formosam nunc hic componere Nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
 Audist illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonan-
 tem;
 Audist, at nullis respexit mota querelis!
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera percussæ referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic, non quæsitis cumulatæ laudibus, olim
 Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldst thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face?
 Colors of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest
 With that angel-like disguise:
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a dream:
 Cruel Sacharissa's mind
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heavenly face of thine;
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape:
 Such as wander by the brook
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shinest so;
 Softly in her sleeping ear,
 With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
 Thus surpris'd she may fall:
 Sleep does disproportion hide,
 And death resembling, equals all.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)
 VOL. II.

Receive these plaints: nor will her high disdain
 Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-eyed Moor,
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
 Of their ascending God adorns the east,
 And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
 And whets those arrows which confound us so;
 A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit,
 (Those curious nets! thy slender fingers knit:
 The Graces put not more exactly on
 Th' attire of Venus, when the Ball she won:
 Than Sacharissa by thy care is drest,
 When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
 May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
 In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
 Of that stern Goddess: you, her priest, declare
 What offerings may propitiate the Fair:
 Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
 Or polish'd lines which longer last than they.
 For if I thought she took delight in those,
 To where the chearful morn does first disclose
 (The shady night removing with her beams)
 Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.
 But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
 All that is found in mines, or fishes' shells;
 Her nobler part, as far exceeding these,
 None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
 The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd
 On * Sparta's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
 And snowy wrists: but when the town was
 burn'd,
 These fading glories were to ashes turn'd:
 Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
 Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

AT PENS-HURST.

WHILE in the park I sing, the listening
 deer

Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:
 To Gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
 With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
 To Thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the
 heaven!

Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
 † He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
 That all we can of love or high desire,
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
 Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring

‡ [D] * Helen. † Sir Philip Sidney.

One so destructive: to no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness; but the rock
 That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, plac'd those * hezling
 springs;
 Which not more help, than that destruction
 brings.

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
 Melt to compassion: now, my traitorous song
 With thee conspires, to do the singer wrong:
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose
 The memory of what augments my woes:
 But with my own breath still foment the fire,
 Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
 Of just Apollo, president of verse;
 Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
 Damage to one, whom he had taught to sing;
 Thus he advis'd me: "On yon aged tree
 Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea;
 That there with wonders thy diverted mind
 Some truce at least may with this passion find."
 Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
 Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
 And from the winds and tempests does expect
 A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
 Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice, and vows his endless love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on
 her.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
 Into a world, which, wanting thee,
 Could entertain us with no worth,
 Or shadow of felicity?
 That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do do not flight
 That age which you may know so soon:
 The rosy morn resigns her light,
 And milder glory, to the noon:
 And then what wonders shall you do,
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
 And summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination, or decay:
 For with a full hand, that does bring
 All that was promis'd by the spring.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
 What you unto Thyrsis owe;
 I will tell you how I do
 Sacharissa love, and You.

* Tunbridge-Wells.

Joy salutes me, when I set
 My blest eyes on Amoret:
 But with wonder I am strook,
 While I on the other look:

If sweet Amoret complains,
 I have sense of all her pains:
 But for Sacharissa I
 Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
 Lovely Amoret! is thine,
 Sacharissa's captive fain
 Would untie his iron chain;
 And, those scorching beams to shun,
 To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
 To dispose of her affection;
 I would not thus long have borne
 Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
 But 'tis sure some Power above,
 Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a strong desire
 To create and spread that fire
 In my breast, sollicit me,
 Beauteous Amoret: for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
 Which her radiant eyes do move:
 If less splendor wait on thine,
 Yet they so benignly shine,
 I would turn my dazzled sight
 To behold their milder light.
 But as hard 'tis to destroy
 That high flame, as to enjoy:
 Which how eas'ly I might do,
 Heaven (as eas'ly seal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
 As the most delicious food,
 Which, but tasted, does impart
 Life and gladness to the heart.
 Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
 Which to madness doth incline:
 Such a liquor, as no brain
 That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heaven excuse
 The devotion, which I use
 Unto that adored dame:
 For 'tis not unlike the same,
 Which I thither ought to send,
 So that if it could take end,
 'Twould to heaven itself be due,
 To succeed her, and not you:
 Who already have of me
 All that 's not idolatry:
 Which, though not so fierce a flame,
 Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
 Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACHARISSA
 AND AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving Pair!
 Why so kind, and so severe?
 Why so careless of our care,
 Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of love controul;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguil'd Love does come:
Where he finds a foreign guest;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cythera's car;
Not the wings that lift so high;
And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars!
The smooth stream, where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy strength does lie?
Where the power that charms us so?
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone:
Or thy grace in motion seen;
No such wonders could be done;
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,
As Cupid's shaft; or Hermes' rod:
And powerful too, as either God.

A LA MALADE.

AH lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is Heaven become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,—to pretend?

Hence, to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy beauties to impair: for Heaven
Solicits thee with such a care,
As roses from the stalks we tear:
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh, as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.

So lightnings which in storms appear
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view.
Of following Gods, increase their flame,
And haste, to catch the flying game.

UPON THE DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

MAY those already curs'd Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness
reigns,

Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expos'd to the boisterous wind.

Ah, cruel heaven! to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life we had time to pray,
With thousand vows, and tears, we should have
sought

That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 't was sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread
Struck all our ears—the Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:

That death should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!
The * Paphian Queen from that fierce battle
borne,

With guarded hand, and veil so rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddesses may bleed.

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
Th' † heroic dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with Heaven;
Urging the promise to th' obsequious given,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious soul
More apt to obey, more worthy to controul.

A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarch's in her face.
And sweet humility; her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:

So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heaven, as change her course
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!

* Venus. † Christian Countess of Devonshire

And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces
known.

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art, and power of speech, is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight, complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa!—and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear;
(Such as the Romans did erect of old:)
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless Pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than your's to her fair mind;
Save that she grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife;
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.
How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee:
(Alas that such the last farewell should be!)
So look'd Astræa, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last:
For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So, all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frail thoughts to have:
Well-chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more, than one so heavenly
shap'd

The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away,
Her wondrous beauty, and her goodness, merit
We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here;
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

THE

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how heaven smiles
Upon those late-discover'd isles.

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write:
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventurous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda wall'd with rocks who does not know?
That happy island! where huge lemons grow;
And orange-trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of amber-gris is found.

The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires.

The Prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:

The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,

For incense might on sacred altars burn:

Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,

Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.

The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:

Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs

They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.

Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,

Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show;

With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil

Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.

The naked rocks are not unfruitful there.

But, at some constant seasons every year,

Their barren tops with luscious food abound;

And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.

Tobacco is the worst of things, which they

To English landlords, as their tribute pay.

Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds

On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.

With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,

On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they

dine:

And with potatoes sat their wanton swine.

Nature these cates with such a lavish hand

Pours out among them, that our coarser land

Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,

Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:

For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,

Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:

Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;

At once they promise, what at once they give.

So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,

None sickly lives, or dies before his time.

Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,

To shew how all things were created first.

The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,

Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:

There, a small grain, in some few months, will
be

A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.

The Palma-Christi, and the fair pap',

Now but a seed, (preventing nature's law)

In half the circle of the hasty year

Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.

And as their trees, in our dull region set,

But faintly grow, and no perfection get;

So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats

Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes:

While the supporter of the Poet's style,

Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.

Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay

Under the plantain's shade; and all the day

With amorous airs my fancy entertain;

Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!

No passion there in my free breast should move,

None but the sweet, and best of passions, love.

There will I sing, if gentle Love be by,

That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high;

With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name,

I'll make the listening savages grow tame—

But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,

I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk
despise;

Yet is no human fate exempt from fear:
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle
they hear

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, ere they
know

From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may
grow:

At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
'Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast.
One, as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murth'rd on the shore:
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
'The fate of ships, and ship-wreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her brood exposes; when the whales
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd:
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd:
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and
shatter'd.

Hearts full of brags they had, who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have
nurst.

The welcome news, through all the nation
spread,

'To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
Dispose already of th' untaken spoil;
And, as the purchase of their future toil.
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
Whose hide he sold, before he caught the beast!

They man their boats, and all the young men
arm

With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts, that wound so
far;

The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love, or honour, could invite them to;
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair.
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:

Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British Peers.
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour, to that title due;
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing
fame.—

But how they fought, and what their valour
gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successful toil,
And how the fishes sack'd the isle.

THE boat, which on the first assault did go,
Struck with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him, he roar'd.
As a broad beam to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barb'd javelin stung, he raves;
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge.
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes;
With desperate courage he receives her wound.
And men and boats his active tail confound.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have; he (to direct his dam)
Unto the gap through which they thither came
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake;
A prisoner there, but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast.
Her oily side devours both blade and hest:
And there his steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake.

Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal freight:
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting
throw

To heaven, that heaven men's cruelties might
know.

Their fix'd javelins in her sides she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus drest, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her escaped son.

He, though a league remov'd from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the pious * Trojan so,
Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.

The men amaz'd blush'd to see the seed
Of monsters, human piety exceed.

Well proves this kindness what the Grecian sung,
That Love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
So she their weapons would restore, again
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the
Main.

But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Nor daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so;
They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to send,
For the loud engines which their isle defend:
But what those Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know; who sends
A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babbling Muse!

I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse

To read the passion which they write:
She strikes my lute, but, if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no less her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce lion does embrace
His breathless corpse, and lick his face:
Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

* Æneas.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes:

And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:

So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move:

But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;

Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.

For women (born to be control'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold:

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.

Who first the generous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;

But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress

With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:

Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigor here.

Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young;

And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame;

Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,

All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does scarce descend

To mark their follies; he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were:

And that a more majestic Queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke

Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook

My blasted soul: and made me bow,
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,

Surveying there his arm'd head,
With shame remembers that he fled

The scorned dogs; resolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry

Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;

Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?

Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span;

Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time :
Change in love to heaven does climb ;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis ! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two :
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our past desire :
On what shepherd you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have bequil'd :
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do :
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland
goes,
Who hears this told, and does not strait suppose
We send the graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize and to instruct the North ?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp ;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp :
And though he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred virgins sing ;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giant down.

Ah, noble friend ! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy, which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee !
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest :
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burned)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so !
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the * fair Hebrew stand ;
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whose belief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good ;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood :
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours ; who ere long shall
mourn

(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our arms.

* Rebekah.

A lion so with self-provoking smart
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad
before.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink :
A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'rits,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites :
She would our care, as well as thirst, redress ;
And with Divinity rewards excess.
Deserted Ariadne, thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd Theseus' cruelty deride :
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat supply'd :
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their juice inspires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood :
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

S O N G.

I.

CHLORIS farewell ! I now must go :
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought :
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A servant to another's will :
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what assurance can I take ?
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove ;
Being by thy example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, Chloris, no : I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn ;
And she distrust me reprobate.

VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless
touch :

So unconcern'd herself, and we so much !
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns ?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud :
Small force there needs to make them tremble so ;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too ?
Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms
the ear,

Empties his quiver on the listening deer :
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes :
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air :
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the soul ?
So, when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid ; which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came :
But, if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, make others wive ;
But nature did this match contrive :
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out, this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care !
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy :
Secured in as high extreme
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topt with snow ;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem :
None may presume her faith to prove ;
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah ! Chloris ! that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us :
Creating for ourselves us two,
As love has me for only you !

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends
A long farewell to love I gave ;
Resolv'd my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame
None but those eyes, could have o'erthrown :
The nymph I dare not, need not, name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires ;
Grown and design'd for nobler use.
Not to make warm, but build the house ;
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun
Makes its full summit ere the spring's begun :
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad ;
So, measure not by any common use,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrapt my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now :
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind :
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less :
The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard itself, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribband bound,
'Take all the rest the sun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart :
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy !
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was, so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise ;
Fool ! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove ;
For you, that are motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill ;
Who, like Don Quixote do advance
Against a wind-mill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a sloop at every Fair ;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you whereso'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know ;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books :
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art : the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal confort had the care :
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape ;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shap'd like her ; but for the Fair
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the Gods had like success.

VOL. II.

For, in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree :
A second, with a lover's haste,
Soon o'ertakes whom he had chac'd ;
But she that did a Virgin seem,
Posselt, appears a wandering stream :
For his supposed Love, a third,
Lays greedy hold upon a bird ;
And stands amaz'd, to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th'air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new ;
The amorous now like wonders find,
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incens'd friend ;
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same ;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain,
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA.

SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
My wary heart :
The sun, in all its pride and rage,
Has not that art ;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey :
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

III.

No, Flavia ! 'tis your love I fear ;
Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts :
Their very shadows make us yield ;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

THE FALL.

SEE ! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impression where she lay !
See ! how the mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave

s [E]

Close to the nymph's stain'd garment ! Here
The coming spring would first appear ;
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus smil'd, to see blind Chance
Itself, before her Son, advance ;
And a fair image to present,
Of what the Boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall ;
Thus the first lovers on the clay
Of which they were compos'd lay :
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair ! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down ;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait :
How could he then support your weight ?
How could the youth, alas ! but bend
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd ?
If aught by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

OF SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard, just Heaven declares
The sense it has of lover's cares :
She that has so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.

So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name ;
Lest she, provoking heaven, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With fullen clouds, should be defac'd.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose :
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon :
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When Flavia it inspires to move ?
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades ?

S O N G.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty tost !
See how the motion does dilate the flame !
Delighted Love his spoils does boast,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear ;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High heaven the glory does increase
Of all her shining lamps, this artful way :
The sun in figures, such as these,
Joys with the moon to play :
To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres ;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine :
His marble love took flesh and blood ;
All that I worship'd as divine,
That beauty ! now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so ;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion, which from thence did grow ;
Nor yet out of my fancy raise
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire ;
I doat on that which is no where ;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the sable wave:
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon;
Yet how deserv'd I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

I, that express'd her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile.

So I, the wrong'd pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship, in these:
And now 'tis forc'd to confess,
That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our palm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit and state, while no wind blows;
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

S O N G.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay:
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound!

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing, die;
That together you and I
To heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the Blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
Already I behold the shore!
May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of the deep?
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ship-wreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time, and use, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, and rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay:
But, to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.
In vain, alas! for every thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.
Who in the spring, from the new sun
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.
Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire:
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.
But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

S O N G.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have unconmended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I spy'd :
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine ;
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note ; and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair nymph ! I have in your delights no share ;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care ;
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew ;
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,
Which is so great, as not to wish relief.

She that had all which nature gives, or chance ;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord :
Who with the royal, mix'd her noble, blood ;
And in high grace with Gloriana stood :
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much :
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her !
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in the span of life,
That though few years (too few alas !) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until autumn, on the bough should grow :
So seem'd her youthful soul, not easily forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow ;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born !
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn :
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondering eyes !

But since the * Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad nymph ! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name :
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The listening trees, and savage mountains, groan ;
What rock's not mov'd when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young ?

GALATEA.

'Twas Hamilton !—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

SO we some antique Hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight and length ;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they dress.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase ?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head ! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear !
The teeming earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing :
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The Earth's bold sons' prodigious pride :
Heaven with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountain's heap'd on mountains fail'd,

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my Love, how time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers ?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours :
Time, what we forbear, devours !

Had Helen, or th' † Egyptian Queen,
Been so thrifty of their graces ;
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age which find out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless shower,
Upon the autumn, or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flower ;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of Love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion ;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

* Paræ.

† Cleopatra.

THE MISER'S SPEECH; IN A MASQUE.

BALLS of this metal slack'd At'lanta's pace,
And on the * amorous youth bestow'd the
race :

Venus (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)
Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
The adventurous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe :
For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame Danaë, or the brazen tower,
That they withstood not that almighty shower ?
Never till then, did Love make Jove put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own :
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung :
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold
Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN JONSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror in our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy
Stage,
Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, en-
dures

A remedy like those whom music cures.
Thou hast alone these various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations :
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know)
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all that see or read thy comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind :
And, by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flattering Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use ;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art ;
For as thou could'st all characters impart,
So none could render thine ; which still escape,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes :
Who was, nor this, nor that ; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

* Hippomenes.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER ! to thee we do not only owe
All those good plays, but those of others too :
Thy wit repeated, does support the stage ;
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies, form'd by any muse but thine,
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave Melantius, in his gallantry ?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn :
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspaña weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable † Maid.
And, when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and mar'd
Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard !
So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts :
But, if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and tofs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest,
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF SOME PARTS OF
THE BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts the pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their song admire !
Whatever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles ;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.
Say, sacred Bard ! what could bestow
Courage on thee to soar so high ?
Tell me, brave friend ! what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality ?
To light this torch thou hast climb'd higher,
Than he † who stole celestial fire.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF
MINE, IN THE YEAR 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic Virtue live ;
But you can life to verses give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low :

† The Maid's Tragedy. ‡ Prometheus.

But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last :
So in your airs our numbers drest,
Make a shrill fall from the breast
Of nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our passions to themselves commend ;
While Love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.

You, by the help of tune and time,
Can make that Song, which was but rhyme :
Noy * pleading, no man doubts the cause ;
Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint ;
So others, with division, hide
The light of sense, the Poet's pride :
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost :
The writer's and the setter's skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi* :
Let words and sense be set by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT,
WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

THUS the wise, nightingale, that leaves her
home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come ;
Pursuing constantly the chearful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping Hebrews' banish'd harps, un-
strung,
At Babylon, upon the willows hung :
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well ;
While, unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you ;
Who, with the Muse's help, can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led ;
Where he so sung, that we, through pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring :
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told,
Like new-stamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold :
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In such a style as Courts may boast of now :

* The Attorney-General.

Which no bold tales of Gods or monsters swell ;
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme ; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
Mars, nor Bellona, are not named here ;
But such a Gondibert as both might fear :
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd,
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds,
Betwixt thy Worthies, and the Grecian Gods !
Whose Deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown :
Such as, of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
Though not resisted, may be understood.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE, THE
TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

THUS, by the music, we may know
When noble wits a hunting go,
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chace adorn ;
My friend on Pegasus is borne,
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntmen with delight may read
How to chuse dogs, for scent or speed ;
And how to change and mend the breed :

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat, or to tame ;
With all the mysteries of that game.

But, worthy friend ! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now : but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from sun to sun ;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text ;
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage ;

Since none doth more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MASTER EVELYN,
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim in English verse,
No monarch rules the universe:
But chance and atoms make this *ALL*
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with Angel's wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heaven, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispart them all.
So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
And British language does commend:
For here, Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, Virgil too,
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard.
Lucretius, like a fort, did stand
Untouch'd; till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of such new bays,
And fought in such untrodden ways;
As no man's temples e'er did crown.
Save this great author's, and your own.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND
SIR THOMAS HIGGONS,
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE VENETIAN
TRIUMPH.

THE * winged lion's not so fierce in fight,
As *Liber's* hand presents him to our fight:
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud, as *Businello's* verse:
But your translation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty *Businello*.
As their small galleys may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air:

* The Arms of Venice.

So does th' Italian to your genius veil,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus, while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them blush, weak Venice should defend
The cause of heaven, while they for words contend;
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase.
If, listening to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,
Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

† VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR IN
PHYSIC AT PADUA, IN THE YEAR 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children
rove;
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove;
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd:
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,
Descending from their so distemper'd seat,
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
There first Apollo try'd the various use
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juster title than our noble Friend;
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crown him here; and in the bays so earn'd,
His country's honour is no less concern'd;
Since it appears not all the English rave,
To ruin bent: some study how to save:
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave Friend, suppose that thy great skill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
Thy spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

† This little Poem (first inserted among Waller's Works in 1772) was printed, together with several others on the same occasion, by Dr. Rogers, along with his Inaugural Exercise at Padua; and afterwards in the same manner re-published by him at London, together with his Harveian Oration before the College of Physicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. Waller was yet living. Though the above verses were first printed in 1664, they seem to have been written before the Restoration, as appears from the lines towards the conclusion.

STOCKDALE.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird salutes the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
Never canst thou want matter to sing;
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
'That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of things
Of various flowers the bees do compose:
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So, love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the birds which chaunt in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
'That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring:
'Time from yourself does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath
blasted.

IN ANSWER OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth, and ask no more; be wise,
Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

CON.

*The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride: and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
'Thou wak'd? he wakes himself that does enjoy.*

PRO.

How can the joy or hope, which you allow
Be styl'd virtuous, and the end not so?
'Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But—to sleep better: for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himself asleep.

CON.

*Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys;
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.*

PRO.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy:
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeittings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?

CON.

*Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does, is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, children there must be.—
So must bread too: but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?*

PRO.

I need not plough, since what the stooping hind
Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

CON.

*Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.*

PRO.

Plays and Romances, read and seen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON.

*'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.*

PRO.

If 'twere not heaven if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heaven to those that now are
there.

CON.

*And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess: so here, restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.*

PRO.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?

We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our sight :
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

C O N.

*They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor ;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.*

P R O.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor ;
But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

T O A F R I E N D,

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THREE happy Pair! of whom we cannot
know

Which first began to love, or loves most now :
Fair course of passion, where two lovers start,
And run togethe, heart still yok'd with heart :
Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the first essay.

Sure love's an art best practis'd at first,
And where th' experienced still prosper worst !
I, with a different fate, pursued in vain
The haughty Celia; till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion borne,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now she relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:

The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now, than my vows and service did before.
So, in some well-wrought hangings, you may see
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here, the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from Heaven the * blue-ey'd virgin
falls,

And frighted Troy retires within her walls :
They that are foremost in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are ;
In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly :
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up :
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart :
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

* Minerva.

VOL. II.

To man, that was in th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight ;
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light :
Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise :
He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmost sight.

T O Z E L I N D A.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth !
Urge not thus your haughty birth :
The power, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None put a prince!—alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion of your share would fall !
Nor all appear among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew :
The sap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughs is spread ;
But virtues, which in parents shine,
Make not like progress through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live :
The place does off those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led :
† He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth :
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies :
To the old Heroes hence was given
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven :
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.
And beauty too, in such excess
As yours, Zelinda! claims no less :
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can describe the shady grove,
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove :
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape and name :
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

† Alexander.

[F]

TO MY LADY MORTON, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY,
AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so
kind;

Still as they pass, they court and smile on you;
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem
new

To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer;
And fairest Morton now as much to her:
So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the General's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a
brand:

A brand! preserv'd to warm some Prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's
part.

So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did throw'd
The ‡ hope of Rome, and sav'd him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs
Crime!

Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultless
shape,

Becomes unhandsome, and handsomely to scape,
When through the guards, the river and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their
way.

As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted; and that lofty tree
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle (less kind,
Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British throne:
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

* Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to K.
Charles I.

† K. Charles II.

‡ Æneas.

TO A FAIR LADY,
PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror, and such grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness, barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts to unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake;
A marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

THE NIGHT-PIECE,
OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye;
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,
Than in another's song is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars, and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendor of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get:
There, blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friend'd by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and the unseen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:

Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail;
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.

So, we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S *ENEIS*
TRANSLATED.

Beginning at Verse 437.

" * * * * Taleſque miſerima fletus
" Fertque refertque foror. * * * * "

And ending with

" Adnixa torquent ſpumas, et cœrula verrunt,"
Ver. 583.

ALL this her weeping ſiſter * does repeat
To ther † ſtern man, whom nothing could
intreat;
Loſt were her prayers, and fruitleſs were her
tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had ſtopt his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would
rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boiſterous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground:
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots do lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on every ſide the Hero preſt,
Feels love, and pity, ſhake his noble breaſt;
And down his cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heaven to hate.
Her reſolution to diſpatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own ſiſter, knows.
Beſides, there ſtood, as ſacred to her ‡ Lord,
A marble temple which ſhe much ador'd;
With ſnowy fleeces and freſh garlands crown'd;
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful ſound;
Her huſband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And diſmal owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd and deſerted to herſelf ſhe ſeems;
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears;
And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd ears.
Oreſtes ſo, with like diſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his mother's angry gholt.

Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
Death the decrees, and thus does it contrive.

* Anna.

† *Æneas*.

‡ *Sichæus*.

Her grieved ſiſter, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear ſiſter! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of *Æthiopia* lies
The place where Atlas does ſupport the ſkies:
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' *Hesperian* fruit, and made the dragon ſleep:
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And, where ſhe liſts, make calmest minds to
grieve:

The courſe of rivers, and of heaven, can ſtop.
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witness, ye Gods! and thou, my deareſt part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the ſpoil be dreſt;
(The knowing woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raſe the man out of our memory.

Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred rights pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her ſiſter thought
Would follow, than *Sichæus*' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now heap'd high
The cloven oaks, and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands
round;

So by herſelf was her own funeral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his ſharp ſword, wherewith anon ſhe dies.
They by the altar ſtand, while with looſe hair
The magic prophetess begins her prayer:
On *Chaos*, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls; beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from *Lethe*'s lake to come.
She ſecks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light
mows.

A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!

Now was the time, when weary mortals ſleep
Their careful temples in the dew of Sleep:
On ſeas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep ſilence fell:
But not on Dido! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted, ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud prince, in wild *Numidia* born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?
Or, ſhall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by ſad experience! known
The perjur'd race of falſe *Laomedon*?
With my *Sidonians* ſhall I give them chace,
Bands hardly forced them from their native place?

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No—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty
flame.

Ah sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'd me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to Sichæus still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged
breast,

While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.

Fair Venus' feed! canst thou indulge thy
sleep,

Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine,
She meditates revenge, resolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the God in shades of night ret'r'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread:
What God foe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
Through all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
deep.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH, TAKEN
AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are
new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalks they grew;
Torn from the root that nourish'd them a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them,
show

Fairer than those that to their autumn grow:
So love and beauty still that visage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely features, which cold Death has
spar'd,

No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had, but to persuade that dame;
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

ON A BREDE OF DIVERSE COLOURS, WOVEN BY
FOUR LADIES.

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies
shine:

As nature them, so they this shade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train dis-spread,
He wooes the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

A PANEGYRIC
TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT
INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS
NATION.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle
hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain:
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, when the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nation's greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created: it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppress'd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your Court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wing'd navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies:
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests fend to reign upon the sea:
And every coast may trouble or relieve:
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive:
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So, what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, to weary out our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims:
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had
flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd; and now
You:

For whom he stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet: a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede;
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state:
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland, to gain our friendship is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing bolts, the terror and the news;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Let pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age miss'd,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure, which could from heaven come
down,
Was so much power and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine;
The meanest, in your nature mild and good;
The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oh! have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when,
without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar light destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found : and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage :
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars :
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them
Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was
new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you ?

You ! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose :
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast :
So England now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace !
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight ;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won ;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did
choak
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse :
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing ;
But there, my Lord ! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head : while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside :
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

OF OUR LATE WAR WITH SPAIN, AND FIRST
VICTORY AT SEA NEAR ST. LUCAR, 1661.

NOW, for some ages, had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain ;
While she bid war to all, that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taste ;
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world, her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us Emperors and Popes :

With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain,
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain ;
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin ;
Her native force and virtue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, incamping on the Main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain :
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd ;
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode :
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconstant sky :
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean-while, the Spaniards in America
Near to the Line the sun approaching saw ;
And hop'd their European coast to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind :
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly to' ards their
fate.

Before St. Lúcar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to call forth a barge :
This heard some ships of ours (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew :
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin their tragic play,
And with their smoaky cannon banish day :
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die :
Born under different stars, one fate they have ;
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave !

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the
worst :

More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea !
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray ;
Here, Heaven in vain that kind retreat should
found :

The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.

Some we made prize : while others, burnt and
rent,

With their rich lading to the bottom went :
Down sinks at once, (so Fortune with us sports !)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man ! whose rage buries as low that store,
As varice had digg'd for it before :
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep,
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep :

Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The * Marquis (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's side;
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry:
And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to ashes turn'd:
Ashes! more worth than all their funeral cost;
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
† These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty and youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds;
That the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru!
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bays,
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermine clad and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! Heaven his great soul doth
claim
In forms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle;
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest mis'd her King:
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards
rest,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;

* Of Bajadoz.

† All from this line was added after 1661.

Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle:
Under the tropic is our language spoke:
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd,
The ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve; concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe
of light

At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse Fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize;
That, if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre: the revolted sea
Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant Isle has got her eye again.
Now, she might spare the ocean; and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder shall
Princes that saw you different passions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.

So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd

And though it be our sorrow and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here; yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign:
For, having view'd the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength, of Europe's kings,

You know your work ; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concerns employ'd :
He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes

This feat of yours (from th' other world re-
mov'd)

Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here ; your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suffering Monarch ! the first English-
born,
That has the crown of these three nations worn !
How has your patience with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil contended half an age ?
Till (your try'd virtue and your sacred word
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies and fleets, which kept you out so long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redress'd his
wrong.

When strait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire ;
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay ;
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon 't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin :
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil ;
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the * Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot ;
What glory 's due to him, that could divide
Such ravel'd interests ? has the knot unty'd,
And, without stroke, so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid ?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low :
His Angel 'twas that did before you go ;
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trou-
ble ends,

Having your foes to pardon, and your friends :
For, though your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock ?
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre
grace

That suffers best : what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd ?

The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind :
And this way too you are victorious found ;
She flattens with the same success she frown'd.

* Alexander.

While, to yourself severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.
Faith, law, and piety (that banish'd train !)
Justice and truth, with you return again :
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase ;
And does the shepherds as securely keep
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
But above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again :
Kind heaven at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

" Nec magis expressi vultus per athena signa,
" Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
" Clarorum apparent * * * " HORAT.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY *.

OF the first paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by Heaven are vanish'd, and the
ground ;

Yet the description lasts : who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate ?

Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide :
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know ;
But rivers old as seas, to which they go,
Are nature's bounty : 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks :
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great Owner grows !
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and his palace tall !
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade :
The gallants dancing by the river side ;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes :
While overhead a flock of new-sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,
Darkening the † sky they hover o'er, and shroud
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides :
The Ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take :

* First printed in folio, 1661.

† In folio edit. ' the air they hover, ' &c.

At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
 They make the fishes and the men their prize.
 A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
 And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling tide:
 From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
 And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court.
 All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
 Or dead, the palate, here you may descry;
 The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
 Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park:
 All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
 Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
 Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
 Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:
 There ice, like crystal, firm, and never lost,
 Tempers hot July with December's frost;
 Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
 Though the warm Spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
 Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,

High on the Alps, and in deep caves below.

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy,
 To see our Prince his matchless force employ:
 His manly posture, and his graceful mein,
 Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
 His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
 Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
 No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
 And such a fury from his arm has got,
 As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.
 May that ill fate his enemies befall,
 To stand before his anger or his ball!

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, fees

A living gallery of aged trees:
 Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
 As if once more they would invade the sky.
 In such green palaces the first Kings reign'd,
 Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:
 With such old counsellors they did advise,
 And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
 Free from th' impediments of light and noise,
 Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
 Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
 Here he resolves his neighbouring Princes' fates:
 What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
 Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
 The world, from India to the frozen North,
 Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
 His fancy objects from his view receives;
 The prospect thought and contemplation gives.
 The seat of empire here salutes his eye,
 To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;
 The structure by a * Prelate rais'd, Whitehall,
 Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
 Both, disproportion'd to the present state
 Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
 From hence he does that † antique pile behold,
 Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:

* Cardinal Wolsey. † Westminster-Abbey.

It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
 There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep:

Making the circle of their reign complete,
 Those suns of empire! where they rise, they set.
 When others fell, this standing did presage
 The crown should triumph over popular rage:
 Hard by that ‡ House where all our ills were shap'd,
 Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
 So, snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
 Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
 The distant country in the ruin shares,
 What falls from heaven the burning mountain spares.

Next, that § capacious Hall he sees, the room
 Where the whole nation does for justice come:
 Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
 And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
 Here like the people's pastor he does go,
 His flock subjected to his view below:
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does indulgence find:
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
 And made a sacrifice to public care.
 Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
 And with himself his best adviser, talks;
 How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
 For mending laws, and for restoring trade:
 Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
 For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
 Of ancient produce here he ruminates,
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states:
 What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame;
 And how Alcides purchas'd such a name.
 His eyes, upon his || native Palace bent,
 Close by, suggests a greater argument:
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect,
 Which at his birth appear'd; to let us see,
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
 A Prince, on whom such different lights did smile
 Born the divided world to reconcile!
 Whatever Heaven, or high-extracted blood,
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good:
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

OF THE INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS,
 IN THE YEAR 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
 Pursuing beasts that save themselves by flight;

Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A Prince, with eunuchs and the softer sex
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,

‡ House of Commons.

§ Westminster-hall. || St. James's.

Provoke the German, and neglecting Heaven,
Forget the truce for which his oath was given.

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief * imperial city of the West,
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom:
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill-conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He Bassa's heads, to save his own made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.

The fatal bow-string was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought:
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the Great, neglecting to be just,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The Turks so low, why should the Christian
lose

Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led.
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possess'd,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!

What Angel shall descend, to reconcile
The Christian-states, and end their guilty toil?
A Prince more fit from Heaven we cannot ask,
Than Britain's King, for such a glorious task:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives them the fear and favour of mankind.
His warrant does the Christian fate defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain,
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in
vain.

In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword:
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest Kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne:
And we owe more to Heaven, than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

* Vienna.

Charles, by old Greece, with a new freedom
grac'd,

Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace:
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain.
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, AFTER HER

HAPPY RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS
SICKNESS.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome, the new! whose every day,
Restoring what has snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the Fair,
That matchless beauty does repair;
So fast, that the approaching spring
(Which does to flowery meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore,
Shall give her all she had before.

But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We, that esteem'd you sent from Heaven,
A pattern to this Island given;
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure:
And tremble yet, as not secure.
So, though the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free;
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindness of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd than all these kingdoms were!
For, when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the shower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower.

SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT TO HER MAJESTY, ON
HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' Infanta here.

May all those years, which Catharine
The Martyr did for heaven resign
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share!
May Heaven itself content
With Catharine the Saint!
With appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

OF HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd, since we first saw
the Queen?

She, like the Sun, does still the same appear;
Bright as she was at her arrival here!
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May every new year find her still the same,
In health and beauty, as she hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
First of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
The * glorious Prince, that does the Turk confound.

Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
And her example chaces vice away.
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to
praise.

The best of Queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair region, where the sun does rise;
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
Repress those vapours which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit, on her Birth-day, to salute the queen.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS: SPOKEN
BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

A MAZE us not with that majestic frown:
But lay aside the greatness of your crown!

* John Sobieski, King of Poland.

And for that look which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here; and give a gentler smile!
Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill:
And after do as love and fortune will:
We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
In our own clothes more serious, and more wise.
Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold;
We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold;
A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, MOTHER TO THE
PRINCE OF ORANGE:

AND OF HER PORTRAIT,
WRITTEN BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF YORK,
WHILE SHE LIVED WITH HER.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory, of the British Court!
Into whose arms, the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
Though freighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native life does with your praises ring:
But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that Court did dwell,
Could know such worth; or worth describe so
well

So, while we mortals here at heaven do guess,
And more our weakness than the place express;
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,
WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT
AT DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise,
England first saw the light of your fair eyes.
In English too your early wit was shown:
Favour that language which was then your own,
When, though a child, through guards you made
your way;
What fleet, or army, could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain, if she could retain
Whom she first bred, within her ambient main.

* Lady Anne Hyde.

Our late-born London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you :
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea :
No wind can favour us ; howe'er it blows,
We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose !
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell—
Fair, lovely, great, and best of Nymphs, farewell !

UPON * HER MAJESTY'S NEW BUILDINGS AT
SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen ! that does our island bless,
With Princes and with Palaces :
Treated so ill, chac'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town ;
And, with a brave revenge, do show,
Their glory went and came with you.

While peace from hence, and you, were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.

Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove ;
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There, the next spring, again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war ;
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new mine this work supplies ?
Can such a pile from ruin rise ?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality and bounty too,
(Those different virtues meet in you ;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd store,
You both employ and feed the poor.

Let foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost ;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay.
This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind :
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd ;
And all to such advantage plac'd ;
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend ;
All seems before her feet to bend :
And here, as she was born, she lies ;
High, without taking pains to rise.

* Henrietta Maria, Queen Dowager of King
Charles I.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand ! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil !
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake :
Whole breath salutes your new-created grove.
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance ; but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.

TO A LADY

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE FOREGOING
COPY, WHICH FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN
LOST.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes ;
All they subdue becomes their spies :
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the Fair :
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men say the Goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write :
All things, but one, you can restore ;
The heart you get returns no more.

OF THE LADY MARY,
PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave
Out of the strong such sweetness came ;
A royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise ;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has ;
In action young, in council old :
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
 Blossoms and fruit at once are found :
 In him we all admire the same,
 His flowery youth with wisdom crown'd !

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
 In Holland are, by great Nassaw :
 Like those he sprung from, just and mild,
 To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair ! so near ally'd,
 In royal blood, and virtue too !
 Now Love has you together ty'd
 May none this triple knot undo !

The church shall be the happy place
 Where streams which from the same source run,
 Though divers lands awhile they grace,
 Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
 To him that does protect us all :
 For, while he thus his niece bestows,
 About our isle he builds a wall :

A wall ! like that which Athens had,
 By th' oracle's advice, of wood :
 Had theirs been such as Charles has made,
 That mighty state till now had stood.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, 1677.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
 Skill'd in the arts of war and peace ;
 Your birth does call you to command,
 Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppress'd,
 No longer could sustain their weight ;
 To a native Prince they thought it best
 To recommend their dying state.

Your very name did France expel ;
 Those conquer'd towns which lately cost
 So little blood, unto you fell
 With the same ease they once were lost.

'Twas not your force did them defeat ;
 They neither felt your sword nor fire ;
 But seem'd willing to retreat,
 And to your greatness did conspire.

Nor have you since ungrateful been,
 When at Senef you did expose,
 And at Mount Cassal, your own men,
 Whereby you might secure your foes.

Let Maestricht siege enlarge your name,
 And your retreat at Charleroy ;
 Warriors by flying may gain fame,
 And Parthian-like their foes destroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
 When Roman glory gasping lay ;
 In council slow, in action cold,
 His country sav'd, running away.

What better method could you take ?
 When you by beauty's charms must move,
 And must at once a progress make
 I' th' stratagems of war and love.

He that a Princess' heart would gain,
 Must learn submissively to yield ;
 The stubborn ne'er their ends obtain ;
 The vanquish'd masters are o' th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like success,
 Still to increase your hop'd renown ;
 Till to your conduct and address,
 Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
 Could not the noble Dutch slave ;
 And wiser Parma strove in vain,
 For to reduce a race so brave.

They now those very armies pay
 By which they were forc'd to yield to you ;
 Their ancient birthright they betray,
 By their own votes you them subdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
 When by such arts it is withstood ?
 Freedom to Princes is a chain,
 To all that spring from Royal Blood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain ;
 Both bound together, live or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
 Last, in a daily-changing tongue ?
 While they are new, envy prevails ;
 And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
 The matter may betray their art :
 Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
 Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
 Must carve in Latin or in Greek :
 We write in sand ; our language grows,
 And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast ;
 The glory of his numbers lost !
 Years have defac'd his matchless strain ;
 And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
 The shining subjects of his rage,
 Hoping they should immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope ;
 And all an English pen can hope ;
 To make the Fair approve his flame,
 That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty: if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S TRANSLATION
OF HORACE, DE ARTE POETICA:
AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The Poet writ to noble Piso there;
A noble Piso does instruct us here:
Gives us a pattern in his flowing stile;
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd;
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Though Poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold;
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muse's friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults;
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear:
Such, as of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes.
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So, wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sounp, proportion'd to their ear,

Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil;
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil:
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM
DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto
corollam,
Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse liber:
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quod Anglo
Romanus didicit culti s ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit.
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris esto!
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic instructus, & arte Batava.
Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;
Qui regnant, leni sceptrâ tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; vestri ordinis in-
gens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciae que tui!
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,
UPON HIS ALTERING HIS PLAY PANDORA,
FROM A TRAGEDY INTO A COMEDY,
BECAUSE NOT APPROVED ON THE STAGE.

SIR, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd
your Play:
You had oblig'd us by employing wit,
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit,
For, as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song:
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow daws:
So must the writer, whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION
INTO SCOTLAND, IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger (*the winged god)
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command:
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land,
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Assists the Hero with continued light.

* Mercury.

On foes surpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.

His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with such a terror strook;
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield,
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britons should be lost:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the Court his interest does employ
That none, who 'scap'd his fatal sword, should die.

And now, these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one, beyond his promise kind:
One! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to save.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell:
And give a secret joy to * him that reigns,
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins:
To see a leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great:
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muses send, to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view;
Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came;
Thousands of years are past, and they the same.
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompense.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious book, intitled,
"Historical Applications, and Occasional Me-
"ditations upon several Subjects."

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in such an age!
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the prophane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care:
For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe:

* King Charles II.

And, feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from Kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wish the throng of Great and Good
Made it less easily understood!

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE
POEM, INTITLED THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the British nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
As brass or marble, to your fame have rear'd.
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight;
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your ancient Princes, have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
Explain'd their customs and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew:
Unriddled those dark oracles, as well
As those that made them, could themselves foretell.
For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again:
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men:
Make rival Princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove.
For, as eternity has neither past
Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last;
But is all instant; your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce,
Then why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
To observe what times they liv'd in, or were
dead?

For, since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower;
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit.
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd, though few could
hope to see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.

Thou! from the ancient learned Latin storet,
Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more,
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage.
The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place some wondrous monster
breeds,

And the Wit's garden is o'er-run with weeds,
There Farce is Comedy; bombast call'd strong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;
For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before;
And death found surely Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind!

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread;
Thou art not curst to write thy verse with care;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command?
Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in
vain;

And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit;
We read, and read again, and still admire
Whence came this youth, and whence this won-
drous fire!

Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be
thrown!
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying silently, your justice own.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarine had
run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, she may pretend
A second time to make this island bend.
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase;
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new invader lead,
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the field does go.
Becoming blushes on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for, she knows, the day
Must not be won the Amazonian way.

Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.
Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
What may the Fates design! for never yet
From distant regions two such beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare herself seems loth:
Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies;
Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thousand Graces waited on the dame:
Her matchless form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties less assurance had.
Yet, like the three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball.
Which to determine, Love himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alsatia:
And, with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the splendor of our golden age:
Where Love gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

OF AN ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON, ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muses! on the hearse
Not strowing tears, but lasting verse;
Which to preserve the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high renown;
That she th' afflicted world relieves,
And shews that still in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake;
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent we know,
Must for some cause be valued so:
Things without use, though they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.

Our stars do shew their excellence,
 Not by their light, but influence:
 When brighter comets, since still known,
 Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
 So, your admired beauty still
 Is, by effects, made good or ill.

UPON OUR LATE LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CAM-
 BRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant
 bears,
 Engage our hope for the succeeding years:
 And hope is all which art or nature brings,
 At the first trial, to accomplish things.
 Mankind was first created an essay;
 That ruder draught the Deluge wash'd away.
 How many ages pass'd, what blood and toil,
 Before we made one kingdom of this isle!
 How long in vain had nature striv'd to frame
 A perfect princess, ere her Highness came?
 For joys so great we must with patience wait,
 'Tis the set price of happiness complet
 As a first-fruit, Heaven claim'd that lovely boy:
 The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the Posture and Progress of
 his Majesty's Forces at Sea, under the Com-
 mand of his Highness-Royal: Together with
 the Battle, and Victory, obtained over the
 Dutch, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the sea; that portion, which be-
 tween
 The greater world, and this of ours, is seen:
 Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
 Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
 Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
 After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
 Make Heaven concern'd, and an unusual star
 Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
 Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
 The English youth flock to the Admiral,
 The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
 Such rage in fight, and art in conduct flow'd.
 His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,
 His Brother's glory, and his country's cause.
 Let thy bold pencil, hope and courage spread
 Through the whole navy, by that Hero led:
 Make all appear, where such a prince is by,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
 With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
 Make the proud sails swell, more than with the
 wind:

Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
 Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
 So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
 Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
 Make him beset the ocean, and mankind
 Ask his consent to use the sea and wind:
 While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
 He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.

VOL II.

Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away
 Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay:
 Make them look pale, and the bold Prince to shun,
 Through the cold north, and rocky regions run.
 To find the coast where morning first appears,
 By the dark Pole the wary Belgian steers;
 Confessing now, he dreads the English more
 Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
 While from our arms, security to find,
 They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
 Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
 And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
 Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
 And half the vintage of the year our own.
 The Dutch, their wine and all their brandy lose;
 Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
 While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
 In healths to their great Leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to Afric's coast extend,
 And make the Moors before the English bend:
 Those barbarous pirates willingly receive
 Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
 Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know,
 We can our own and their great business do:
 False friends chaffise, and common foes restrain,
 Which, worse than tempests, did infect the main.
 Within these freights, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
 With a small squadron of the English meet:
 Like flocks these, those like a numerous flock
 Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
 There paint confusion in a various shape,
 Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape.
 Europe and Africa, from either shore,
 Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
 While the divided world in this agree,
 Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
 And place our navy by the Holland shore;
 The world they compass'd while they fought
 with Spain;

But here already they resign the main:
 Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
 Diffusive nature could no region lay,
 At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie;
 Compell'd, like others in their beds to die.
 Their single towns th' Iberian armies press;
 We all their Provinces at once invest:
 And in a month ruin their traffic more,
 Than that long war could in an age before.

But who can always on the billows lie;
 The watery wilderness yields no supply.
 Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
 And meet the Beauties of the British court.
 Th' illustrious Duchesse, and her glorious train,
 (Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
 The gazing Sea-Gods, since the Paphian Queen
 Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
 Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
 Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare:
 Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's Court to bring;
 And help the nation where such Beauties spring;
 The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
 And takes new valour from the Ladies' eyes.
 Mean-while, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
 The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)

Desert their ports; and, falling in their way,
Our *Hamburgh* merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes:
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes.
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er prefs'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd awhile by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning (heaven severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And *Phœbus* lifts above the waves his light,
That he may see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encountering one another crush:
With swelling sails, so from their several coasts,
Join the *Batavian* and the *British* hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The *Roman* fleets at *Actium* did engage;
They, for the empire of the world they knew:
These, for the old contend, and for the new.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heaven nor sea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines, but that by which men die;
There *York* appears; so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea!
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty *Monarchs* roll'd!
The great *Achilles* march'd not to the field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable shield
And arms had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
But shafts, and darts, which the weak *Phrygians*
threw.

Our bolder *Hero* on the deck does stand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land:
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some power unseen those *Prince* does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.

Against him first *Opdam* his squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the *Swedes*:
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a *Prince's* hand.
The tall *Batavian* in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides:
Yet, not inclin'd the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
*Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
More to be valued than a thousand lives!
On such a theatre as this to die;
For such a cause, and such a witness by!
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?

* *Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle.*

The rest about him strook with horror stood,
To see their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:
So trembled *Jacob*, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought:
Before for honour, now revenge, he fought:
His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
Not brought by *Fame*) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their
truth:

The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd—and their lives!
He storms, and shoots: but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow:
They miss, or sweep but common souls away:
For such a loss, *Opdam* his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board:
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
When through the clouds to trust a swan she goes:
The *Belgian* ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
The silent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success:
When Heaven itself, for England to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tost.
Which * that young *Prince* had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant-state.
His flight tow'ards heaven th' aspiring *Belgian*
took:

But fell, like *Phaëton*, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the *British* Admiral:
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun:
That, bears the radiant ensign of the day;
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.

The Duke ill-pleas'd that fire should thus prevent

The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So, on the guardiefs herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tyger in the *Libyan* plain.
The *Dutch*, accusom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of heaven to see
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the *Prince's* look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! *Mars* he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits:

* *Prince of Orange.*

With which he pleads his Brother's cause so well,
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ship, fragments of vessels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcases are borne:
And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind
So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the shore; and with a boisterous rage,
Does heaven at once, and earth, and sea, engage.

The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the watery field,

Perform enough to have made others yield;
But English courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and slaughter takes delight:
Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like showers of hail, from either side are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage:
Death-hastening ills nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flowers,
Revive, and raise themselves, with moderate
showers:

But, over-charged with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find;
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they
throw,

And up the so-intangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorched Batavians on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.
And now our Royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless:
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of their fight;
His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amster-
dam:

The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair:
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince
behold,

As sheep a lion, leaping tow'ards their fold:

Those piles, which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.

"What wonders may not English valour work,

"Led by th' example of victorious York?

"Or, what defence against him can they make,

"Who, at such distance, does their country
shake?

"His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;

"And let in both the ocean and the foe."

Thus cry the people:—and, their land to keep,

Allow our title to command the Deep:

Blaming their State's ill conduct, to provoke,

Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish
yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have a-while

Forgot thy art, and us'd another style:

For, though you draw arm'd Heroes as they fit:

The task in battle does the Muses fit:

They, in the dark confusion of a fight:

Discover all; instruct us how to write;

And light and honour to brave actions yield;

Hide in the smoke and tumult of the field.

Ages to come shall know that Leader's toil,

And his great name, on whom the Muses smile:

Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace;

And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;

And our Great Monarch high above them set:

Like young Augustus let this image be,

Triumphing for that victory at sea:

Where † Egypt's Queen, and Eastern Kings, o'er-
thrown,

Made the possession of the world his own.

Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,

Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet:

They vow with lives and fortune to maintain

Their King's eternal title to the main:

And, with a present to the Duke, approve

His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

TO THE † KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand.
Supreme commander both of sea and Land
Those which inhabit the celestial bower,
Painters express with emblems of their power:
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy You.

But your great providence no colours here
Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking, to secure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase:
You, for these ends, whole days in council sit:
And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
You as the soul, as the First Mover, you
Vigour and life on every part bestow:
How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast
Instruct the artists; and reward their haste.

* King Charles II.

† Cleopatra.

‡ King Charles II.

So, Jove himself, when Typhon heaven does
brave,
Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave:
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their God:
On that small island they had look'd with scorn;
And in Great Britain thought the thunder born.

A PRESAGE OF THE RUIN OF THE TURKISH
EMPIRE:

PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II.
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the British
throne,
Truce, well-observ'd, has been infringed by none.
Christians to him their present union owe,
And late success against the common foe:
While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their
fate,
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our island lent;
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit for such a glorious task,
Than England's King, from Heaven we cannot
ask:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.
Such Kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repress the bold;
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.
A Prince, with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to present peace:
Join to the Turk's destruction; and then bring
All their pretences to fo just a King.
If the successful troubles of mankind
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find;
Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.
The British Monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave:
That source of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither, sought.
The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to Greece return

Though slaves (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found:
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vast empire does united stand:
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this Hero make their interest one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Expel the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun:
And this great day (so justly honour'd here!)
Known to the east, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!"
"Ausus & ipse manu juvenum temere laboravi."
VIRG.

TO THE DUCHESS,

WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,
And with the beauties of a former age:
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe:
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last:
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the Heroes of your line.

Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British Muse:
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

THESE VERSES WERE WRIT IN THE TASSO OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace;
But in no one durst all affection place.
In her alone that owns this book, is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien;
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Arminda's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind; and every grace express,
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought:
The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.

ON MRS. HIGGONS.

INGENIOUS Higgons never sought
To hide the candour of her thought;
And now her cloaths are lost, we find
The nymph as naked as her mind:
Live Eve while yet she was untaught
To hide herself or know a fault.
For a snatch'd ribbon she would frown,
But cares too little for her gown;
It makes her laugh, and all her grief
Is lest it should undo the thief.
Already she begins to stretch
Her wit, to save the guilty wretch:

And says, she was of good descent
By her own bounty, not by theft.
She thought not fit to keep her cloaths
Till they were eaten up with moths;
But made a nobler use of store,
To clothe the naked and the poor.
Should all that do approve the Fair,
Her loss contribute to repair,
Of London she would have the fate,
And rise (undone) in greater state;
In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
As glorious as the new-built town.

OF
D I V I N E L O V E;
A P O E M
IN SIX CANTOS.

"Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
"Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea disca;
"Aurea! perpetuū semper dignissima vitæ! * *
"Nam Divinus Amor cum cæpit vociferari,
"Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * " LUCRET. Lib. iii.

"Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
"Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: * *
"Namque ubi mota calent sacri mea pectora Musæ,
"Altior humano spiritus elle malo est."
OVID. de Trist. Lib. iv. El. i.

THE ARGUMENTS.

- I. Asserting the authority of Scripture, in which this Love is revealed.
- II. The preference and Love of God to man in the Creation.
- III. The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.
- IV. How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
- V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were universally embraced.
- VI. Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their Gods surviv'd,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus is arriv'd:
Frail Deities! which first the Poets made,
And then invoc'd, to give their fancies aid.
Yet, if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age;
When, not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun;
Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun.

Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.
As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth our planets plac'd:
So has this Book entitled us to heaven;
And rules, to guide us to that mansion, given:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made;
And is our pledge for the Great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find;
But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought:
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke:
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God, but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear!
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step tow'rd's being good or wise:
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their passion, Reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourselves, we need:
And Sacred Writ our Reason does exceed.
For though Heaven shews the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindness and compassion tells:
While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend:
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame,
Which first from heaven, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private interest.
This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul;
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
A greater yet from heaven to hell descends,
To save, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
The * Royal Prophet, that extended grace
From heaven to earth, measur'd but half that
space.

The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that Poet wrote:
Heaven was scarce heard of, until He came down
To make the region where love triumphs known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude chaos; and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to rest here; and some, to shine above:
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:

* David.

The world a palace was, without a guest,
Till one appears, that must excel the rest:
One! like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find.
Might measure heaven, and give each star a name:
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know:
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When, by his Word, God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look:
With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest.
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift; and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note;
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought;
Man's great prerogative! But above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes:
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curst the earth, but bruise'd the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His son descends, to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His business here was happiness to give
To those, whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love: upon this Pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below!

He to proud potentates would not be known,
Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out:
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree, as Angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.

Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid;
For he took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread instruct our thought;
As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes; we may with ease
Obedient be; for if we love, we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate
make,

Kind to themselves, and others for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles, springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;
Of his proud foe the envy or the scorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem:
With love, of all created things the best.
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress,
Might, in that age, some provinces infect;
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of every age, and in all nations reign:
But soon would vanish, if the world were blest'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd,

Impudent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals
dwell;

And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:
But, love appearing, all those terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
The sun's victorious beams may chase away;
Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere:
Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among Angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS iron age (so fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an age
of gold;

Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unfown crop:
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either sow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field;
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand;
And spread heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers blest;
Increase their joy, and make their suffering less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispens'd with several for the people's sake:
He that, long-fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they eat them, grow.
Of all his power, which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none, but to express his love:
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.

Laws would be useless, which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thrust;
But milder creatures with their freedom truss.
Devils are chain'd and tremble; but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian-angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Isaiah prophesy'd can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the rejected raise,
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
ways.

Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that posselt, the great in title fall:
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heaven with that high character has
blest.

This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man:
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor Princes arm, though to subdue the East:
Where for the tomb so many Heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men:
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (so divinely taught!)
 Prints such a lively image on our thought,
 That the first spark of new-created light,
 From Chaos strook, affects our present sight:
 Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
 The day of rising, than the day of rest;
 That every week might new occasion give,
 To make his triumph in their memory live.
 Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
 To keep his blood among us ever warm:
 And singing, as the Blessed do above,
 With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
 But, on so vast a subject, who can find
 Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
 Our language fails: or, if it could supply,
 What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
 Despairing here, we might abandon art,
 And only hope to have it in our heart.
 But though we find this sacred task too hard,
 Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward.
 The contemplation does suspend our woe,
 And make a truce with all the ills we know.
 As Saul's afflicted spirit, from the sound
 Of David's harp, a present solace found:
 So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
 No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.
 On divine love to meditate is peace,
 And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
 Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
 A boundless Power so infinitely kind;
 The soul contending to that light to fly
 From her dark cell, we practise how to die:
 Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
 To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.

Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
 Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
 Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
 When from the east the rising sun comes on.

ELEGY: BY MR. TALBOT.

OCCASIONED BY READING AND TRANSCRIBING
 MR. WALLER'S "POEM OF DIVINE LOVE"

AFTER HIS DEATH.

SUCH were the last, the sweetest, notes that
 hung
 Upon our dying swan's melodious tongue;
 Notes, whose strong charms the dulc'est ear might
 move,
 And melt the hardest heart in flames of love;
 Notes, whose seraphic raptures speak a mind
 From human thoughts and earthly dross refin'd;
 So just their harmony, so high their flight,
 With joy I read them, and with wonder write.
 Sure, happy Saint, this noble song was given
 To fit thee for th' approaching joys of Heaven:
 Love, wondrous love, whose conquest was thy
 theme,
 Has taught thy soul the airy way to climb:
 Love snatch'd thee, like Elijah, to the sky,
 In flames that not consume, but purify:
 There, with thy fellow-angels mix'd, and free
 From the dull load of dim mortality,
 Thou feel'st new joys, and feed'st thy ravish'd
 sight,
 With unexhausted beams of love and light:
 And sure, blest'd spirit, to compleat thy bliss,
 In Heaven thou sing'st this song, or one like this.

OF THE

F E A R O F G O D.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
 And makes all ills that vex us here to cease:
 Though the word Fear some men may ill endure,
 'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
 Ask of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
 Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
 He that invites will not th' invited mock;
 Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
 Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
 All our assurance rolls upon that sphere
 This fear, that drives all other fears away,
 Shall be my song; the morning of our day!

Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd;
 It brings from heaven an Angel for a guard:
 Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
 Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
 It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
 Of light; by which he made and governs all.
 'Tis God alone should not offended be;
 But we please others, as more great than he.
 For a good cause, the sufferings of man
 May well be borne: 'tis more than Angels can.
 Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
 Above the Angels, or below the beasts.
 He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
 That thirst and hunger to perform his will.

Others, though rich, shall in this world be vext ;
 And sadly live, in terror of the next.
 The * world's great conqueror would his point
 pursue,
 And wept because he could not find a new :
 Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd,
 To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
 Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
 To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.
 Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed :
 Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
 In wealth and honour, by such men possess'd,
 If it encrease not, there is found no rest.
 All their delight is while their wish comes in ;
 Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
 'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
 And take no joy, but in pursuing more ;
 No ! though arriv'd at all the world can aim :
 This is the mark and glory of our frame.
 A soul capacious of the Deity,
 Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
 A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
 Less than so many drops of water are.
 Men take no pleasure but in new designs :
 And what they hope for what they have outshines.
 Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave ;
 With full content feeding on what they have :
 Vex not themselves for an encrease of store ;
 But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
 What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
 They do from us expect it should be given.
 We made them not, yet they on us rely ;
 More than vain men upon the Deity :
 More beasts than they ! that will not understand,
 That we are fed from his immediate hand,
 Man, that in him has Being, moves and lives,
 What can he have or use but what he gives ?
 So that no bread can nourishment afford,
 Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood :
 Heaven, those that love their foes, and do
 them good.

It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
 For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.

* Alexander.

True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
 Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
 He that in fight diminishes mankind,
 Does no addition to his stature find :
 But he that does a noble nature show,
 Obliging others, still does higher grow.
 For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
 That among men he like an Angel lives.
 Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell ;
 Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excell.
 Fools anger shew, which politicians hide :
 Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
 The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
 Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
 Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
 Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
 Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
 On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
 The rolling planets and the glorious sun
 Still keep that order which they first begun :
 They their first lesson constantly repeat,
 Which their Creator, as a law, did set.
 Above, below, exactly all obey :
 But wretched men have found another way ;
 Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
 (That vain persuasion !) keeps them still accurst !
 The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
 Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
 As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
 Of some great master, at the figure stand ;
 But when abroad, neglected they do go,
 At random strike, and the false hour do show :
 So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
 Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
 In him we dwelt before our exile here ;
 And may, returning, find contentment there :
 True joy may find, perfection of delight ;
 Behold his face, and shun eternal night.
 Silence, my Muse ! make not these jewels cheap,
 Exposing to the world too large an heap.
 Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best ;
 Where great truths are in fewest words express'd.
 Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite ;
 No other theme could give my soul delight.
 O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen !
 Or that I now could write as well as then !
 But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
 Are felt as throes, when we are born again :
 Timely they come to wean us from this earth ;
 As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF
D I V I N E P O E S Y.
T W O C A N T O S.

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF THE LIID CHAPTER OF ISAIAH, TURNED INTO
VERSE BY MRS. WHARTON.

C A N T O I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret, which this oracle does show.
What was to come, Isaiah did declare;
Which she describes, as if she had been there;—
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold,
So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire;
Not love which brutes, as well as men may know;
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heaven pretend to share
In the superlative of wise and fair!
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use;
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,
When, dropp'd from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise.
For, as that Angel up to heaven did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manoa's sacrifice;
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds, and stars, to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation by our fall made groan!
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that he reigns all creatures should rejoice;
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present union show:

Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song:
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.
Thus we reach heaven, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust.
From that they spring; this, from his birth that
gave
To the first dust th' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

C A N T O II.

HE* that did first this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age;
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw; and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell:
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The work of the Creator, and his rest:
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting heaven. But we, of shorter date!
Should be more mindful of impending Fate.
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat.

* Moses.

Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
 Taught wretched man how fast his life declines :
 In whom he dwelt, before the world was made ;
 And may again retire, when that shall fade.
 The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long,
 As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
 Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
 But that which governs the celestial choir.
 Heaven to the pious did this art reveal ;
 And from their store succeeding Poets steal :
 Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
 And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught :
 His river scarce could fierce Achilles slay ;
 Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
 The host of heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
 He arms ; instructed by her fighting stars,
 She led them all against the common foe :
 But he (mis-led by what he saw below !)
 The Powers above, like wretched men, divides,
 And breaks their union into different sides.
 The noblest parts which in his Heroes shine,
 May be but copies of that Heroine,
 Homer himself, and Agamemnon she
 The writer could, and the commander, be.
 Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain
 Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign :
 For what she sung, that Spirit did indite,
 Which gave her courage and success in fight.
 A double garland crowns the matchless dame :
 From Heaven her Poem and her conquest came.
 Though of the Jews she merit most esteem ;
 Yet here the Christian has the greater theme :
 Her martial song describes how Sifera fell ;
 This sings our triumph over death and hell.
 The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
 Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.
 In songs of joy the Angels sung his birth :
 Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
 Trembling we read ! th' affliction and the scorn,
 Which, for our guilt, so patiently was borne !
 Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong
 (Though various parts to one celestial song :
 And she, well using so divine an art,
 Has, in this concert, sung the tragic part
 As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
 So here this Lady consecrates her Muse :
 With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
 With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born !

ON THE PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,
 WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, ye winds ! listen ethereal lights !
 While Urania sings what Heaven indites :
 The Numbers are the Nymph's ; but from above
 Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
 Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
 But are instructed to approach his throne :
 And how can he to miserable men
 Deny requests which his own hand did pen ?
 In the Evangelists we find the prose ;
 Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows ;

A devout rapture ! so divine a hymn,
 It may become the highest Seraphim !
 For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
 Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.
 Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may
 For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS UPON THE SEVERAL
 PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. HIS sacred name, with reverence profound,
 Should mention'd be, and trembling at
 the sound !

It was Jehovah 'tis our Father now ;
 So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow ! *
 He brought it down, that taught us how to pray ;
 And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
 Unless he does in our affections reign :
 Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
 And not obedience to his sceptre bring ;
 Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light ;
 His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done ;
 But, as in heaven, it must be made our own :
 His will should all our inclinations sway,
 Whom nature and the universe obey.

Happy the man ! whose wishes are confin'd
 To what has been eternally design'd :
 Referring all to his paternal care,
 To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup ;
 Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
 From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
 Nor should the soul expect above a day,
 To dwell in her frail tenement of clay :
 The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
 And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
 While we in hatred with our neighbours live ;
 Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
 We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
 This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
 Our souls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
 The noblest worship of the Power above,
 Is to extol, to imitate, his love :
 Not to forgive our enemies alone,
 But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe :*
 And those we may in several stations know :
 The rich and poor in slippery places stand :
 Give us enough ! but with a sparing hand !
 Not ill-persuading want ; nor wanting wealth ;
 But what proportion'd is to life and health.
 For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise ;
 Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

" Favate linguas ! * * *

" Virginibus puerisque canto." HORAT.

* Psalm xviii. 9.

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ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS*.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,

The subject made us able to indite;
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping, does herself erect:
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, that unbod' d can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we, when passions are no more!

* See, in "Duke's Poems," an elegant compliment to Mr. Waller, on this his last production. N.

For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness, which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, barter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

" * * * * Miratur limen Olympi." VIRG.

E P I G R A M S,
E P I T A P H S,
AND
F R A G M E N T S.

EPIGRAM†.

SEDIBUS emigrans solitis, comitatus inermi
Rex turbâ, simplex et diadema gerens,
Ecce redit binæ Carolus diademate cinctus;
Hæc ubi nuda dedit pompa; quid arma dabunt?
ED. WALLER, *Armiger, Coll. Regal.*

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the
‡ boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
Or hope for pity, but, with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

OF A LADY WHO WRIT IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces
known
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own:
And, when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

† From "Rex Redux:" being Cambridge verses on the return of Charles I. from Scotland, after his coronation there in 1633.

‡ Paris.

TO ONE MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN.

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitch'd with
some ill charms!)
Be buried in those monumental arms:
All we can wish, is—May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night!

AN EPIGRAM

ON A PAINTED LADY WITH ILL TEETH.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lycé painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net,
So grossly woven, and ill set?
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lycé must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
Here we discern the frown and smile;
The force and glory of our life.

In the rich Medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique;
Carv'd by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold;
And Danaë wondering at that shower,
Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tower.
Britannia, there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain;
Thunder itself had fail'd to pass;
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

WRITTEN ON A CARD THAT HER * MAJESTY
TORE AT OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value rise,
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

TO MR. GRANVILLE (AFTERWARDS LORD LANDSDOWN)
ON HIS VERSES TO KING JAMES II.

AN early plant, which such a blossom bears,
And shews a genius so beyond his years;
A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;
So high a subject, to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King!

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round:
So, life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,
While your compassion we implore:
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May with presumption vex you more.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found:
So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie;
Misd by some few that lov'd our company.
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

* Queen Catharine.

SOME VERSES OF AN IMPERFECT COPY,
DESIGNED FOR A FRIEND,
ON HIS TRANSLATION OF OVID'S FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a guest
With the old Romans you were wont to
feast.
Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plough:
Such power has justice, faith, and honesty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave:
But, where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angel shine.

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST,
AT CHARING-CROSS.
IN THE YEAR 1674.

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph
ride;
See his Son reign, where he a Martyr dy'd;
And people pay that reverence, as they pass,
(Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass;
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone.
But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

P R I D E.

NOT the brave † Macedonian Youth alone;
But base Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundless in power, would make himself a God;
As if the world depended on his nod.
The ‡ Syrian King to beasts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himself he could be mortal known.
The meanest wretch, if Heaven should give him
line,

Would never stop, till he were thought divine:
All might within discern the serpent's pride,
If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
And woo the female to his painted bed:
Let winds and seas together rage and swell:
This nature teaches, and becomes them well.

|| *Pride was not made for men*: a conscious sense
Of guilt and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

† Alexander.

‡ Nebuchadnezzar.

|| Ecclus. x. 13.

EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth :
 Just unto all relations known,
 A worthy patriot, pious son :
 Whom neighbouring towns so often sent,
 To give their sense in Parliament ;
 With lives and fortunes trusting one,
 Who so discreetly us'd his own.
 Sober he was, wise, temperate ;
 Contented with an old estate,
 Which no foul avarice did increase,
 Nor wanton luxury make less.
 While yet but young, his father dy'd,
 And left him to an happy guide :
 Not Lemuel's mother with more care
 Did counsel or instruct her heir ;
 Or teach with more success her son
 The vices of the time to shun.
 An heiress she ; while yet alive,
 All that was her's to him did give :
 And he just gratitude did show
 To one that had oblig'd him so :
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred and taught,
 So (early made that path to tread,
 Which did his youth to honour lead)
 His short life did a pattern give,
 How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.
 The virtues of a private life
 Exceed the glorious noise and strife,
 Of battles won : in those we find
 The solid interest of mankind.
 Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Though young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH
 ON COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Ca'endish : let the marble
 stone,
 That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
 Beauty and valour did his short life grace ;
 The grief and glory of his noble race !
 Early abroad he did the world survey,
 As if he knew he had not long to stay :
 Saw what great Alexander in the East,
 And mighty Julius conquer'd in the west.
 Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
 To find at home occasion for his fame :
 Where dark confusion did the nations hide,
 And where the juster was the weaker side.
 Two loyal brothers took their Sovereign's part,
 Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their
 art :
 The * elder did whole regiments afford ;
 The younger brought his conduct and his sword.
 Born to command, a leader he begun,
 And on the rebels lasting honour won :
 The Horse, instructed by their General's worth,
 Still made the King victorious in the North :

* William Earl of Devonshire.

Where Ca'endish fought, the Royalists prevail'd ;
 Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd :
 The current of his victories found no stop,
 Till Cromwell came, his party's chieftest prop.
 Equal success had set these champions high,
 And both resolv'd to conquer or to die :
 Virtue with rage, fury with valour, strove ;
 But that must fall which is decreed above !
 Cromwell, with odds of numbers and of fate,
 Remov'd this bulwark of the Church and State :
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
 And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
 So when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.
 Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave ;
 Strew bays and flowers upon his honour'd grave !

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir ;
 So early wife, and lasting fair !
 That none, except her years they told,
 Thought her a child, or thought her old.
 All that her father knew, or got,
 His art, his wealth, fell to her lot :
 And she so well improv'd that stock,
 Both of his knowledge and his flock :
 That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
 In her, upon each other smil'd.
 While she to every well-taught mind
 Was so propitiously inclin'd,
 And gave such title to her store,
 That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
 The Muses daily found supplies,
 Both from her hands and from her eyes ;
 Her bounty did at once engage,
 And matchless beauty warm their rage.
 Such was this dame in calmer days,
 Her nation's ornament and praise !
 But when a storm disturb'd our rest,
 The port and refuge of th' oppress'd.
 This made her fortune understood,
 And look'd on as some public good ;
 So that (her person and her state
 Exempted from the common fate)
 In all our civil fury she
 Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
 May here her monument stand so,
 To credit this rude age ! and show
 To future times, that even we
 Some patterns did of virtue see :
 And one sublime example had
 Of good, among so many bad.

E P I T A P H

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER THE LATIN INSCRIPTION
 UPON THE TOMB OF THE ONLY SON
 OF THE LORD ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the English reader should be told,
 In our own language, what this tomb does
 hold,

'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie
Under this stone, but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
'This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have show'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:
His early virtues to that ancient stock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing ere the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste;
And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He's seldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, UNFINISHED.

GREAT soul! for whom death will no longer
stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel death! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind,
Inspir'd verse may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy ashes give.—
* * * *

E P I T A P H

ON HENRY DUNCH, ESQ;

IN NEWINGTON CHURCH IN OXFORDSHIRE,

1686.

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who that no time his memory may deface,
His grateful wife, under this speaking stone
His ashes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whose well-us'd fortune made their virtues shine.
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others should with their relations live.
A pious son, a husband, and a friend,
To neighbours too his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the southern nations go.
Nearer the sun, though they more civil seem,
Revenge and luxury have their esteem;
Which well observing, he return'd with more
Value for England than he had before;
Her true religion, and her statutes too,
He practis'd not less than seek'd to know;
And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
To lose so good, so just a magistrate.
To shed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
And pray for one he only left behind;
Till she who does inherit his estate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

THE
E P I T A P H
ON
MR. WALLER'S MONUMENT,

In Beaconsfield Church-yard, in Buckinghamshire;

WRITTEN BY MR. RYMER, LALE HISTORIOGRAPHER-ROYAL.

ON THE WEST END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID
QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER
POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE
PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT
ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD
ABDICAVIT HUIC DEBET PATRIA
LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE
LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ
LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES
EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI
NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS
OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS,
MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ,
NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER
ARdua REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM
HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM
MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC
ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE
SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS
IN DELICHS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS.
HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM
RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE
NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM
FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER,
CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET
DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FILIIS,
FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT. ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

ON THE EAST END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR
SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI
LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM
STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET
EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM:
COEPT VIVERE III^o MARTII, A.D. MDCV.
PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS
FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS
PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA
TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA
SUPERSTES, OBIT XXI OCTOB.
A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER
MARITÆQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS
CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS,
PISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS
FILIUS HONORES BENE - MERENTIBUS
EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT.
EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO
H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

[1]

THE
P O E M S
OF
J O H N P O M F R E T.

* * "The Poems of Dr. Watts were by my recommendation inserted in this Collection; the Readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden."

DR. JOHNSON.

P R E F A C E.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself: for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing poems deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good-humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill-nature of the Critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure, to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder, how Things of this Nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if a Poem struts out under my Lord's Patronage, the Author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same Lord is a person of wonderful Wit and Understanding, a notable Judge of Poetry, and a very considerable Poet himself. But if a Poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the Poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an Author can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

London, 1699.

T H E

C H O I C E.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuse my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend,
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread:
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule 's too much;
For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd
choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs, in conversation give)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there 's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;

That

That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passions sway:
Easy in company, in private gay;
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast
All the long night, and drove away my rest;
Just as the dawning day began to rise,
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes;
But active fancy to strange regions flew,
And brought surprizing objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which most delighted: all was fine:
The noble product of some Power Divine.
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,
With myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made,
I saw a person whose celestial face
At first declar'd her goddess of the place:
But I discover'd, when approaching near,
An aspect full of beauty, but severe,
Bold and majestic; every awful look
Into my soul a secret horror struck.
Advancing farther on, she made a stand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand:
Then thus began—Bright Deity! (for so
You are, no mortals such perfections know)
I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,
I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Instruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkness serve the goddess I obey.

Youth! she reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you'll be, and thousands are undone.
These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,
Are in the government of dangerous powers.
Love's the capricious master of this coast;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,
Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal seat's in the celestial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make those happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within's at rest;
No stormy passion revels in my breast:
But when my power is despicable grown,
And rebel appetites usurp the throne,
The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
But all is tumult, and eternal noise.
Know, youth! I'm Reason, which you've oft despis'd;
I am that Reason, which you never priz'd;
And though my arguments successless prove,
(For Reason seems impertinence in love)
Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd)
Into the grasp of any ruin run,
That I can warn them of, and they may shun.
Fly, youth, these guilty shades; retreat in time,
Ere your mistake's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the error and the fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that shines,

In these retirements freely to possess
 True joy, and strong substantial happiness :
 But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
 In crowds, her tributary Fops appear ;
 Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,
 Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
 Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules
 In this capacious realm of idle fools ;
 Who, by false hearts, and popular deceits,
 The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
 'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
 By the pernicious conduct of the fair ;
 But safely to return from this abode,
 Requires the wit, the prudence of a god :
 Though you, who have not tasted that delight,
 Which only at a distance charms your sight,
 May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart :
 Which lost is subject to eternal smart.
 Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
 Is truly great ; nor would I make it less :
 That were to wrong her, where she merits most ;
 But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.
 And who would run, that's moderately wise,
 A certain danger, for a doubtful prize ?
 If you miscarry, you are lost so far
 (For there's no erring twice in love and war)
 You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
 Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
 Delia has charms, I own ; such charms would move
 Old age, and frozen impotence to love ;
 But do not venture, where such danger lies ;
 Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
 Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart
 Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
 You draw, insensibly, destruction near ;
 And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
 If the light pains you labour under now,
 Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow ;
 You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
 When heavier made by an imperious scorn :
 Nor can you hope, she will your passion hear
 With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
 Than those of other swains ; who always found,
 She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
 But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give
 Whatever you'd ask, nay, all you can receive ;
 The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
 Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
 You'd have but small encouragement to boast
 The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.
 Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
 What strange inquietudes Love always brings !
 The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,
 Which still attend upon this fond disease :
 How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine ;
 Call every feature, every look, divine :
 Commend each sentence with an humble smile ;
 Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style :
 Servilely rail at all she disapproves ;
 And as ignobly flatter all she loves :
 Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,
 While she puts off impertinence for wit ;
 Like setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing game,
 You must be made, by due correction, tame.
 But if you can endure the nauseous rule
 Of woman, do ; love on, and be a fool.

You know the danger, your own methods use ;
 The good or evil's in your power to choose :
 But who'd expect a short and dubious bliss
 On the declining of a precipice ;
 Where if he slips, not fate itself can save
 The falling wretch from an untimely grave ?

Thou great directress of our minds, said I,
 We safely on your dictates may rely ;
 And that which you have now so kindly prest,
 Is true, and, without contradiction, best :
 But with a steady sentence to control
 The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
 While gay temptations hover in our sight,
 And daily bring new objects of delight,
 Which on us with surprizing beauty smile,
 Is difficult ; but is a noble toil.
 The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;
 He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
 And though fair Delia has my soul possess'd,
 I'll chase her bright idea from my breast :
 At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,
 And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail,
 I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,
 Love was my foe ; and Love's a deity.

Then she rejoind ; you may successful prove,
 In your attempt to curb impetuous Love :
 Then will proud passion on her rightful lord,
 You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd ;
 But to confirm your courage, and inspire
 Your resolutions with a bolder fire,
 Follow me, youth ! I'll show you that shall move
 Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,
 Which melancholy yew and cypress made ;
 Where I beheld an antiquated pile
 Of rugged building in a narrow file ;
 The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
 Like vapours steaming from a sulphurous cell.
 The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,
 O'er-grown with hemlock, on supporters stood ;
 As did the roof, ungrateful to the view :
 'Twas both an hospital, and bedlam too.
 Before the entrance, mouldering bones were spread,
 Some skeletons entire, some lately dead ;
 A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er
 Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.
 No funeral rites to any here were paid,
 But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
 From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
 Through various turnings to a spacious vault,
 Where I beheld, and 't was a mournful sight,
 Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
 But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had ;
 Which made the prospect more amazing sad.
 Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad :
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing : Some
 Were always talking ; others always dumb.
 Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
 And quenches with his blood his amorous fires :
 There hangs a second ; and, not far remov'd,
 A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
 All sorts of madness, every kind of death,
 By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
 Were here expos'd before my wondering eyes,
 The sad effects of female treacheries ;

Others

Others I saw, who were not quite bereft
Of sense, though very small remains were left,
Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
These on the left.—Upon the right a view
Of equal horror, equal misery too;
Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thought,
And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
Of pale, lean mortals; some lay stretch'd along
On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor;
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of misery till they die,
But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days
Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much power,
I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more:
For sure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,
From this stupendous scene of miseries;
Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.
Here, youth, she cry'd, in the acutest pain,
Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain,
Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to please
Ambitious, proud, revengeful mistresses;
Who, after all their services, prefer'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before those wretches; who, despairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkness prevents the too amazing sight;
And you may bless the happy want of light.
But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very sad I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide said I, For pity now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.
Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue:
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.
You see, she cry'd, what misery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unwieldy passion sway
Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
The proud usurper of my sacred throne;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the false god, or sacrifice, or praise.
The Syren's music charms the sailor's ear;
But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear:
And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with Aconite may have
A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave:
For though the latent poison may be still
A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
But who'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in misery?

Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a single thread*?
Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the fated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms
Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms;
And sure I may your resolution trust;
You'll never want temptation, but be just.
Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;
You're always bound, though 't is a gentle yoke.
Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,
Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few
For nothing can oppose his tyranny,
With such a prospect of success as I.
Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
Who know his arts, and stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
To make himself the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,
Some while they're sots, and others while they starve
For those who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense;
In vain philosophy would set the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit;
Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem
But empty chat, impertinence to him;
His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain:
If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,
To taste the sweetness of internal peace;
Would not for safety to a battle fly,
Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die;
Far from these pleasurable shades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
Myself transported to a rising ground;
From whence I did a pleasant vale survey,
Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whose curious forms oblig'd the wondering sight;
Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd:
Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,
The seat of private and exalted joys.
At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood
A stately building in a spacious wood,
Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,
In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far celestial music sound;
So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did rise and fall;
My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the pressures of its former fears:
I felt afresh the little god begin
To stir himself, and gentle move within.

* The fust of Damocles.

Then I repented I had vow'd no more
 To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
 Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,
 And made an exile, by my own consent?
 I sighing cry'd, why should I live in pain
 Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
 O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do!
 Inhuman to himself, and false to you!
 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove
 From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
 But is not Reason partially unkind?
 Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
 Must none, that under her dominion live,
 To Love and Beauty veneration give?
 Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
 With a majestic mein, and charming face?
 Why did she give her that surprizing air;
 Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair;
 Mistress of all that can affection move,
 If Reason will not suffer us to love?
 But, since it must be so, I'll haste away;
 'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.
 From you, blest shades! (If I may call you so
 Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
 Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
 I may find safety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,
 Such as of old were messengers of joy;
 Who art thou, or from whence? if sent, said I,
 To me, my haste requires a quick reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon celestial grove,
 Where stands the temple of the God of Love;
 With whose important favour you are grac'd,
 And justly in his high protection plac'd:
 Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
 Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod;
 That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
 The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow'd:
 That god, whom all the lesser gods adore;
 First in existence, and the first in power.
 From him I come, on embassy divine,
 To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
 To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
 Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
 If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
 But be resolved, and press the yielding fair,
 Success and glory will your labours crown;
 For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
 But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
 Coldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd;
 He greater glory and more fame obtains,
 Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
 But, to prevent all fears that may arise,
 (Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wife)
 In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
 Where all things past, and present, and to come,
 Are writ, I saw these words—"It is decreed,
 "That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed."
 What would you more? While youth and vigour last,
 Love, and be happy; they decline too fast.
 In youth alone you're capable to prove
 The mighty transports of a generous love;
 For dull old-age, with fumbling labour, cloy
 Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys.
 Youth's the best time for action mortals have;
 That past, they touch the confines of the grave.

Now, if you hope to live in Delia's arms,
 To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,
 Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly,
 Where all is one continu'd extasy.
 Delia impatiently expects you there:
 And sure you will not disappoint the fair.
 None but the impotent or old would stay,
 When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh! you convey, said I, dear charming boy,
 Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.
 I would, but dare not, your advice pursue;
 I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true,
 Reason's the rightful empress of the soul;
 Does all exorbitant desires control;
 Checks every wild excursion of the mind,
 By her wise dictates happily confin'd:
 And he that will not her commands obey,
 Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.
 True, I love Delia to a vast excess,
 But I must try to make my passion less;
 Try if I can, if possible, I will,
 For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.
 Oh! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
 Could I pursue the quarries of delight!
 How could I press fair Delia in these arms,
 Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms!
 But now no more must I her beauties view;
 Yet tremble at the thought to leave her too.
 What would I give, I might my flame allow!
 But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow;
 Two mighty obstacles: though Love of old
 Has broke through greater, stronger powers control'd.
 Should I offend, by high example taught,
 'T would not be an inexpiable fault,
 The crimes of malice have found grace above,
 And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of Love.
 Could'st thou, my angel, but instruct me how
 I might be happy, and not break my vow;
 Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain;
 You'd soon revive my dying hopes again.
 Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
 Both would command, and both superior be.
 Reason's supported by the finewy force
 Of solid argument, and wise discourse;
 But Love pretends to use no other arms
 Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.
 One must be disobey'd; and shall I prove
 A rebel to my Reason, or to Love?
 But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,
 Delia may be unkind, and faithless too;
 Reject my passion with a proud disdain,
 And scorn the love of such an humble swain:
 Then should I labour under mighty grief,
 Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.
 So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey
 Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,
 Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,
 Early or late, too sad a share of woe.
 Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,
 Reason just now expos'd before my view?
 If Delia should be cruel, I must be
 A sad partaker of their misery.
 But your encouragements so strongly move,
 I'm almost tempted to pursue my love:
 For sure no treacherous designs should dwell
 In one that argues and persuades so well;

For what could Love by my destruction gain?
Love 's an immortal god, and I a swain;
And sure I may without suspicion trust
A god, for gods can never be unjust.

Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling boy;
Love ruins none, 'tis men themselves destroy;
And those vile wretches which you lately saw,
Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.
They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of Lust;
Nor is their punishment so great as just.
For Love and Lust essentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
One darkness hides, t' other does always shine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reason no generous passion does oppose;
'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.
She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came:
In this her precepts should obedience find;
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
You err in thinking she would disapprove
The brave pursuit of honorable love:
And therefore judge what 's harmless an offence;
Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.
She could not such insipid counsel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
Could you contented see th' angelic maid
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,
Which are an heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms?
Consider, youth, what transport you forego,
The most intire felicity below;
Which is by fate alone reserv'd for you:
Monarchs have been deny'd; for monarchs sue.
I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize;
Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes:
But there is one soft minute, when the mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
Which the wise lover understanding right,
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
You urge your vow, but can those vows prevail,
Whose first foundation and whose reason fail?
You vow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.
But since your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of courte;
And therefore hesitate no longer here,
But banish all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth; but dare, and be;
I'll be your convoy to the charming she.
What! still irresolute? debating still?
View her, and then forsake her if you will.

I'll go, said I; once more I'll venture all;
'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can resist; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive:
Angels alone without offending live.
I go astray but as the wise have done;
And act a folly which they did not shun.

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,
Were soon saluted by a numerous train

Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours,
With constant jollity, in shady bowers.
There I beheld the blest variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free:
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought;
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and glades,
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood;
Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows;
Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent fate;
Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,
By secret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering sight;
Of vast extent, and of prodigious height:
The case was marble, but the polish'd stone
With such an admirable lustre shone,
As if some architect divine had strove
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,
With diamonds of a mighty size inlaid;
Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling strings;
The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes;
With harmony divine his soul inspire,
That he may boldly touch the sacred fire;
And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,
Celestial incense and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting bosom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.

Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes
A wondrous scene of glory did surprize:
The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all
Did equally for admiration call!
But the description is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made
Of solid gold, where adoration 's paid;
Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the consecrated flame:
Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd,
By it her guardian Cupid always stands,
Who troops of missionary Loves command:
To him, with soft addresses all repair:
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:
Though still in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There stands the youth, he cry'd, must take a bliss,
The lovely Delia can be none but his;

Fate

Fate has selected him; and mighty Love
 Confirms below what that decrees above.
 'Then press no more; there's not another swain
 On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
 Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
 Your vows; swear you'll eternally be true.
 But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
 You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love
 As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.
 Hear me, ye gods, said I, now hear me swear,
 By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair!
 If I prove false to Delia, let me fall
 The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
 Let me the utmost of your vengeance try;
 Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,
 Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.
 The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd
 What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.
 Sometimes a sigh half-smother'd stole away;
 'Then she would Strephon, charming Strephon, say;
 Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true;
 But will you always, and be faithful too?
 Ten thousand graces play'd about her face;
 'Ten thousand charms attending every grace:
 Each admirable feature did impart
 A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.
 The nymph * imprison'd in the brazen tower,
 When Jove descended in a golden shower,
 Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
 Brought down that god from the neglected skies.
 So moving, so transporting was the sight;
 So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright;
 My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,
 Lay all dissolv'd in ecstasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd: but, as I trembling drew
 Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
 It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise
 Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,
 For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,
 Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
 And the hard usage of too partial Fate;
 Thus the sad youth complain'd: Once happy swain,
 Now the most abject shepherd of the plain!
 Where's that harmonious concert of delights,
 Those peaceful days, and pleasurable nights,
 That generous mirth and noble jollity,
 Which daily made the dancing minutes flee?
 Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast;
 Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,
 And play in torment such a losing game?
 All things conspire to make my ruin sure:
 When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
 But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,
 When our last hope is just upon the wing;
 And in a moment drives those clouds away,
 Whose fullen darkness hid a glorious day.

* Danaë.

Why was I born, or why do I survive;
 To be made wretched only, kept alive?
 Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,
 That I must live, yet live in misery.
 Are all its pleasing happy moments gone?
 Must Strephon be unfortunate alone?
 On other swains it lavishly bestows;
 On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
 They meet compliance still in every face,
 And lodge their passions in a kind embrace;
 Obtaining from the soft incurious maid
 True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
 Success on Mævius always does attend;
 Inconstant fortune is his constant friend:
 He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
 And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
 But, let him conquer ere one blow he struck;
 I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius' luck.
 Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
 For all the trophies Mævius gains;
 But rather still live Delia's slave, than be
 Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
 But he is happy, loves the common road;
 And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.
 If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,
 It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.
 A little joy his languid flame contents,
 And makes him easy under all events.
 But when a passion's noble and sublime,
 And higher still would every moment climb;
 If 't is accepted with a just return,
 The fire's immortal, will for ever burn;
 And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
 That saints in paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my miseries in vain;
 For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.
 Suppose she pities, and believes me true,
 What satisfaction can from thence accrue,
 Unless her pity makes her love me too?
 Perhaps she loves ('t is but perhaps, I fear,
 For that's a blessing can't be bought too dear)
 If she has scruples that oppose her will,
 I must, alas! be miserable still.
 Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly
 Before the reasoning of the Deity:
 For, when love enters, he will rule alone,
 And suffer no co-partner in his throne;
 And those false arguments that would repel
 His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What method can poor Strephon then propound,
 To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
 If she, who guided the vexatious dart,
 Resolves to cherish and increase the smart?
 Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,
 Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love:
 Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate,
 Tell them the cruelty of frowning fate;
 Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind,
 Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
 And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent
 (For sure they cannot be of large extent);
 In prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,
 And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.

Here paus'd the swain, when Delia driving by
 Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,

By

By Love directed, did her steps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay,
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said:

When humble suppliants would the gods appease,
And in severe afflictions beg for ease,
With constant importunity they sue,
And their petitions every day renew;
Grew still more earnest as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives them more.

O, do not blame me, Delia! if I press
So much, and with impatience, for redress.
My ponderous griefs no ease my soul allow;
For they are next t' intolerable now:
How shall I then support them, when they grow
To an excess, to a distracting woe?
Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind,
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.
Did you perceive the torments I endure,
Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your virgin soul to pity move,
And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,
And lead th' incautious maid into a snare;
But let them suffer for their perjury,
And do not punish others crimes with me.
If there's so many of our sex untrue,
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few;
Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.
Your nature is to tenderness inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?
A common love, by other persons shewn,
Meets with a full return; but mine has none:
Nay, scarce believ'd, though from deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,
And values little if it be n't receiv'd:
But, love sincere repents the smallest scorn,
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

Sometimes I please myself, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by despair;
That tenderness, which in your soul is plac'd,
Will move you to compassion sure at last.
But, when I come to take a second view
Of my own merits, I despond of you:
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,
To raise in her the least esteem for me:
I've nought that can encourage my address;
My fortune's little, and my worth is less:
But, if a love of the sublimest kind
Can make impression on a generous mind;
If all has real value that's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

Perhaps you pity me; I know you must,
And my affection can no more distrust:
But what, alas! will helpless pity do?
You pity, but you may despise me too.
Still I am wretched if no more you give,
The starving orphan can't on pity live:
He must receive the food for which he cries,
Or he consumes; and, though much pity'd, dies.

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My torments still do with my passion grow;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.
My wound requires some speedy remedy:
Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
When will the end of all my sorrows be?
Can you not love? I'm sure you pity me.
But, if I must new miseries sustain,
And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,
I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such,
I please too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more; the blushing Delia said,
Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid:
Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
Each kind expression, every tender thought,
A mighty transport in my bosom wrought:
And though in secret I your flame approv'd,
I sigh'd, and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon! be so kind to guess,
What shame will not allow me to confess.

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.
By too sublime an extasy posses'd,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endless truth, and everlasting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

In an Epistle to Celadon.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze.
But happy those, who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.
Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,
They had collected from the wrangling schools,
And made them to his noble sway submit,
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit:
Their grave, starch'd morals, then unuseful prov'd;
These dusty characters he soon remov'd;
For, when his shining squadrons came in view,
Their boasted reason murmur'd, and withdrew;
Unable to oppose their mighty force
With phlegmatic resolves, and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard;
My faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid censor than a friend.
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs still, impatient of control,
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;

6 [C]

Your

Your praise did then her early charms confess,
Yet you 'd persuade me to adore her less.
You but the non-age of her beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,
And what she is, by what she was, conclude;
For now she governs those she then subdued.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit:
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast;
And her composure 's of so fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal beauties of the skies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

View both those nymphs whom other swains adore,
You 'll value charming Delia still the more.
Dorinda's mien 's majestic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd;
Myrtilla 's fair; and yet Myrtilla 's proud:
Chloe has wit; but noisy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the silliest things;
And yet Melania like an angel sings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;
All that can praise and admiration move,
All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she 's apposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;
For, if the subject 's of a serious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd;
But if divertive, her expression 's fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit;
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.

The vices common to her sex can find
No room, ev'n in the suburbs of her mind;
Concluding wisely she 's in danger still.
From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.
Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,
Whose near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the misery which she ought to shun.

Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true judgment and right reason sway;
Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend;
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.
Her darts are keen, but level'd with such care,
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far:
For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,
We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but only hear her talk of love.
That tender passion to her fancy brings
The prettiest notions, and the softest things;
Which are by her so movingly express'd,
They fill with extasy my throbbing breast.

'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what she says I measure things above,
And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we secretly repair
To breath in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,
Some well-design'd, instructive poem read;
Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind:
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wise remarks upon the poet's thought;
So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
The empty found of words from solid sense.
The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass
For standard gold, when 't is but gilded brass.
Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
She smiling ask'd me, Whether I 'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous building of the great;
And find content in that inferior state?
Said I, The question you propose to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection less
Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
In you I 've all I can desire below,
That earth can give me, or the gods bestow;
And, blest with you, I know not where to find
A second choice, you take up all my mind.
I 'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign
For all the splendor that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,
For dangerous greatness, and tumultuous courts;
Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain;
For what is power to such an humble swain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
Though half the globe should be assign'd my share.

And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon; forbear;
I cannot leave her, she 's too charming fair!
Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
You might suspect me for a villain too:
For sure that perjurd wretch can never prove
Just to his friend, who 's faithless to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

AS those who hope hereafter heaven to share,
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected spirits, undergo
The sad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intense reflections antedate
The mighty raptures of a future state;
While the bright prospect of approaching joy
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy;

So, though I'm tofs'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
 Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
 Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
 And break its waves upon the foaming shore:
 Though from my Delia banish'd, all that's dear,
 That's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
 Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
 And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
 That the dark treasury of times contains
 A glorious day, will finish all my pains:
 And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
 My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.
 Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
 (When truth's conspicuous, we need not swear;
 Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
 That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
 Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
 Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
 I'd scorn what'er the busy world could give;
 'Twould be the worst of miseries to live:
 For all my wishes and desires pursue,
 All I admire, or covet here, is you.
 Were I possess'd of your surprizing charms,
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Off, as I wander in a silent shade,
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,
 I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my willing mind to you.
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,
 Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
 Composing every faculty to rest,
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
 I think o'er all the stories of our love.
 What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,
 When, in a masculine embrace, I prest
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!
 Then I remember, and with vast delight,
 The kind expressions of the parting night:
 Methought the sun too quick return'd again,
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
 Strong and contracted was our eager blifs;
 An age of pleasure in each generous kiss:
 Years of delight in moments we compriz'd;
 And heaven itself was there epitomiz'd.

But, when the glories of the eastern light
 O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
 Farewell, my Delia, O farewell! said I,
 'The utmost period of my time is nigh:
 Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
 And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
 But, though I must my native plains forego,
 Forake these fields, forsake my Delia too;
 No change of fortune shall for ever move
 The settled base of my immortal love.

And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
 Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
 The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!
 'The only valu'd, and the best belov'd!
 Though other swains to me themselves address'd,
 Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest:
 Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;
 Little themselves, their passions left, esteem'd:

For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
 And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
 Though I'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
 Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;
 Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
 However, flatter me and say you will.
 For, should you entertain a rival love;
 Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove;
 No mortal e'er could half so wretched be:
 For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your beauty, nymph, said I, my faith secures;
 Those you once conquer, must be always yours:
 For, hearts subdued by your victorious eyes,
 No force can storm, no stratagem surprize;
 Nor can I of captivity complain,
 While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
 The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
 Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms;
 But I can never such a monster prove,
 To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
 Would those who at celestial tables sit,
 Blest with immortal wine, immortal wit;
 Choose to descend to some inferior board,
 Which nought but scum and nonsense can afford?
 Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,
 Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less:
 Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue
 A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulsome beau;
 But seem at best indifferent to me,
 Who none but you with admiration see.

Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
 I'd make the sun a second time stand still,
 And to the lower world their light repay,
 When conquering Joshua robb'd them of a day:
 Though our two souls would different passions prove;
 His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.
 It will not be; the sun makes haste to rise,
 And take possession of the eastern skies;
 Yet one more kiss, though millions are too few;
 And, Delia, since we must, must part, adieu.

As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
 From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven;
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
 The harsh impressions of a ruder air;
 With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,
 Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of paradise:
 With a concern like his I did review
 My native plains, my charming Delia too;
 For I left paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,
 It brings your fair idea to my mind:
 Such was the happy place, I, sighing, say,
 Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
 When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
 And made a grateful present of my heart.
 Or, if my friend, in his apartment, shews
 Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
 In which the artist has, with wondrous care,
 Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair;
 Though, at first sight, it may my passion raise,
 And every feature I admire and praise;
 Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,
 'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.
 If I converse with those whom most admit
 To have a ready, gay, vivacious wit;

They want some amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:
For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.

Let other shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change:
They from variety less joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains
(What they enjoy 's the refuse of the plains)
If, for my share of happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow;
Whatever blessings it can give beside,
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

*A Pastoral Essay on the Death of Queen Mary,
Anno 1694.*

AS gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd,
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had
stray'd,
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know
The fatal cause of her intemperate woe;
And, clasping her to his impatient breast,
In these soft words his tender care express'd.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? Why appears
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears?
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?
Speak that I may prevent thy grief's increase,
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled;
'Tis for Cælestia—Strephon, Oh—She 's dead!
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely slain!

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impossible! She cannot die:
She 's too divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps, the good Cælestia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain,
But each scarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, Oh, Cosmelia! Oh, Cælestia 's dead?

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-boding croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which strait by lightning was in shivers broke.
But we our mischief feel, before we see;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,
No pompous things to make a glorious shew
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse
Cælestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Cælestia dead! Then 'tis in vain to live;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give;
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread
As gave new life to every swain, is dead?

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread
With early flowers and cheerful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to summer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store
Of nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that 's gay:
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cælestia 's dead.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise:
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much she was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.
And since we do of such a princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raise then thy tuneful voice; and be the song
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone
And left Cælestia here to rule alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace!
Justice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples spread a glorious light;
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,
She hardly gave them leisure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging sword of necessary law:
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
She met her hero with a full desire;
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, her's the less;
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike prince! Oh, thrice happy swains!
Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
To mingle with the kindred of the skies,
Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;
The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd:
There too did piety and greatness wait;
Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state:
Humble amidst the splendors of a throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
She with some pains submitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
To whose mysterious rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a flame;
The duties of religion seem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft, but absolute control,
That, as she knew what best great Pan would please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, Power)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord,
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
'Till it ascended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey;
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature from Heaven, the fatal mandate came,
With it a chariot of ethereal flame;

In which, Elijah like, she pass'd the spheres;
Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendor of her rays;
And scarce believe a human soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Cælestia's urn!
So great a loss as this deserves excess
Of sorrows; all 's too little that is less.
But, to supply the universal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breasts, Cælestia's fate bemoan;
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back those cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and spring with yew!
Ye thirsty, barren mountains, weep with dew!
Let every flower on this extended plain
Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!
Let every thing that 's grateful leave the earth!
Let mournful cypresses, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place succeed!
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,
Tell your astonish'd springs, Cælestia's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
Who knows but some officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful plains with peace and love!

STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their folds repair;
For night with sable clouds obscures the air:
Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our sorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll sing and mourn,
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where every morning soon new troubles brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are
Above the malice of perplexing care:
But that 's a blessing too sublime, too high,
For those who bend beneath mortality.

If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind;
'That part, that passion, busy fate would find:
But, since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound:
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
'To be from all things that disquiet, free,
Is not consistent with humanity.
Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
We think the person who enjoys so much,
No care can move, and no affliction touch;
Yet could we but some secret method find
To view the dark recesses of the mind,
We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
And woes in embryo ripening into life:
How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
The labouring spirit with prolific ills;
Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
And all right reason's godlike powers control;
But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
Though all without appears serene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success
Sometimes contribute to our happiness;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,
To try our virtues, or for punishment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wise;
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
The pious fervours of the soul abate;
'Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.
'Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in security;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light;
So, in the most dejected hours we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray:
And those requests the speediest passage find
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind;
And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
'The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
'T' ourself we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
To place it on himself, or human aid,
Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keenest agonies of grief,
Content's a cordial that still gives relief:
Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes;
And, if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
An easy conquest to the powers of hell,
There's none in every stage of life can be
From the insults of bold affliction free.
If a short respite gives us some relief,
And interrupts the series of our grief,
So quick the pangs of misery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wise philosophy, and serious thought,
Support the soul beneath the ponderous weight
Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate;
Then is the time she should exert her power,
And make us practice what she taught before.
For why are such voluminous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By sage results, and well-digested sense;
That, when the storm of misery appears,
With all its real or fantastic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom's known
With ease, what should, and what should not be done;
Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wise;
The sacred truth of sound philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,
Right reason would its haughty rage control;
But, if it may n't be suffer'd to endure,
The pain is just, when we reject the cure.
For many men, close observation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes;
As if they understood not how to be
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity;
And by some action, servile or unjust,
Lay all their former glories in the dust.

For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies:
So that, when most his prudence should be shewn,
The most imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind's surrounded with distress,
Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,
And render it incapable to make
Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.
Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes, some will search too deep
What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep:
But those events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, serve only to increase our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earliest parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er since my folly most to wisdom rise;
And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:
Consider too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of miseries, despair;
And do n't repine at what you now endure;
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure:
Once more consider, that the present ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater still;
And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to misery,
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind:
And why should we for these misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unless their reason they disown,
Still make those dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can see;
It may be joy: suppose it misery;
'Tis future still; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the present ill alone we ought
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought:
But, if we may the sacred pages trust,
He's always happy, that is always just.

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I Would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;

For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine;
Unless where yours does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight and free
From natural, or chance, deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women past their vigor, soon decline:
Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine's enough, then hers may be the less:
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgment shew;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excels.
Others less fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee;
So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel sits.

Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the person drew:
He took the best that nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he seen that bright, surprizing grace,
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the essays of his skill;
She must have been confess'd the fairest still.

Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can shine;
But still the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED
DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.
Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;
But still the beauties of her face are such
As cannot justly be described; though all
Confess 't like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmost Nature, or that Art can do;
Each is a master-piece, design'd so well,
That future times may strive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

An Epistolary Essay.*

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,
To tell the story of her misery?
Where, but to faithful Cælia, in whose mind
A manly bravery's with soft pity join'd.
I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,
Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood;
But if you can the mournful pages read,
The sad relation shews you such a deed,
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
Shall strive to equal, or exceed in vain.

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;
Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs,
Deploring widows shrieks, and orphans cries.
At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,
Then wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd:
Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.
Oh, curst place!—I can no more command
My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:
But I must on, and let my Cælia know
How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

Among the crowds of Western youths who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man*,
My husband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event.
But when the battle was by treachery won,
The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;
Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,
He escap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight;
Yet the sagacious blood hounds, skill'd too well
In all the murdering qualities of hell,
Each secret place so regularly beat,
They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.
As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To sure destruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
With Charon to the common butchery run;

* This piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirk, a commander in the Western Rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

* The Duke of Monmouth.

Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compassion move
The savage general; but in vain they strove.
When I perceiv'd that all addresses fail'd,
And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd;
Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,
To make the last effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
Great genius of success, thou more than man!
Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
And carry'd conquest round the trembling world!
Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,
Your sword, your conduct, and your cause, attend.
Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,
While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!
And take the little all that we possess
I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress.
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread:
Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.
The fall of such a youth no lustre brings
To him whose sword performs such wondrous things }
As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur shines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,
Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare:
And since in battle you can greater be,
That over, be n't less merciful than he.
Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown;
In future histories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horror read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh! do not sully with a sanguine dye
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory!
Then, as you'll live the glory of our isle,
And Fate on all your expeditions smile:
So when a noble course you've bravely ran,
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.
None can the turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own catastrophe may be;
Therefore, to persons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, should always shew:
For in the chance of war the slightest thing
May lose the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head:
But 't is unhappy Charion's first offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
To take the injuring side by error brought;
He had no malice, though he had the fault.
Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,
But, the half-innocent, the tempted, save;
Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second time:
And he best follows the Almighty's will,
Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.

When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
And wild disorders in a land create,
'Tis requisite the first promoters should
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood:
But sure 't is a degree of murder all
That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall.
And since a mercy must to some be shewn,
Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one:
For as none guilty has less guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd.
The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,
And mistle Israelites return'd in peace.
The action past, where so much blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt;
But all concludes with the desir'd event,
The monarch pardon, and the Jews repent.

As great example your great courage warms,
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms;
So when you instances of mercy view,
They should inspire you with compassion too:
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can spare or kill.
I'll think of what you've said: this night return
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,
Upon the least appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;
Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,
Which through false optics our deliverance shew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,
And many times, secure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambushade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey
Of this blood-thirsty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head:
Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in some distant clime thy virtue hide!
Here nothing but the foulest dæmons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curst:
There's no degree of ill, for all are worst.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villainies of less importance flight:
Aft them indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,
For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,
And seems to merit that high station too:
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
By Asmodai and Moloch both possess'd.
When told you went to intercede for me,
He threw my soul into an agony;

VOL. II.

Not that I would not for my freedom give
What's requisite, or do not wish to live;
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short years with long disgrace;
Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
With ignominy to preserve my breath,
Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
But if I can't my life with honour save,
With honour I'll descend into the grave.
For though revenge and malice both combine
(As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
Yet, mangle all their violence and skill,
I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.

But what is death we so unwisely fear?
An end of all our busy tumults here:
The equal lot of poverty and state,
Which all partake of by a certain fate.
Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways,
Will find them from this noisy scene retire;
Some the first minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;
But die, before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the dust again:
Another there maintains a longer strife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore year,
He drops into the dark, and disappears.
I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late posterity,
'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But since substantial grief so soon destroys
The gust of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give?

Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
The boundless realms of vast eternity;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell;
But who their government or laws can tell?
What's their employment till the final doom
And time's eternal period shall come?
Thus much the sacred oracles declare,
That all are blest'd or miserable there;
Though, if there's such variety of fate,
None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.
For my own part, with resignation, still
I can submit to my Creator's will;
Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
The way of dying is my least concern;
That will give no disturbance to my urn.
If to the seats of happiness I go,
There end all possible returns of woe:
And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
With pity I'll behold those that survive.
Once more I beg, you'd from these tents retreat,
And leave me to my innocence and fate.

Charion, said I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
I'll see th' event of this important night:
Some strange presages in my soul forebode,
The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.
Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom;
A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.

If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
 If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:
 For, when you are to endless raptures gone,
 If I survive, 't is but to be undone.
 Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
 From sly injustice, or oppressive might?
 Protect her person, or her cause defend?
 She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:
 I've no distrust of Providence; but still
 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill;
 And those can have no reason to repent,
 Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
 But to a world of everlasting bliss
 Why would you go, and leave me here in this!
 'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall view,
 I'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you;
 That my behaviour to the last may prove
 Your courage is not greater than my love.

The hour approach'd; as to Neronior's tent,
 With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
 A thousand horrors throug'd into my breast,
 By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd:
 Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would shew
 Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
 A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood;
 And at his feet, just through the body run,
 Struggling for life, was laid his only son;
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
 Dividing still, with pious care, his bread:
 And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
 The sole support of his decrepid years,
 The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
 With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
 And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sat.
 High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
 Beneath the children round the mother clung:
 They cry'd for food, but 't was without relief:
 For all they had to live upon, was grief,
 A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
 No creature, merely human, long could bear.
 First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
 And, with a groan, did to her husband look:
 Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,
 Pity me, Saviour of the world! and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
 Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;
 Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,
 Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept:
 Each every hour did the black message dread,
 Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
 Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,
 A comely youth, and of no common birth,
 To execution led; who hardly bore
 The wounds in battle he receiv'd before:
 And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
 I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
 They did me to the general convey:
 Who thus began—
 Madam! by fresh intelligence, I find,
 That Charion's treason 's of the blackest kind;
 And my commission is express'd to spare
 None that so deeply in rebellion are:

New measures therefore it is vain to try;
 No pardon can be granted; he must die.
 Must, or I hazard all: which yet I'd do
 To be oblig'd in one request by you;
 And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
 Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.
 Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success
 By supple flattery, and by soft address;
 The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,
 Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies hearts.
 But I can no such whining methods use:
 Consent, he lives; he dies, if you refuse.

Amaz'd at this demand; said I, The brave,
 Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save:
 They let their captives still with honor live,
 No more require, than what themselves would give;
 For, generous victors, as they scorn to do
 Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.
 Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
 Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
 For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
 Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.
 Great men their actions of a piece should have;
 Heroic all, and each intirely brave;
 From the nice rules of honor none should swerve;
 Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth,
 May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
 Suppose the accusation justly brought,
 And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;
 Yet mercies next to infinite abate
 Offences next to infinitely great:
 And 't is the glory of a noble mind,
 In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.
 Your prince's frowns you have no cause to fear,
 This act will more illustrious appear;
 Though his excuse can never be withstood,
 Who disobey, but only to be good.
 Perhaps the hazard 's more than you express;
 The glory would be, were the danger less.
 For he that, to his prejudice, will do
 A noble action, and a generous too,
 Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown
 Than he that has a thousand battles won.
 Do not invert divine compassion so,
 As to be cruel, and no mercy shew!
 Of what renown can such an action be,
 Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?
 Though, if you finally resolve to stand
 Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
 He must submit; if 't is my fate to mourn
 His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.

Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
 Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
 But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
 Some of my * lambs shall be your guard to-night:
 By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
 They seldom ask a favour that 's refus'd:
 Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
 They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.
 Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
 The night must pass delightfully along;

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his
 soldiers his lambs.

And in the morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
And gently swing into the arms of death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due;
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh Cælia, think! so far as thought can shew,
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast!
By all things sad and terrible possesst.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my tears were to a tiger made:
A tiger! worse; for, 't is beyond dispute,
No fiend 's so cruel as a reasoning brute.
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,
Ruin—it was not possible to shun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate grief,
Beyond expression, and above belief,
Madam, the monster cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind;
Step to the door, I'll shew you such a sight,
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
Become the gibbet, and adorn the string?
You need not now an injur'd husband dread;
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;
He would perhaps have scorn'd to chaste a wife.
And, madam, you'll excuse the zeal I shew,
To keep that secret none alive should know.

Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal hunger feed;
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter hell;
May that vile lump of execrable lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;
And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,
In thine own person all united bear!

Oh Cælia! oh my friend! what age can shew
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can't be everlasting here:
But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase:
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

*On the Marriage of the Earl of A—— with the
Countess of S——.*

TRIOUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves;
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager gushes with strange motions beat;

Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong;
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long;
Now she is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then something is forgot;
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from every thought arise;
What loves persuades, I know not what denies.

Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeness; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light;
By just degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he's banish'd into heaven:
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love,
Are next, if only next to those above.
Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage:
For first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien;
For, in her aspect all the graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet:
There every charm in lory triumph sits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits;
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So newly finish'd by the hand Divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve in one great point she does excel:
Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell.
From her temptation, in despair withdrew;
Nor more assaults, whom she could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and every moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment true, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides:
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only and the wavering lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and full time,
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;

And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
 'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
 For each expression, every teeming thought,
 Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
 Which wisely separates the finest gold,
 And casts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,
 But all 's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
 Refin'd from droffy chat, and idle noise,
 With which the female conversation cloy.
 So well she knows, what 's understood by few,
 To time her thoughts, and to express them too;
 That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
 The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
 By great example to wise actions led;
 Much to her fame her lineal heroes bore:
 She owes, but to her own high genius more;
 And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
 Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
 Till they arriv'd at that celestial height,
 Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But, if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
 Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
 Achates merits her, though none but he;
 Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
 Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;
 Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
 For threats to force, or flattery to win.
 Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;
 He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,
 Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
 Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives:
 In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives.
 Each is to other the divinest bliss;
 He is her heaven, and she is more than his.
 O may the kindest influence above
 Protect their persons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE
 MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS
 OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONI & ELGINI Comitissa;

QUÆ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:

Cecilliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam ineuntem innocentia;

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors:

Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;

(Volente Numine)

Ut nusquam decessit aut virtus aut felicitas,

Duobus conjuncta maritis

Utrique charissima:

Primum

(Quem ad annum habuit)

Impense dilexit:

Secundum

Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)

Tam pietate & amore coluit;

Ut cui, vivens,
 Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit;
 Moriens,
 Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.
 Noverca cum esset,
 Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
 Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
 Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,
 Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.
 Denique,
 Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
 Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
 Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
 Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

The foregoing Inscription attempted in English.

DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN.

WHO from a race of noble heroes came
 And added lustre to its ancient fame;
 Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
 But with inferior brightness to her own:
 Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
 The greatest mortal could not greater be.
 Each stage of life peculiar splendor had;
 Her tender years with innocence were clad;
 Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good,
 In the retinue of her virtues stood;
 And at the final period of her breath,
 She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
 That no occasion might be wanting here
 To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere.
 Two noble lords her genial bed possess'd;
 A wife to both, the dearest and the best.
 Oxford submitted in one year to fate;
 For whom her passion was exceeding great.
 To Elgin full six Lustra were assign'd;
 And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,
 That, living, like a father, she obey'd;
 Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
 When a step-mother, she soon soar'd above
 The common height even of maternal love.
 She did her numerous family command
 With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
 She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,
 Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
 But when to all she had example shew'd,
 How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
 Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,
 Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

UPON

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A Pindaric Essay.

Εἰς ἔσθιν Θεός;

"Ὅς ἔσανον τέτυχε καὶ γαίαν πανσέβαν. SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHENCE sprang this glorious frame? or when
 began
 Things to exist? They could not always be;
 To what stupendous energy
 Shall we ascribe the origin of man?

THE

That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,
 Must self-existent be alone;
 Intirely perfect, and but one;
 Nor equal nor superior knows:
 Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.
 If that, in false opinion, we allow,
 That once there absolutely nothing was,
 Then nothing could be now.
 For, by what instrument, or how,
 Shall non-existence to existence pass?
 Thus, something must from everlasting be;
 Or matter, or a Deity.
 If matter only uncreate we grant,
 We shall volition, wit, and reason, want;
 An agent infinite, and action free;
 Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow?
 How came we to reflect, design, and know?
 This from a nobler nature springs,
 Distinct in essence from material things:
 For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow,
 But, if we own a God supreme,
 And all perfection's possible in him;
 In him does boundless excellence reside,
 Power to create, and providence to guide;
 Unmade himself, could no beginning have,
 But to all substance prime existence gave:
 Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance
 Could never fill the globes of light,
 So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
 The lofty concave of the vast expanse:
 These could proceed from no less power than infinite.
 There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
 Nor essence intellectual, but took
 Existence when the great Creator spoke,
 And from the common womb of empty nothing came.
 Let substance be, he cry'd; and straight arose
 Angelic, and corporeal too;
 All that material nature shews,
 And what does things invisible compose,
 At the same instant sprung, and into being flew:
 Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,
 Which draws a mighty circle round
 Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound;
 There millions of new miracles appear:
 There dwell the eldest sons of power immense,
 Who first were to perfection wrought
 First to complete existence brought,
 To whom their Maker did dispense
 The largest portions of created excellence,
 Eternal now, not of necessity,
 As if they could not cease to be,
 Or were from possible destruction free;
 But on the will of God depend:
 For that which could begin, can end.
 Who, when the lower worlds were made,
 Without the least miscarriage or defect,
 By the almighty Architect,
 United adoration paid,
 And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd
 To tell us how this mighty frame
 Into such beautiful order came;
 But, by false reasonings, false foundations laid:

She labour'd hard; but still the more she wrought.
 The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.
 Sometimes she fancy'd things to be
 Coeval with the Deity,
 And in the form which now they are
 From everlasting ages were.
 Sometimes the casual event,
 Of atoms flowing in a space immense,
 Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense;
 But, by a lucky accident,
 Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.
 'Twas an establish'd article of old,
 Chief of the philosophic creed,
 And does in natural productions hold;
 That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed;
 Material substance never could have rose,
 If some existence had not been before,
 In wisdom infinite, immense in power.
 Whate'er is made, a maker must suppose,
 As an effect a cause that could produce it shews.
 Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
 And only forms to things, not being, give;
 That from Omnipotence they must receive;
 But the eternal self-existent mind
 Can, with a single Fiat, cause to be
 All that the wondrous eye surveys,
 And all it cannot see.
 Nature may shape a beautiful tree,
 And art a noble palace raise,
 But must not to creative power aspire;
 But their God alone can claim,
 As pre-existing substance doth require:
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

Matter produc'd, had still a chaos been:
 For jarring elements engag'd,
 Eternal battles would have wag'd,
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene;
 If wisdom infinite, for less
 Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,
 Or strength competent to labouring Nature yield,
 Had not, with actual address,
 Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd peace.
 Whate'er this visible creation shews
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright,
 That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
 To her its eminence and beauty owes.
 By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,
 Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;
 To which they steadily advance,
 Mov'd by right Reason's high command,
 Or guided by the secret hand
 Of real instinct, or imaginary chance.
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules;
 Who from the end of their creation fly,
 And deviate into misery;
 As if the liberty to act like fools
 Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan
 The works of him that's infinitely wise.
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies;
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span.

Th.

Thus the proud sceptic will not own
 That Providence the world directs,
 Or its affairs inspects;
 But leaves it to itself alone.
 How does it with almighty grandeur suit,
 To be concern'd with our impertinence;
 Or interpose his power for the defence
 Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute?
 Villains could never so successful prove,
 And unmolested in those pleasures live,
 Which honor, ease, and affluence give;
 While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
 And most the care of providence deserve,
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.
 What reason can the wisest shew,
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,
 If the Most High, that's just and good,
 Intends and governs all below,
 And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless blood?
 But shall we things unsearchable deny,
 Because our reason cannot tell us why
 They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?
 'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
 To comprehend how matter should be brought
 From nothing, as existent be
 From all eternity;
 And yet that matter is, we feel and see;
 Nor is it easier to define,
 What ligatures the soul and body join;
 Or, how the memory does th' impression take
 Of things, and to the mind restores them back.
 Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
 Direct and govern this capacious all,
 How soon would things into confusion fall!
 Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
 And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
 Wide inundations, with resistless force,
 The lower provinces o'erflow,
 In spite of all that human strength could do
 To stop the raging sea's impetuous course:
 Murder and rapine every place would fill,
 And sinking virtue stoop to prosperous ill;
 Devouring pestilence rave,
 And all that part of nature which has breath
 Deliver to the tyranny of death,
 And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
 If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.
 Let the brave speak, who oft has been
 In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,
 How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
 So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;
 And though he does ten thousand see
 Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
 Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
 Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor shew,
 To what invisible protecting power
 He did his life and safety owe,
 When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
 And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.
 Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how
 His tender infancy protection found,
 And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,
 If he'll no Providence allow;
 When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
 To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
 From childhood how to youth he ran
 Securely, and from thence to man;

How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
 The feeble bark of life he saves,
 Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
 From all the dangers he foresees, or fears;
 Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,
 If Providence which can the seas command,
 Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that he,
 Who all existence out of nothing made,
 Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
 But then this all-intending Deity
 Must Omnipresent be:
 For how shall we by demonstration shew
 The Godhead is this moment here,
 If he's not present every where,
 And always so?
 What's not perceptible to sense, may be
 Ten thousand miles remote from me,
 Unless his nature is from limitation free.
 In vain we for protection pray;
 For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,
 And offer up our hymns and praise;
 In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
 An absent god from ruin can defend
 No more than can an absent friend;
 No more is capable to know
 How gratefully we make returns,
 When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,
 Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.
 If so, 'tis equally in vain
 The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns;
 He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.
 But by what Being is confin'd
 The Godhead we adore?
 He must have equal or superior power.
 If equal only, they each other bind,
 So neither's God, if we define him right,
 For neither's infinite.
 But if the other have superior might
 Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be
 Omnipotent, and free
 From all restraint, and so no Deity.
 If God is limited in space; his view,
 His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too:
 Unless we'll own, that these perfections are
 At all times present every where,
 Yet he himself not actually there.
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings,
 His essence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

AS the supreme, omniscient mind,
 Is by no boundaries confin'd;
 So Reason must acknowledge him to be
 From possible mutation free:
 For what He is, He was from all eternity.
 Change, whether the effect of force or will,
 Must argue imperfection still.
 But imperfection in a Deity,
 That's absolutely perfect, cannot be:
 Who can compel, without his own consent,
 A God to change that is omnipotent?
 And every alteration without force,
 Is for the better or the worse.

He that is infinitely wise,
 To alter for the worse will never choose,
 That a depravity of nature shews:
 And he, in whom all true perfection lies,
 Cannot by change to greater excellencies rise.
 If God be mutable, which way, or how,
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
 Which did a thousand years ago?
 And 't is impossible to know,
 What He forbids, or what He will allow.
 Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,
 Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,
 Prohibited by an express command:
 But whether such they still remain to be,
 No argument will positively prove,
 Without immediate notice from above;
 If the Almighty legislator can
 Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject, man,
 Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,
 We all intolerable hazards run,
 When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of piety, and sing
 Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,
 Who was, and will for ever be the same:
 Your grateful incense to his temples bring,
 That from the smoking altars may arise
 Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.
 His promises stand firm to you,
 And endless joys will be bestow'd,
 As sure as that there is a God,
 On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths pursue.
 Nor should we more his menaces distrust,
 For while he is a Deity he must
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.
 But does it with a gracious godhead suit,
 Whose Mercy is his darling attribute,
 To punish crimes that temporary be,
 And those but trivial offences too,
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,
 With everlasting misery?
 This shocks the mind with deep reflections fraught,
 And Reason bends beneath the ponderous thought;
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow
 More heinous still, the more they do incense
 That God to whom all creatures owe
 Profoundest reverence:
 Though as to that degree they raise
 The anger of the merciful Most High,
 We have no standard to discern it by,
 But the infliction he on the offender lays.
 So that if endless punishment on all
 Our unrepented sins must fall,
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.
 That God is in perfection just, must be
 Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
 If so, from equity he cannot swerve,
 Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.
 His will reveal'd, is both express and clear;
 "Ye cursed of my Father, go
 "To everlasting woe."
 If everlasting means eternal here,
 Duration absolutely without end;
 Against which sense some zealously contend,
 That when applied to pains, it only means,

They shall ten thousand ages last:
 Ten thousand, more, perhaps, when they are past;
 But not eternal in a literal sense:
 Yet own the pleasures of the just remain
 So long as there's a God exists to reign.
 Though none can give a solid reason, why
 The word Eternity,
 To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
 Should carry sense of a different kind;
 And 't is a sad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
 With greater lustre than the rest can shine,
 'T is goodness, which we every moment see
 The godhead exercise with such delight,
 It seems, it only seems, to be
 The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
 And more than infinite.
 Without that, he could never prove
 The proper objects of our praise or love,
 Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd
 To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
 Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
 Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
 And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.
 Eternal justice then would be,
 But everlasting cruelty;
 Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence;
 And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.
 'T is goodness constitutes him that he is;
 And those
 Who will deny him this,
 A god without a deity suppose.
 When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,
 By his tremendous name
 There is no god, but all's a sham;
 Insipid tattle, praise, and prayers,
 Virtue, pretence; and all the sacred rules
 Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:
 Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,
 But mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head;
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
 Does not the sinner whom no danger awes,
 Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
 Rejoice, and glory in it too;
 Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws;
 Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
 That, when he's dead, they may their pupils tell
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
 Blessings in common with the best receives;
 Though he is proud t' affront the God those blessings
 Gives.
 The cheerful sun his influence spreads on all;
 Has no respect to good or evil:
 And fruitful showers without distinction fall,
 Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures, fill.
 The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows
 Success and honour many times on those
 Who scorn his favourites, and care for his foes.
 To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
 Has dar'd to celebrate
 In lofty Pindar's strain;
 Though with unequal strength to bear the weight
 Of such a glorious theme so infinitely great:

To this good God, celestial spirits pay,
 With extacy divine, incessant praise:
 While on the glories of his face they gaze,
 In the bright regions of eternal day.
 To him each rational existence here,
 Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
 In whom there are the least remains
 Of piety or fear,
 His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
 For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
 Nay, the inanimate creation give,
 By prompt obedience to his word,
 Instinctive honour to their lord;
 And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.
 With Heaven and earth then, O my soul, unite,
 And the great God of both adore and blest,
 Who gives thee competence, content, and peace;
 The only fountains of sincere delight:
 That from the transitory joys below,
 Thou by a happy exit may'st remove
 To those ineffable above;
 Which from the vision of the godhead flow,
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

Paraphrased out of Josephus.

ALAS, Jerusalem! alas! where's now
 Thy pristine glory, thy unmatched renown,
 To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
 Ah, hapless, miserable town!
 Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,
 Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
 The joy and the delight of all the earth;
 Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
 And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
 Where's now the vast magnificence, which made
 The souls of foreigners adore
 Thy wondrous brightness, which no more
 Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?
 Oh misery! where's all her mighty state,
 Her splendid train of numerous kings,
 Her noble edifices, noble things,
 Which made her seem so eminently great,
 That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,
 And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,
 To court her friendship? For her strength they fear'd,
 And all her wide protection sought.
 But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
 See how her lofty buildings lie!
 See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
 That on her festivals were us'd to play
 Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
 The glittering troops, which did from far,
 Bring home the trophies, and the spoils of war,
 Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,
 Nor durst their godlike valour try?
 Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,
 And every combat gain'd a victory.

Ah! where's the house of the Eternal King;
 The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,
 To whose large treasuries our fleet did bring
 The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?
 There had the infinite Creator plac'd
 His terrible, amazing name,
 And with his more peculiar presence grac'd
 That heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,
 The high-priest only; he but once a year
 In that divine apartment might appear:
 So full of glory, and so sacred then,
 But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,
 Which scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty
 fane.

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street
 Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng
 Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
 And thousands did with thousands meet;
 The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat
 In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,
 Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
 She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
 Despising the most wealthy bribes;
 But did the sacred balance hold
 With god-like faith to all our happy tribes.
 Thy well-built streets, and every noble square,
 Were once with polish'd marble laid,
 And all his lofty bulwarks made
 With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
 Thy ponderous gates, surprizing to behold,
 Were cover'd o'er with solid gold;
 Whose splendor did so glorious appear,
 It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye;
 And strangers passing, to themselves would cry,
 What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
 How thick the bars of massy silver lie!
 O happy people! and still happy be,
 Celestial city! from destruction free,
 May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity!

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
 Thy streets and palaces are spread
 With heaps of carcases, and mountains of the dead,
 The bleeding relics of the Jewish race!
 Each corner of the town, no vacant space,
 But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
 Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,
 Natives and strangers are together laid:
 Death's arrows all at random flew
 Among the crowd, and no distinction made,
 But both the coward and the valiant flew.
 All in one dismal ruin join'd,
 (For swords and pestilence are blind)
 The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:
 Those that from far, with joyful haste,
 Came to attend thy festival,
 Of the same bitter poison taste,
 And by the black, destructive poison fall;
 For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.
 Oh! see how the delight of human eyes
 In horrid desolation lies!
 See how the burning ruins flame!
 Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name!
 And the triumphant victor cries,
 This was the fun'! Jerusalem!

The most obdurate creature must
 Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,
 Those antient habitations of the just :
 And could the marble rocks but know
 The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,
 They 'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
 Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,
 Their pity and concern to shew :
 For now, where lofty buildings stood,
 Thy sons corrupted carcases are laid :
 And all by this destruction made
 One common Golgotha, one field of blood !
 See ! how those ancient men, who rul'd thy state,
 And made thee happy, made thee great ;
 Who sat upon the awful chair
 Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
 The good to cherish, and chastise the bad,
 Now sit in the corrupted air,
 In silent melancholy, and in sad despair !
 See how their murder'd children round them lie !
 Ah, dismal scene ! hark how they cry !
 Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,
 Good Heaven ! alas, for we would live !
 Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !
 Thus they lament, thus beg for ease ;
 While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
 The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,
 To guard them from the ravenous savages :
 Till their increasing sorrows death persuade
 (For death must sure with pity see
 The horrid desolation he has made)
 To put a period to all their misery.
 Thy wretched daughters that survive,
 Are by the heathen kept alive,
 Only to gratify their lust,
 And then be mix'd with common dust.
 Oh ! insupportable, stupendous woe !
 What shall we do ? ah ! whither shall we go ?
 Down to the grave, down to those happy shades below,
 Where all our brave progenitors are blest
 With endless triumph and eternal rest.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see
 Thy mournful, sad catastrophe ?
 Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
 In ashes, and not be in pain to die ?
 Unhappy, dear Jerusalem ! thy woes
 Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,
 Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
 Thought cannot comprehend, or words express,
 Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.
 Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
 If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
 Before this cursed time, this worst of days
 Is death quite tir'd ? are all his arrows spent ?
 If not, why then so many dull delays ?
 Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent !
 Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
 Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive ; that I
 May, happily, be sure to die.
 Yet still we live, live in excess of pain !
 Our friends and relatives are slain !
 Nothing but ruins round us see,
 Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery !
 Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,
 Our enemies without prepare
 Their direful engines to pursue the war ;
 Vol. II.

And you may slavishly preserve your breath,
 Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then resolve ; nor tremble at the thought :
 Can glory be too dearly bought ?
 Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed,
 That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,
 It shall be after such a noble way,
 Succeeding ages will with wonder view
 What brave despair compell'd us to !
 No, we will ne'er survive another day !
 Bring then your wives, your children, all
 That's valuable, good or dear,
 With ready hands, and place them here ;
 They shall unite in one vast funeral.
 I know your courages are truly brave,
 And dare do any thing but ill :
 Who would an aged father save,
 That he may live in chains and be a slave,
 Or for remorseless enemies to kill ?
 Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow :
 For, what at any other time would be
 The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
 Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now !
 This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,
 And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.
 If 't is revenge and glory you desire,
 Now you may have them, if you dare but die !
 Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity !

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

" — Sed omnes una manet nox,

" Et calcanda semel via lethi."

HORACE.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
 Our state no alteration knows ;
 But, when we have resign'd our breath,
 Th' immortal spirit goes
 To endless joys, or everlasting woes :
 Wise is the man who labours to secure
 That mighty and important stake ;
 And, by all methods, strive to make
 His passage safe, and his reception sure.
 Merely to die, no man of reason fears ;
 For certainly we must,
 As we are born, return to dust :
 'T is the last point of many lingering years :
 But whither then we go,
 Whither, we fain would know ;
 But human understanding cannot shew.
 This makes us tremble, and creates
 Strange apprehensions in the mind ;
 Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,
 Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
 None know what death is, but the dead ;
 Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
 As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
 And scarce have one black, painful hour to live ;
 6 [E]

No

No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve,
To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;
How moving, and how mournful, is the sight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of rest;
Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light just going out;
And for some kind assistance call:
But pity, useless pity's all
Our weeping friends can give,
Or we receive;
Though their desires are great, their powers are small,
The tongue's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear;
How insupportable our torments are.
Music no more delights our deafening ears,
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In robes of deepest mourning clad;
For, every faculty, and every sense,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
No consolation brings.
Riches and honours then are useless things,
Tasteless, or bitter, all;
And, like the book which the apostle eat,
To the ill-judging palate sweet,
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,
But the remembrance of good actions past.
Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark anti-chamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and industry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
Could we recall those fatal hours again
Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease!
For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain.
Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,
And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable estate:
But what, alas, can pity do
To soften the decrees of fate?
Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.

All their endeavours to preserve our breath,
Though they do unsuccessful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of death.
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:
One, with officious haste,
Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;
Another softly raises up our head;
This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries
See what convulsions, what strong agonies,
Both soul and body undergo!
His pains no intermission know;
For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs.
Each would his kind assistance lend,
To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
But still in vain with destiny they all contend.
Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!
Adieu, my child! now I must follow you:
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our sons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bless us, O father! now before you die;
Bless us, and be you blest'd to all eternity.
Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
Compassionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind?
Without me fly to the blest'd seats above?
Without me, did I say? Ah, no!
Without thy friend thou canst not go:
For, though thou leav'st me groveling here below,
My soul with thee shall upward fly,
And bear thy spirit company,
Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.
Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
Incapable to separate
(For 't is not in the power of fate)
My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me:
But, since it must be so, farewell;
For ever! No; for we shall meet again,
And live like gods, though now we die like men,
In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.
The soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal strife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterscarp of life,
By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all its kind artifices of art;
Botanic legions guarding every port.
But death, whose arms no mortal can repel,
A formal siege disdains to lay;
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solid peace;
But 'tis all sham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be:
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
His troops return some unsuspected way;
While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,
The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,
 Inevitable death descends on all ;
 A portion none of human race can miss
 But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
 The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.
 For, when the impenitent and wicked die,
 Loaded with crimes and infamy ;
 If any sense at that sad time remains,
 They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains ;
 The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,
 Which they to all eternity must undergo,
 Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.
 Infernal spirits hover in the air,
 Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,
 And hurry the departed souls away
 To the dark receptacles of despair :
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,
 When the loud trump shall call them to appear
 Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe ;
 By whose just sentence they must go
 To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
 Unspotted, regular, and free
 From all the ugly stains of lust and villainy,
 Of mercy and of pardon sure,
 Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night :
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day ;
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
 His soul whene'er she takes her flight
 To the surprizing mansions of immortal light.
 Then the celestial guards around him stand ;
 Nor suffer the black dæmons of the air
 To oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
 Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair ;
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
 His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
 To plead for mercy when he wants it most ;
 No one of all the happy number's lost :
 And those bright advocates ne'er want success,
 But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,
 She passes up in triumph through the sky ;
 Where she's united to a glorious throng
 Of angels ; who, with a celestial song,
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If therefore all must quit the stage,
 When, or how soon, we cannot know ;
 But, late or early, we are sure to go ;
 In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age ;
 We cannot take too sedulous a care,
 In this important, grand affair :
 For as we die, we must remain ;
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
 To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again.
 The heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
 No future misery could be prepar'd
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good ;
 But, if there was a state of rest,
 They should with the same happiness be blest
 As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess.
 We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
 Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
 To man, and to their Maker, true,
 Let them expire in age, or youth,

Can never miss
 Their way to everlasting bliss :
 But from a world of misery and care
 To mansions of eternal ease repair ;
 Where joy in full perfection flows,
 And in an endless circle moves,
 Through the vast round of beatific love,
 Which no cessation knows.

ON THE
 GENERAL CONFLAGRATION
 AND ENSUING JUDGMENT.
 A PINDARIC ESSAY.

*"Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
 "Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
 "Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laboret."* OVID. Met.

NOW the black days of universal doom,
 Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come :
 What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
 Must sinking nature undergo ;
 Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow !
 Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
 With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
 Fill the presaging skies ;
 Unable to support the weight
 Or of the present, or approaching miseries.
 Methinks I hear her summon all
 Her guilty offspring raving with despair,
 And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
 Ye sublunary powers, attend my funeral !

See, see the tragical portents,
 Those dismal harbingers of dire events !
 Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
 Through the dark concave of the troubled sky ;
 The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
 See how the glaring meteors blaze !
 Like baleful torches, O they come,
 To light dissolving Nature to her tomb !
 And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
 Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
 Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
 By an impetuous wind are driven
 Through all the regions of the inferior heaven ;
 Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see,
 What mad confusion rages over all
 This scorching bail !
 No country is exempt, no nation free,
 But each partakes the epidemic misery.
 What dismal havoc of mankind is made
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Through the whole mournful earth ?
 Which with a murdering fury they invade,
 Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid !
 Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ,
 To ruin all things here below ;

Their

Their malice and revenge no limits know,
But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
For safety to their champain ground.
But there no safety can be found ;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round :
And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before ;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)
Blaspheme and curse the Power they should adore :
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends,
And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once descends
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The massy rivers of those secret chains,
Which hold together their prodigious sides,
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains :
While towns and cities, every thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.
No showers descend from the malignant sky,
To cool the burning of the thirsty field ;
The trees no leaves, no grafs the meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little rivulets no more
To larger streams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they ;
Which, with a strange unusual roar,
Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd
before :
And to the monstrous deep in vain retire :
For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,
But belching subterraneous fires,
Increases still the scalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood ;
For she herself a dissolution fears.
The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.
Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows ;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
Upon expiring nature seize :
For now she'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.

Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries ;
(For all must come)
All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable doom.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his sceptre hold ;
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.
The scatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
Resume their pristine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of sacred Power,
Which can collect whatever cast
The smallest atoms, and that shape restore
Which they had worn so many years before,
That through strange accidents and numerous changes
past !

See how the joyful angels fly
From every quarter of the sky,
To gather and to convey all
The pious sons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderness and love they bear
Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air ;
Whilst the ungodly stand below,
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,
Amidst the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
Round them infernal spirits howling fly ;
O horror, curses, tortures, chains ! they cry
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy. }

Hark how the daring sons of infamy
Who once dissolv'd in pleasure's lap,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,
But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.
Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Among the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future state ;
But now, by sad experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.
And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give consent,
To have no being ; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent.

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends ;
Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once reside.
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their celestial king ;

All glory, power, dominion, majesty,
 Now, and for everlasting ages, be
 To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.
 Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,
 Which saw the God incarnate bleed !
 Perish by the almighty vengeance those
 Who durst thy person, or thy laws, expose ;
 The cursed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.
 Now to the unbelieving nations shew,
 Thou art a God from all eternity ;
 Nor titular, or but by office so ;
 And let them the mysterious union see
 Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,
 The good behold this glorious fight !
 Their God in all his majesty appears,
 Ineffable, amazing bright,
 And seated on a throne of everlasting light.
 Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,
 In sacred discipline and order, stand
 The peers and princes of the sky,
 As they excel in glory or command.
 Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
 In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
 Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
 Did, with a steady course, pursue,
 His holy precepts in the worst of times,
 Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils could do,
 And now that God they did to death adore,
 For whom such torments and such pains they bore,
 Returns to place them on those thrones above,
 Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
 Divine, substantial happiness,
 Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
 Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise ;
 Whom neither threats nor promises could move,
 Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,
 To save themselves from everlasting miseries.
 At this ten millions of archangels flew
 Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,
 And less than in an instant brought
 The wretch'd, curs'd, infernal, crew ;
 Who with distorted aspects came,
 To hear their sad, intolerable doom.
 Alas ! they cry, one beam of mercy shew,
 Thou all-forgiving Deity !
 To pardon crimes, is natural to thee :
 Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe.
 But if it cannot, cannot be,
 And we must go into a gulph of fire,
 (For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)
 Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
 And all our tortures have an end.
 Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear !
 Though now our bodies too immortal are,
 Let them be pungent to the last degree :
 And let our pains innumerable be ;
 But let them not extend to all eternity !

Lo, now there does no place remain
 For penitence and tears, but all
 Must by their actions stand or fall :

To hope for pity, is in vain ;
 The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
 Two mighty books are by two angels brought :
 In this, impartially recorded, stands
 The law of nature, and divine commands :
 In that, each action, word, and thought,
 Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.
 Then first the virtuous and the good,
 Who all the fury of temptation stood,
 And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains and blood,
 Attended by their guardian angels come
 To the tremendous bar of final doom.
 In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings
 A long indictment of enormous things,
 Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
 And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
 No more to their astonishment appears,
 But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye sons of grace,
 Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,
 Despis'd and hated for my name ;
 Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace ;
 Ascend, and those bright diadems possess,
 For you by my eternal Father made,
 Ere the foundation of the world was laid ;
 And that surprizing happiness,
 Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.
 For when I languishing in prison lay,
 Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,
 You did your kindly visits pay,
 Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.
 Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,
 Your hand was always ready to supply :
 Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
 To share my sorrows, or to give relief.
 In all distress, so tender was your love,
 I could no anxious trouble bear ;
 No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
 But you were still impatient to remove,
 And mourn'd, your charitable hand should unsuccessful
 prove :

All this you did, though not to me
 In person, yet to mine in misery :
 And shall for ever live
 In all the glories that a God can give
 Or a created being's able to receive.

At this the architects divine on high
 Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
 On which they, in appointed order, place,
 The human coheirs of eternity,
 And with united hymns the God incarnate praise .
 O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
 Eternal God, Almighty One,
 Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
 By all thy creatures, constantly ador'd !
 Ineffable, co-equal Three,
 Who from non-entity gave birth
 To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,
 Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
 But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possess'd
 These thrones, and this immense felicity ;
 Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest !

Therefore

Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Maieſty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be !

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To thoſe upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance ſaſhing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To thoſe eternal torments go,
Prepar'd for thoſe rebellious ſons of light,
In burning darkneſs and in flaming night,
Which ſhall no limit or ceſſation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be ſo.
The final ſentence paſt, a dreadful cloud
Incloſing all the miſerable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder roſe,
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never can expire ;
The vaſt abyſs of endleſs woes :
Whiſt with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph paſſing through the ſky,
To joys immeſe, and everlaſting extaſy.

REASON: A POEM.

Written in the year 1700.

UNHAPPY man ! who, through ſucceſſive years,
From early youth to life's laſt childhood errs :
No ſooner born but proves a foe to truth ;
For infant Reaſon is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of ſenſe will half our learning ſhare ;
And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are.
Reaſon, 'tis true, ſhould over ſenſe preſide :
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide ;
But falſe opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the ſoul, and keep our Reaſon blind.
Reaſon's a taper, which but faintly burns ;
A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns :
We ſee't a little while, and but a little way ;
We travel by its light, as men by day :
But quickly dying, it forſakes us ſoon,
Like morning-ſtars, that never ſtay till noon.

The ſoul can ſcarce above the body riſe ;
And all we ſee is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does ſcarce one glimpe of light diſplay ;
We mourn in darkneſs, and deſpair of day :
That natural night, once dreſt with orient beams,
Is now diminiſh'd, and a twilight ſeems ;
A miſcellaneous compoſition, made
Of night and day, of ſunſhine and of ſhade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falſehood, which for truth we took :
So rays projected from the eaſtern ſkies,
Shew the falſe day before the ſun can riſe.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from ſenſe he gains :
He, like a wretched ſlave, muſt plod and ſweat ;
By day muſt toil, by night that toil repeat ;
And yet, at laſt, what little fruit he gains !
A beggar's harveſt, glean'd with mighty pains !

The paſſions, ſtill predominant, will rule
Unſubſervient, rude, not bred in Reaſon's ſchool ;

Our underſtanding they with darkneſs fill,
Cause ſtrong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On theſe the ſoul, as on ſome flowing tide,
Muſt ſit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away ; for how can be withſtood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood ?
Be gone, falſe hopes, for all our learning's vain ;
Can we be free where theſe the rule maintain ?
Theſe are the tools of knowledge which we uſe ;
The ſpirits heated, will ſtrange things produce.
Tell me, whoe'er the paſſions could control,
Or from the body diſengage the ſoul :
Till this is done, our beſt purſuits are vain,
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain :
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead,
And through thoſe books that modern times have bred,
With pain we travel, as through mooriſh ground,
Where ſcarce one uſeful plant is ever found ;
O'er-run with errors, which ſo thick appear,
Our ſearch proves vain, no ſpark of truth is there.

What's all the noiſy jargon of the ſchools,
But idle nonſenſe of laborious fools,
Who fetter Reaſon with perplexing rules ?
What in Aquinas' bulky works are found,
Does not enlighten Reaſon, but confound :
Who travels Scotus' ſwelling tomes, ſhall find
A cloud of darkneſs riſing on the mind ;
In controverted points can Reaſon ſway,
When paſſion, or conceit, ſtill hurries us away !
Thus his new notions Sherlock would inſtil,
And clear the greateſt myſteries at will ;
But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South ſoon oppos'd him, out of chriſtian zeal ;
Shewing how well he could diſpute and rail.
How ſhall we e'er diſcover which is right,
When both ſo eagerly maintain the fight ?
Each does the other's arguments deride ;
Each has the church and ſcripture on his ſide.
The ſharp, ill-natur'd combat's but a jeſt ;
Both may be wrong ; one, perhaps, errs the leaſt.
How ſhall we know which articles are true,
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new ?
In paths uncertain and unſafe he treads,
Who blindly follows other fertile heads ;
What ſure, what certain mark have we to know,
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgeſs, Wake, and Howe ?

Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart ?
Every phyſician writes a different bill,
And gives no other Reaſon but his will.
No longer boaſt your art, ye impious race ;
Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids ceaſe ;
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely gueſs ;
To-day they've good, to-morrow, no ſucceſs.
Ev'n Garth and * Maurus ſometimes ſhall prevail,
When Gibſon, learned Hannes, and Tyſon, fail.
And, more than once, we've ſeen, that blundering
Sloane,
Miſſing the gout, by chance has hit the ſtone ;
The patient does the lucky error find ;
A cure he works, though not the cure deſign'd.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

Cuſtom,

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore;
 And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
 What education did at first receive,
 Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
 The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
 To learn opinions, and our country's creed;
 The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
 And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
 To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,
 When thus implicit faith, a virtue made;
 When education more than truth prevails,
 And nought is current but what custom seals?
 Thus, from the time we first began to know,
 We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,
 Nor judge of things by universal light:
 Our prepossessions and affections bind
 The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
 And if self-interest be but in the case,
 Our unexamined principles may pass!
 Good Heavens! that man should thus himself deceive,
 To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
 Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
 But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
 For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
 Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
 Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
 When once remov'd, will smooth the way to truth:
 To dispossess the child, the mortal lives;
 But death approaches ere the man arrives.

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
 The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,
 From many dangers must themselves acquit,
 And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
 Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
 To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
 Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
 And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay
 To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
 What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
 And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
 First we a blessing from the grave implore,
 Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
 The reverend sage, with vast esteem, we prize:
 He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
 Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
 For all those errors which their fancy bred;
 Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
 With those first times, not farther was convey'd;
 While light opinions are much lower brought,
 For on the waves of ignorance they float:
 But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
 So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past;
 Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind, at last;
 Ah! no, 't is now environ'd from our eyes,
 Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
 Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
 And claims attention to perceive it right!
 But what resembles truth is soon descri'd,
 Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
 The first man rarely, very rarely finds
 The tedious search of long enquiring minds;

But yet what's worse, we know not what we err;
 What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
 How do we know that what we know is true?
 How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
 Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
 'T is all but probability at most;
 This is the easy purchase of the mind;
 The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
 But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
 The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR, THE

LAST EPIPHANY.

*A Pindaric Ode, on Christ's second Appearance, to
 Judge the World.*

A DIEU, ye toyish reeds, that once could please
 My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease:
 Be gone; I'll waste no more vain hours with you;
 And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.

A brighter power invokes my Muse,
 And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.

See, beckoning from yon cloud, he stands,
 And promises assistance with his hands:

I feel the heavy-rolling God,
 Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.

How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!

I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat;

The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
 And over-flowing joys profusely waste.

Some nobler bard, O sacred Power, inspire,
 Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive:

And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
 And each gay following charm from death to save!

—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;

I rave, with extasies oppress'd:

I rise, the mountains lessen, and retire;

And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire!

The leading deity I have in view;

Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will ensue.

We pass'd through regions of unfullied light;

I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful sight;

A shuddering paleness seiz'd my look:

At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke:

"Say, Sacred Guide, shall this bright clime

"Survive the fatal test of time,

"Or perish, with our mortal globe below,

"When yon sun no longer shines?"

Straight I finish'd—veiling low;

The visionary power rejoins:

"'T is not for you to ask, nor mine to say,

"The niceties of that tremendous day.

"Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,

"And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,

"The great decisive morn shall rise,

"And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening skies!

"Eternal grace and justice he'll bestow

"On all the trembling world below."

He said. I mus'd; and thus return'd:
 "What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,
 "Shall the brooding day reveal?"
 He answer'd mild——
 "Already, stupid with their crimes,
 "Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie:
 "Such were the boding times,
 "Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky;
 "Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
 "And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
 "In bacchanals they did their hours consume,
 "And bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom."

Adulterate Christs already rise,
 And dare t' assuage the angry skies;
 Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
 And from the Cross, alas! he does neglected sigh;
 The Anti-Christian Power has rais'd his Hydra head,
 And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
 So long the gore through poison'd veins has flow'd,
 That scarcely ranker is a fury's blood;
 Yet specious artifice, and fair disguise,
 The monster's shape, and curst design, belies:
 A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
 He quaffs, and scatters, the contagious spleen
 Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
 Nature shall paint the shining scene,
 Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

Forward confusion shall provoke the fray,
 And nature from her ancient order fray;
 Black tempests gathering from the seas around,
 In horrid ranges shall advance;
 And, as they march, in thickest fables drown'd,
 The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,
 And lightnings join the fearful dance:
 The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,
 And universal terror shed;
 Loud issuing peals, and rising sheets of smoke,
 Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke;
 The noisy main shall lash the suffering shore,
 And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
 Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,
 And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns!
 The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,
 And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,
 And spotless misrule all around,
 Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be unspun.
 Order, its flying foe, confound;
 Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
 (The wand with which, ere time begun,
 His wandering slaves he did command,
 And made them scamper right, and in rude ranges run)
 The hostile harmony shall chase;
 And as the nymph resigns her place,
 And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
 The formless ruffian slughters with his eyes,
 And following storms the pearching dame's retreat,
 Adding the terror of his threat;
 The globe shall faintly tremble round,
 And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

Swath'd in substantial shrouds of night,
 The sickening sun shall from the world retire,

Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire;
 Which dangling, once, shed round a lavish flood of light!
 No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
 Not yielding to primæval gloom,
 Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb;
 Nor glimmering in its source, with silver streamers
 play'd,
 A jetty mixture of the darkness spread
 O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
 And that which angels drew
 O'er Nature's face, when Jesus died;
 Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,
 And, rising, off their hanging funerals shook,
 And fleeting pass'd expos'd their bloodless breast to
 view,
 Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.
 Now bolder fires appear,
 And o'er the palpable obscurement sport,
 Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
 Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' æthærial
 court,
 And plung'd into the opening gulph of night;
 A fabre of immortal flame I bore,
 And, with this arm, his flourishing plume I tore,
 And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambient prodigies on high
 Take gamefome measures in the sky;
 Joy'd with his future feast, the thunder roars
 In chorus to th' enormous harmony;
 And halloo's to his offspring from sulphureous stores:
 Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
 And their each nimble turn, and radiant embassy.

The moon turns pale at the sight,
 And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
 The lightning with its livid tail,
 A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
 Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
 Wing'd and blown on by storms of wind,
 They show the hideous leaps on either hand,
 Of Night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,
 And there erects her royal stand,
 In seven-fold winding jet her conscious temples bound.

The stars, next starting from their spheres,
 In giddy revolutions leap and bound;
 Whilst this with doubtful fury glares,
 And meditate new wars,
 And wheels in sportive gyres around,
 Its neighbour shall advance to fight;
 And while each offers to enlarge its right,
 The general ruin shall increase,
 And banish all the votaries of peace.
 No more the stars, with paler beams,
 Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,
 But travel downward to behold
 What mimics them so twinkling there:
 And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,
 For the lov'd image straight expire,
 And agonize in warm desire,
 Or slake their lust, as in the stream they roll.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below
 In their viperous ruins glow,

They

They sink, and unsupported leave the skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the
noise.

Then see th' Almighty Judge, sedate and bright,
Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!
His wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear,
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeness brush the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they close,
And shivering, lest they start, a failing caravan compose.

The Mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait:
His waving vestments shine
Bright as the sun, which lately did its beam resign,
And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his form
divine.

Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,
And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend characters he 'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe with
fear.

Myriads of angels shall be there,
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear;
Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,
Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments gay.

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And swell the lustre of his pompous train;
The nimble ministers of bliss or woe

We shall attend, and save, or deal the blow,
As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news
Through every Angel's breast fresh rapture shall diffuse.
The day is come,
When Satan with his powers shall sink to endless doom.
No more shall we his hostile troops pursue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.
Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall sound,
From falling spheres the joyful music shall rebound,
And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it round:
Louder he 'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,
Than when from Sinai's hill
In thunder through the horrid reddening smoke,
Th' Almighty spoke,
We 'll shout around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our
shouts reply.
Then first th' Archangel's voice, aloud,
Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng,
And Hallelujah fill the croud;
And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

From its long sleep all human race shall rise,
And see the morn and Judge advancing in the skies:
To their old tenements the souls return,
Whilst down the steep of Heaven as swift the Judge
descends!
These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn:
Whilst, see, distracted looks yon stalking shades attend.
The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves insult the labouring ship;
But from the wreck in triumph they arise,
And borne to bliss shall tread empyreal skies.

T H E
P O E M S
O F T H E
E A R L O F D O R S E T.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

On his

*Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, called the
British Princes.*

COME on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when 't begins to pull,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
'Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed;
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel's gone.
'This simile shall stand in thy defence,
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write sense.
Thy style's the same, whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meat to pilegm:
'They lye, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
'Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly:
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
'Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.

As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
'Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural parts,
And with acquir'd dulness and new arts
Of study'd nonsense, tak'st kind readers hearts.
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainst Critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller;
Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write;
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite?

TO THE SAME.

On his Plays.

THOU damn'd Antipodes to common-sense,
Thou foil to Flecknoe, pry theetell from whence

Does all this mighty stock of dulness spring?
Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,
Assisted by some ballad-making quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are such,
I'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.
Fain would I know what diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest dish,
With bullock's liver, or some stinking fish:
Garbage, ox-cheeks, and tripes, do feast thy brain,
Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
With daisy-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
A giant's body with a pigmy's head.
Canst thou not find, among thy numerous race
Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays
Are laugh'd at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, stage?
Think on 't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.
No other use of paper thou shouldst make
Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back.
Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink,
But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink:
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
As curses from their children keep edg'd tools:
For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit
To wipe the slabbings of thy snotty wit:
And though 'tis late if justice could be found,
Thy plays like blind-born puppies should be drown'd.
For were it not that we respect afford
Unto the son of an heroic lord,
Thine in the ducking-stool should take her seat,
Drest like herself in a great chair of state;
Where like a Muse of quality she'd die,
And thou thyself shalt make her elegy,
In the same strain thou writ'st thy comedy.

TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERFE,

On the Printing

His Play called "TARUGO'S WILES," 1668.

TARUGO gave us wonder and delight,
When he oblig'd the world by candle-light:
But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,
'T'oblige and serve his friends a nobler way;
Make all our old men wits, statesmen, the young;
And teach ev'n Englishmen the English tongue.

James,

James, on whose reign all peaceful stars did smile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our isle.
What kings, and Nature, only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this work of thine.
For, who is such a Cockney in his heart,
Proud of the plenty of the southern part,
To scorn that union, by which we may
Boast 'twas his countryman that writ this play?

Phœbus himself, indulgent to my Muse,
Has to the country sent this kind excuse;
Fair Northern Lads, it is not through neglect
I court thee at a distance, but respect;
I cannot act, my passion is so great,
But I'll make up in light what wants in heat;
On thee I will bestow my longest days,
And crown thy sons with everlasting bays:
My beams that reach thee shall employ their powers
To ripen souls of men, not fruits or flowers.
Let warmer climes my fading favours boast,
Poets and stars shine brightest in the frost.

EPILOGUE TO MOLIERE'S TARTUFFE,

Translated by Mr. Medburne.

Spoken by Tartuffe.

MANY have been the vain attempts of wit,
Against the still prevailing hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play;
And Busy, rallying, arm'd with zeal and rage,
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage.
To laugh at English knaves is dangerous then,
While English fools will think them honest men:
But sure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur Ananias:
A man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and Papist,
That fix salvation to short band and hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a prayer;
That use "enjoy the Creature," to express
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenness;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you.
Whose fleshly failings are but fornication,
We godly phrase it "gospel-propagation,"
Just as rebellion was call'd reformation.
Zed stands but sentry at the gate of sin,
Whilst all that have the word pass freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of spies,
We march, and take Damnation by surprise.
There's not a roaring blade in all this town
Can go so far towards hell for half a crown
As I for six-pence, for I know the way;
For want of guides, men are too apt to stray:
Therefore give ear to what I shall advise,
Let every marry'd man that's grave and wise
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increase his family;
Who shall so settle lasting reformation,
And get his son, then give him education.

EPILOGUE,

ON THE

REVIVAL OF BEN JONSON'S PLAY, CALLED
"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

INTREATY shall not serve, nor violence,
To make me speak in such a play's defence;
A play, where wit and humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy
The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies,
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;
No captive prince from unknown country brought,
No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought:
And something yet more sharply might be said,
But I consider the poor author's dead:
Let that be his excuse—now for our own,
Why,—faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose this play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice but mere necessity:
To all our writing friends, in town, we sent,
But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:
Have patience but till Easter-term, and then,
You shall have jig and hobby-horse again.
Here's Mr. Matthew, our domestic wit*,
Does promise one o' th' ten plays he has writ:
But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,
Know, we have merits, and to them we trust
When any fasts, or holidays, defer
The public labours of the theatre,
We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
On ambling tit, to take the suburb air;
But with our authors meet, and spend that time
To make up quarrels between sense and rhyme.
Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,
Till after many a long and free debate,
For diverse weighty reasons 't was thought fit,
Unruly sense should still to rhyme submit:
This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
So strictly in his epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break—

[Enter Jonson's Ghost.]

Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak;
Can you encourage so much insolence,
And add new faults still to the great offence,
Your ancestors so rashly did commit,
Against the mighty powers of art and wit?
When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejusus, and my best-lov'd Catiline.
Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage,
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.

* Matthew Medburn, an eminent actor.

SONG

S O N G,

*Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the
night before an Engagement.*

I.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

III.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

IV.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd
With a fa, &c.

X.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

ON THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER,

Mistress to King James the second, 1680.

I.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way,
'To stop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canst thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I seen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
As wise philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

ON THE SAME.

I.

PROUD with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts,

THE

She swaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens hearts.

II.

Though she appear as glittering fine,
As gems, and jets, and paint can make her;
She ne'er can win a breast like mine;
The devil and Sir David * take her.

KNOTTING.

AT noon, in a sunshiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade:

Each slender finger play'd its part,
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her favourite swain, by chance, came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball:
But straight gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is 't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap;
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust you with my flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing trade;

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken maid.

THE ANTIQUATED COQUET.

A SATIRE ON A LADY OF IRELAND†.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree,
To give me back my liberty;

* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

† Supposed to be of the name of Clumbazil.

In spite of you, I must regain
My loss of time, and break your chain.
You were mistaken, if you thought
I was so grossly to be caught;
Or that I was so blindly bred,
As not to be in woman read.
Perhaps you took me for a fool,
Design'd alone your sex's tool;
Nay, you might think so mad a thing,
That, with a little fashioning,
I might in time, for your dear sake,
That monster call'd a husband make:
Perhaps I might, had I not found
One darling vice in you abound;
A vice to me, which e'er will prove
An antidote to banish love.
O! I could better bear an old,
Ugly, diseas'd, mis-shapen scold,
Or one who games, or will be drunk,
A fool, a spendthrift, bawd, or punk,
Than one at all who wildly flies,
And, with soft, asking, giving eyes,
And thousand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in berging hearts.
How might such wondrous charms perplex,
Give chains, or death, to all our sex,
Did she not so unwisely set,
For every fluttering fool her net!
So poorly proud of vulgar praise,
Her very look her thoughts betrays;
She never stays till we begin,
But beckons us herself to sin.
Ere we can ask, she cries consent,
So quick her yielding looks are sent,
They hope forestal, and ev'n desire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we should do;
Desire's asleep, and cannot wake,
When women such advances make:
Both time and charms thus Phyllis wastes,
Since each must surfeit ere he tastes.
Nothing escapes her wandering eyes,
No one she thinks too mean a prize;
Ev'n Lynch *, the lag of human kind,
Nearest to brutes by God design'd,
May boast the smiles of this coquet,
As much as any man of wit.
The signs hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch scarce more infest the land,
Though Egypt's locusts they outvie,
In number and voracity;
Whores are not half so plenty found,
In play-house, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-walks, or Whetstone's-park;
Careless less abound in Spark †;
Than with kind looks for all who come,
At bawdy-house, the Drawing-room:
But all in vain she throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:
Age has enerv'd her charms so much,
That fearless all her eyes approach;
Each her autumnal face degrades
With "Reverend Mother of the Maids!"

* A notorious debauchee.

† Elizabeth Spark, a noted courtesan.

But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
 Forgetting what her charms have done ;
 To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
 Teagueland her earliest charms did know :
 There first her tyrant beauties reign'd ;
 Where'er she look'd, she conquest gain'd.
 No heart the glances could repel,
 The Teagues in shoals before her fell ;
 And trotting bogs was all the art,
 The found had left to save his heart.
 She kill'd so fast, by my salvation,
 She near dispeopled half the nation :
 Though she, good soul, to save took care
 All, all she could from sad despair.
 From thence she hither came to prove
 If yet her charms could kindle love :
 But, ah ! it was too late to try,
 For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh :
 Yet though her eyes such conquests made,
 That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,
 Yet now her charms are so decay'd,
 She thanks each coxcomb that will deign
 To praise her face, and wear her chain.

So some old soldier, who had done
 Wonders in youth, and battles won,
 When feeble years his strength depose,
 That he too weak to vanquish grows,
 With mangled face and wooden leg,
 Reduc'd about for aims to beg,
 O'erjoy'd, a thousand thanks bestows
 On him who but a farthing throws.

S O N G

To Chloris, from the "BLIND ARCHER."

I.

Ah ! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
 And lay by those terrible glances ;
 We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
 Than to follow the rules of romances.

II.

When once your round bubbles begin but to pout,
 They'll allow you no long time of courting ;
 And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out ;
 For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

S O N G.

I.

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled
 too long,
 With Phyllis and Chloris in every song,
 By fools, who at once can both love and despair,
 And will never leave calling them cruel and fair ;
 Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express
 The truth that I know of bonny Black Bess.

II.

This Bess of my heart, this Bess of my soul,
 'Tis a skin white as milk, and hair black as a coal ;

She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her
 waist,
 But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd :
 Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest :
 But I know what I think, when I drink to the best.

III.

The plowman and 'squire, the arranter clown,
 At home she subdued in her paragon gown ;
 But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,
 And the proudest town gallants are forc'd to submit ;
 All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
 And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
 For she'd out-shine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all :
 If a lord should but whisper his love in a crowd,
 She'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud :
 Then the Queen, overhearing what Betty did say,
 Would send Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to those that have had my dear Bess in their arms,
 She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms ;
 And to every beauty can add a new grace,
 Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her pace ;
 And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,
 To kill us by looking as if she would die.

S O N G.

I.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys !

II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And the world think them wise,
 While I lie dying at her feet,
 And all the world despise.

III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in Court delights ;
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

IN gray-hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
 As mighty Lewis lay,
 She cry'd, If I have any charms,
 My dearest, let's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear !
 Hark ! how the drums do rattle !
 Alas, Sir ! what should you do here
 In dreadful day of battle ?

Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger's his diversion;
The wife will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When foes too faucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Put six good horses to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town or buy it;
Whilst you, great Sir, at Nôtre Dame,
Te Deum sing in quiet.

S O N G.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of Love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon,
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they had scarce a rag on.
Compell'd through want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin;
Which furly Strephon hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As will neither play nor spin.

S O N G.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

S O N G.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For though we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face.

Then where's the pleasure, where's the good,
Of spending time and cost?
For if your wit be n't understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

S O N G.

I.

PHYLLIS, for shame let us improve
A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love,
From many tedious days.

II.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

III.

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that top, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

IV.

False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and Ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

V.

But when the least regard I shew
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise!

S O N G.

I.

CORYDON beneath a willow,
By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
Thus address'd the charming maid.

II.

O! my Sacharissa tell
How could Nature take delight
That a heart so hard should dwell
In a frame so soft and white.

III.

Could you feel but half the anguish,
Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
You'd be kind as you are fair.

IV.

See the fire that in me reigns,
O! behold a burning man!
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can.

V.

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
Cry'd, with an insulting look,
Yes, I fain would quench your flame;
She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

T H E
P O E M S
O F
G E O R G E S T E P N E Y.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,
AND THE LADY ANNE*.

Circumvolantum blanda Cupidinum
Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
Dum favientis flagra dextræ
Chaonizæ metuant Columbæ.

Seu, ne jugales heu ! nimium pigros
Damnent Amantes, ocius, ocius
Impelle currum fortiori
Remigio volitans Olorum.

Junctum marinæ Pelea Conjugi †,
Senique junctam Cyprida Troico,
Delira ne jactet vetustas,
Connubio superata nostro :

Illustriori stemmate regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens ;
Virtute et Ænean Nepotes,
Viribus et superent Achillem.

Quin bellicosæ gloria Cimbriæ,
Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,
Ira, horror, et vultus minaces
In Dominæ turbulentur ulnis.

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."—"It is reported," says Dr. Johnson, "that the juvenile compositions of Stepney made grey authors blush. I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age. One cannot always easily find the reason for which the world has sometimes conspired to squander praise. It is not very unlikely that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote ; and the performances of youth have many favourers." The present poem is earlier than any one by Stepney hitherto printed ; and will therefore without doubt be acceptable to the publick. J. N.

† Mr. Addison has made a fine use of the same allusion, in his beautiful verses to Kneller—

"The troubled Ocean's Queen
Match'd with a Mortal, &c."

But he had the advantage of being able to add,

"—her short-liv'd darling son." J. DUNCOMBE.

Cessate lites ; spicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi ; libret et unicus,
Præbent puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus sagittas !

Quàm dulce vultu virgineo rubet
Pandora ! (quantum, dum rubet, allicit !)
Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam
Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis :
Nec non Tonantis pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacæna nunquam damna molestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ si puer huc vagus
Errâisset, arduos videret
Funere tergeminæ penates.

Flammæque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet ? quis timeret
Oenomai fremitum sequentis ?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò : fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuere tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites æstiori, et
Basilis superate conchas.

Cum dextra Cæli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britanniz
Oblita, et hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem aut secundum ;

Te, spes ruentis faustior imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves :
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris et os referant Puellæ.

GEORGIUS STEPNEY, Coll. Trin.

TO KING JAMES II.

Upon his Accession to the Throne, 1684-5.

AS victors lose the trouble they sustain
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven:
So when the Phoenix of our empire dy'd,
And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd;
Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
Mysterious fate, whose one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love!

May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse,
Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
Since stronger Hercules supports the state.
England no more shall pensive thoughts employ
On him she 'as lost; but him she has, enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,
Ceas'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the god.

On the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE'S burning
the DUKE of MONMOUTH'S PICTURE, 1685,
who was formerly their Chancellor—In Answer
to this Question,

“ — Sed quid
“ *Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit*
“ *Damnatus —*”

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the sage Vice Chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a liſtor
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
To save the image of the tall young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,
Lest it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.

Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuses,
Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James;
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, lest he get all the profit t' himself,
Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
Should gather from each noble Doctor a billet.
The kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a cheese in the parish of Cheddar;
VOL. II.

Confusedly crowd on the sophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the townsmen, their wives, and the
proctors.

While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale;
But Rosalin, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not see his fate,
With whom she 'ad danc'd a minuet so late.
The heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd fixscore pounds to the flames,
Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

AN EPISTLE

TO CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.
AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

On his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the critick in the friend;
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to business, and averse to rhymes,
And, to obey the man I love, in spite
Of the world's genius and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aspire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samson's riddle is that powerful song,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong;
The colours there so artfully are laid,
They fear no lustre, and they want no shade;
But shall of writing a just model give,
While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet since his every act may well inspire
Some happy rapture in the humblest Muse,
Though mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The King's the theme, and I've a subject's right. }
When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy,
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treason sure, to shew no zeal,
And not to write, is almost to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who would continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
Would sing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future glorious war;
And how two nations did with transport boast,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;

6 [G]

How

How the fair isle with rival passion strove,
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how she blest'd his way, yet sigh'd, and said:

Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.
O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd?
Should sinking nations summon you away,
Maria's love might justify your stay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your safety to the Gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
The Belgic state has rested long secure
Within the circle of thy guardian power;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in strength, can range the woods alone;
When to my arms they did the Prince resign,
I blest'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly should obey
His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway;
He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright;
One my defence, and t'other my delight:
Yet go—where honour calls the hero, go:
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do now;
Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword:
Again in Crecy let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:
While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
In honourable pleasure I possess
The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is blest'd,
Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
Through different regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;
While, by a pleasing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light:
So when your beams do distant nations cheer,
The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
Able alone my empire to sustain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign—
But why has fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
By all that fondness and that grief could say;
But soon did her pressing thoughts employ
On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
Fate call'd; the hero must his way pursue,
And her cries lessen'd as she there withdrew.

The winds were silent, and the gentle main
Bore an auspicious omen of his reign;

When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the cheerful Tritons play.
Each chose a different subject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praise:
Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this stream of virtue first began:
Others chose heroes of a later date,
And sung the * founder of the neighbouring state;
How daringly he tyranny withstood,
And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
Then to the two illustrious † brethren came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
And to the ‡ youth, whose pregnant hopes out-ran
The steps of time, and early shew'd the man;
For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the Phoenix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may rise,
So fate ordain'd the § parent soon should set,
To make the glories of his heir complete.

At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some sung his birth, and how discerning fate
Sav'd infant virtue against powerful hate;
Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that spread the more, the more with-held.
Some sung Senecæ, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himself a war alone;
And how his firmer courage did oppose
His country's foreign and intestine foes;
The lion he, who held their arrows close.
Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old;
How Saturn, swith'd with arbitrary power,
Design'd his lawful issue to devour;
But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
The black contrivance of the doating god;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'Twas Italy secur'd his frightened head,
And by his flight resign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier son.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne;
How on the wondering bank the hero stood,
Lavishly bold and desperately good:
Till fate, designing to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can save,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the sting,
Wounded the man, distinguishing the King.

'They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong.
And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song:
Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be spread;
No more may travellers desire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
Be or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme:
All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves, as those are in the sea.

* William.

† Maurice and Henry,

‡ William.

§ James II.

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
 And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore:
 Smooth was the liquid plain; the sleeping wind,
 More to the sea, than to it's master kind,
 Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
 Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
 But he, with a superior genius born,
 Treats chance with insolence, and death with scorn:
 Darknefs and ice in vain obstruct his way,
 Holland is near, and nature must obey;
 Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode,
 For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.

With eager transport Belgia met her son,
 Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
 Till, certain of her joy, she bow'd her head,
 Consecr'd her Lord, blest'd his return, and said:

If passion by long absence does improve,
 And makes that rapture, which before was love;
 Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
 And by my former pleasure measure this:
 Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
 Unequal to sustain the hero's praise;
 Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
 To represent your glories, or my heart:
 These humble emblems are design'd to show,
 Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
 Here from your childhood take a short review,
 How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you;
 How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
 And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her guide.
 What since has been our fate—I need not say,
 Ill mixing with the blessings of the day,
 Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
 Conquest was only there where he led on.
 Like the Palladium, wherefoe'er you go,
 You turn all death and danger on the foe.
 In you we but too sadly understood
 How angels have their spheres of doing good;
 Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
 And crown'd their daring courage with success,
 Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
 And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
 Like yours should be to time and place confin'd!
 But thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
 For thee our councils, thee our armies wait;
 Discording Princes shall with thee combine,
 And center all their interests in thine:
 Proud of thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
 As Rome her great Dictator did obey;
 And all united make a Gordian knot,
 Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut.

ON THE LATE

HORRID CONSPIRACY.

THE youth whose fortune the vast globe obey'd,
 Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
 And in his chariot by † vile hands oppress'd,
 With noble pity and just rage possess'd,
 Wept at his fall from so sublime a fate,
 And by the traitor's death reveng'd the late

* Alexander.

† Darius.

‡ Pallas.

Of majesty profan'd—so acted too
 The generous Cæsar, when the Roman knew
 A † coward King had treacherously slain,
 * * Whom scarce he foil'd on the Pharsalian plain;
 The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
 And the base author of the crime Jethron'd.
 Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
 Free from the servile arts of barbarous hate:
 They knew no foe but in the open field,
 And to their cause and to the god appeal'd.
 So William acts—and if his rivals dare
 Dispute his reign by arms, he'll meet them there,
 Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the scale,
 And lets the good, the just, and brave, prevail.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Upon the Death of his Son before Luxembourg.

HE's gone! and was it then by your decree,
 Ye envious powers, that we should only see }
 The copy of your own divinity?
 Oh thought ye it surpassing human state,
 To have a blessing lasting as 'twas great?
 Your cruel skill you better ne'er had shown,
 Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
 Such fostering favours to the damn'd are given,
 When, to increase their hell, you show them heaven.
 Was it too godlike, he should long inherit
 At once his father's and his uncle's spirit?
 Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breast,
 As the mild dame whose teeming womb he blest.
 If but all the favours Providence could give,
 Except its own prerogative to live;
 Reserv'd in pleasures, and in dangers bold,
 Youthful in action, and in prudence old:
 His humble greatness, and submissive state,
 Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
 One, who to all the heights of learning bred,
 Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.
 Round the wide globe scarce did the busy sun
 With greater haste and greater lustre run.
 True gallantry and grandeur he deserv'd,
 From the Frenchopperies, and German pride.
 And like the industrious bee, where'er he flew,
 Gather'd the sweets which on sweet blossoms grew.
 Babel's confused speeches on his tongue,
 With a sweet harmony and concord hung.
 More counsels than for Homer did contest
 Do strive who most were by his presence blest.
 Nor did his wisdom damp his martial fire,
 Minerva both her portions did inspire,
 Of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre. }
 So Cæsar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
 Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.

If God, as Plato taught, example takes
 From his own works, and souls by patterns makes,
 Much of himself in him he did unfold,
 And cast them in his darling Sydney's mold,
 Of too confin'd a substance to be old. }
 Both did alike disclaim an hero's rage
 Should come like an inheritance by age.

§ Ptolemy.

* * Pompey.

And himself.

Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
 Rays with the ivy, with their temples kist:
 Scorning to wait the slow advance of time,
 Both fell like early blossoms in their prime,
 By blind events, and Providence's crime.
 Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
 Obtain'd the conquest, in their overthrow;
 And longer life do purchase by their death,
 In fame compleating what they want in breath.
 Oh! had kind fate stretch'd the contracted span,
 To the full glories of a perfect man;
 And, as he grew, could every rolling year
 A new addition to our wonder bear,
 H' had paid to his illustrious line that stock
 Of ancient honor, which from thence he took.
 But oh!
 So hasty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
 Scorning the midwifery of ripening showers,
 In spite of frosts, spring from th' unwilling earth,
 But find a nip untimely as their birth:
 Abortive issues so delude the womb,
 And scarce have being, ere they want a tomb.

Forgive, my Lord, the Muse that does aspire
 With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
 Who each officious and unskilful sound
 Can with fresh torture but enlarge the wound.
 Could I, with David, curse the guilty plain,
 Where one more lov'd than Jonathan was slain;
 Or could I flights high as his merits raise,
 Clear as his virtue, deathless as his praise;
 None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
 Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
 With more devotion should enroll his name
 In the long-consecrated list of fame.
 But, since my artless and unhallow'd strain
 Will the high worth, it should commend, profane;
 Since I despair my humble verse should prove
 Great as your loss, or tender as your love;
 My heart with sighings, and with tears mine eye,
 Shall the defect of written grief supply.

A P O E M,

*Dedicated to the Blessed Memory of her late Gracious
 Majesty Queen Mary.*

ONCE more, my Muse,—we must an altar raise;—
 May it prove lasting, as Maria's praise;
 And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom,
 Rest ever silent, as Maria's tomb.

But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
 Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
 Where judgment lies in admiration lost,
 Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some angel, from your own, describe her frame,
 For sure your godlike beings are the same:
 All that was charming in the fairer kind,
 With manly sense and resolution join'd;
 A mien compos'd of mildness and of state,
 Not by constraint or affectation great;
 But form'd by nature for supreme command,
 Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's hand;
 Yet such her meekness, as half-veil'd the throne,
 Lest, being in too great a lustre shown,

It might debar the subject of access,
 And make her mercies and our comforts less.
 So Gods, of old, descending from their sphere
 To visit men, like mortals did appear:
 Lest their too awful presence should affright
 Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
 From her bright orb, diffusive like the sun,
 She did her healing influence display,
 And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
 Within the circle of her radiant day;
 Reliev'd not only those who bounty sought,
 But gave unask'd, and as she gave forgot;
 Found modest Want in her obscure retreat,
 And courted timorous virtue to be great.
 The Church, which William fav'd, was Mary's care,
 Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
 What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
 Who ever round the seat of mercy dwell;
 For here she would not have her goodness known,
 But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
 And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own.
 Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
 She should, alas! have been immortal too.

A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
 Assur'd our hopes she might be long obey'd,
 And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have seen
 The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
 Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
 As that bright pair which rules the heavenly sphere.

Grace and mild mercy best in her were shown,
 In him the rougher virtues of the throne;
 Of Justice she at home the balance held;
 Abroad, Oppression by his sword was quell'd;
 The generous lion, and the peaceful dove,
 The God of battle, and the Queen of love,
 Did in their happy nuptials well agree;
 Like Mars, he led our armies out; and she
 With smiles presid'd o'er her native sea.

Such too their meetings, when our Monarch came
 With laurels loaden, and immortal fame:
 As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
 Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms;
 Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
 And lay the reins of empire at his feet!
 With the same temper as the * Latian hind
 Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd;
 So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
 And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
 Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew;
 Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
 And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd;
 Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
 When in disguise he leaves his power above,
 And drowns all other attributes in love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
 Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
 Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
 Our joy while living, our despair now dead.

Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
 Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
 Of Sibyl's books, that volume which remain'd,
 The perfect value of the whole retain'd.

* Lucius Quintius.

When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His spirit doubled on his partner's head;
So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful senate with one voice combine
To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait:
But, when the vastness of thy grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away;
But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.

The bravest heroes have the softest mind,
Their nature's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart;
For a lost mistress, in despair he sate,
And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans slew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.

Still greater is thy loss,—be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.

She who on earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to heaven, shall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly shield,
Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.
Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both estates with Mary show;
And while above she triumphs, fight below.—
'Tis done—our Monarch to the camp returns,—
The Gallic armies fly—their navy burns,
And earth and seas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

AT Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,
Bearing her thunder to the southern skies;
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,
Inflames the region, and misguides the day;
Till the usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

AT dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mixt scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For memory those images retains,
Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chase they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.

The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord.
Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
But of all passions that our dreams control,
Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
For vigorous fancy and warm blood dispense
Pleasures so lively that they rival sense.
Such are the transports of a willing maid,
Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
Whom spies or some faint virtue forc'd to fly
That scene of joy, which yet she dies to try.
Till fancy bawds, and, by mysterious charms,
Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
And curses the returns of envious light.
In such blest dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
Which waking she detests, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
And in his airy visions cuckolds Jove.
Honors and state before this phantom fall;
For sleep, like death its image, equals all.

V E R S E S

*Imitated from the French of Monsr. Maynard, to
Cardinal Richlieu.*

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
My muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty,
The sports and smiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her smart conceits.

II.

Now (who'd have thought it once?) with pain
She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
But feebly runs through every vein,
And chills my brisk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And soon from fate I shall receive
A summons to the shades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghosts will round me come
To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,
Whilst the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retire to th' utmost realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With pensions every muse inspire;
Who Marlborough's conquests did pursue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But should some drolling spright demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
How like a coxcomb should I stand!
What would your Lordship have me say?

JUVENAL.

JUVENAL. SATIRE VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honorable and good actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the satire) to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The translator of this satire industriously avoided imposing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes: but finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who disgraced their ancestors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confined himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage; he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not used it but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

WHAT's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the fource our ancient blood?
To have our ancestors in print or stone,
Preserv'd as relics, or like monsters shewn?
The brave Æmili, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curi, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldering nose, that bears
Injurious scars, the sad effects of years;
And Galba grinning without nose or ears?
Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family betray,
And grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.

'Tis mere burlesque, that to our Generals praise
Their progeny immortal statues raise,
Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And steal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when these their ensigns did display.

Why should soft Fabius impudently let
His name gain'd by conquests to the Gallies set?

Why lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
Yet dares be base, effeminate and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built
Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
Whose tender limbs and polish'd skin disgrace
The grisly beauty of his manly race;
And who, by practising the dismal skill
Of poisoning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble sweet,
When his degenerate head by theirs is set.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
Challenge no wonder or esteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus, were;
And in thy consular, triumphal show,
Let these before thy father's statues go;
Place them before the ensigns of the state,
As choosing rather to be good than great.
Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me:
Rome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify so eminent a son.
With your blest name shall every region sound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
A new Osiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
By meaner acts the glories of their race;
Whose only title to our fathers' fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
A negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
Be call'd Europa; and a car may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or white'er
Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
Should thee just so with the mock titles greet
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and censure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
Who think your person second to divine,
Because descended from the Drusian line;
Though yet you no illustrious act have done,
To make the world distinguish Julia's son
From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
By the town wall, and for a living knits.
"You are poor rogues (you cry) the baser scum
And inconsiderable dregs of Rome;
"Who knows not from what corner of the earth
"The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his birth:
"Mine I derive from Cecrops"—May your Grace
Live and enjoy the splendor of your race!—
Yet of these base plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
Great senators, and honor to that gown:
Some at the bar with subtilty defend
The cause of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their stronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or those forces join
Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.

Wile you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
Though you resemble your great family
No more, than those rough statues on the road
(Which we call Mercenaries) are like that God:
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living statue, that of stone.

Great son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beast
For being of a race above the rest,
But rather meant his courage, and his force?
To give an instance—We commend a horse
(Without regard of pasture or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his speed;
Who wins most plates with greatest ease, and first
Prints with his hoofs his conquests on the dust.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last
Prove jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
No favour for the stallion we retain,
And no respect for the degenerate strain;
The worthless brute is from New-Market brought,
And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
First, Sir, some honor of your own acquire;
Add to that stock which justly we bestow
On those blest shades to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
Whose swelling veins (if we may credit fame)
Burst almost with the vanity and pride
That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour's likely; for "We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

But Ponticus, I would not you should raise
Your credit by hereditary praise;
Let your own acts immortalise your name;
" 'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

Be a good foldier, or upright trustee,
An arbitrator from corruption free.
And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he'd have you swear,
Be not so profligate, but rather chuse
To guard your honor, and your life to lose,
Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
Virtue the noblest cause for which you're made.

"Improperly we measure life by breath;
"Such do not truly live who merit death;"
Though they their wanton senses nicely please
With all the charms of luxury and ease;
Though mingled flowers adorn their careless brow,
And round them costly sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral state were laid,
And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.

When you the province you expect, obtain,
From passion and from avarice refrain;
Let our associates poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,

Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay;
And what the Senate shall command, obey.
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how those fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and Capito may winnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the States decree,
For robbing the Cecilians, though they
(Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey.
But what avails the rigour of their doom?
Which cannot rescue violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miserable province ease,
Since what one plunderer left, the next will seize.

Clerippus then, in time yourself bethink,
And what your rats will yield by auction, sink;
Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
Of wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subdued,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accrued;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasures did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
Motion and warmth; and statues taught to live:
Some Polycletus', some Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' master-piece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
These Antony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for these did sacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed;
Yet left this provident design succeed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both stallion and his pasture prey.
Their rapine is so abject and profane,
They not from trifles nor from Gods refrain;
But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
If they be little images that please.
Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greatest, nay, they're all that's left.

Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
For how can fops thy tyranny control,
"Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul."
Eat trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Schwartz, France; thy gripes from those restrain,
Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain,
And send us plenty, while our wanton day
Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play

For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeeze'd.

But, above all, "Be careful to with-hold
"Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
"Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
"For, though your violence should leave them bare
"Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
"And will avenge the wrongs which they sustain;
"The plunder'd still have arms——."

Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honor you attend;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all assizes and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your justice and your fame will pay.)
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please:
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the Gods withstood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain;
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax;
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;
"For still more public scandal vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends."

How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
In the same temple which your grandfire built;
Making his statue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy masquerade are led,
Muffled by night, to some polluted bed.

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers peaceful ashes sleep;
Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
And (though a consul) links himself the wheel:
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon sees, and every smaller light
Pries as a witness of the shameful sight.
Nay when his year of honor's ended, soon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet:
And when his fel'ow-beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
To no clean goddess he directs his prayers,
But by Hippona most devoutly swears,

Or some rank deity, whose filthy face
We suitably o'er stinking stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night,)
A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Presents him essence, while his courteous host
(Well knowing nothing by good-breeding's lost)
Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
Such as "My King, my Prince," at least "My Lord;"
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
Gueesses his meaning, and uncoils the flask.
Some, friends to vice, industriously defend
These innocent diversions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that when young we did the same.
I grant we did, yet when that age was past,
The frolic humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the crime:
What's foul in acting, should be left in time.
'Tis true, some faults, of course, with childhood end,
We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.

But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives in Cæsar's to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let."
Should any desperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port;
"But where's the general? where does he resort?"
Send to the sutler's; there y' are sure to find
The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and sailors;
Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors;
With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with processions,
Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all professions,
A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
One flaggon walks the round, that none should think
They either change, or stint him of his drink:
And, lest exceptions may for place be found,
Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, yourself might do,
Should any slave so lewd belong to you?
No doubt, you'd send the rogue in fetters bound
To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we esteem in coblers base,
Would the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples, yet we find
(To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind;
Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
Fluttering with coach and six about the town,
Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he must (since his estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:

And

And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.
Nor would I their vile insolence acquit,
Who can have patience, nay diversion, sit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought.
But that their lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their shows.

Yet say, the stage and lists were both in sight,
And you must either choose to act, or fight;
Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
That a rank coward basely would escape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king:
After such pranks, the world itself at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
There you'll find Gracchus (from patrician) grown }
A fencer and the scandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modest helmet he disdains to wear;
As Retarius he attacks his foe;
First waves his trident ready for the throw,
Next casts his net, but neither level'd right, }
He stares about expos'd to public fight,
Then places all his safety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband shew his quality.
Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to express our mind,
There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
But will own, Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell:
To expiate whose complicated guilt,
With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
Rome should more serpents, apes, and facks provide,
Than one for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true, Orestes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact:
He slew his mother at the gods' command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his hand;
To punish falsehood, and appease the ghost
Of his poor father treacherously lost,
Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful soul.
Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or sung upon a public stage;
Never on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raise his fancy higher,
And finish the great work, set Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treason just, and might compel
Virginus, Vindex, Otho, to rebel;

VOL. II.

For what could Nero's self have acted worse
To aggravate the wretched nation's curse?

These are the blest endowments, studies, arts,
Which exercise our mighty Emperor's parts;
Such frolics with his roving genius suit,
On foreign theatres to prostitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parsley-crown,
Let this triumphal chaplet find some place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domiti's statues shall be laid
The habit and the mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyestes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar shall be hung
The lute to which the Royal Madman sung.

Who, Catiline, can boast a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
To set your houses and our gods on fire.
(An enterprize which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not sons of Rome,
To recompence whose barbarous intent
Pitch'd shirts would be too mild a punishment).
But Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe;
Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
The lowly native of a country town
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal share to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium, or the plain
Of Thebilly, discolour'd by the slain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius (another consul we admire)
In the same village born, first plow'd for hire;
His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
His surly officer ne'er failed to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew
(Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
Only a second laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.

From a mean stock the pious Decii came,
Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
The last good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he those robes of empire justly bore,
Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore:

Nicely he gain'd, and well possess the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd,
The consuls sons (who, for their country's good,
And to enhance the honour of their blood,
Should have asserted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done
Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his own ;
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power :
Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid ;
Who therefore for their treason justly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to sustain a ten years war ;
Though foul Therites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach ;
You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken jails ;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
But a poor shepherds boy, or something worse.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

DEAR Molly, why so oft in tears ?
Why all these jealousies and fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder ?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nantz ;
Ye ladies like such plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he fights
For thee in lousy cabin :
And though the Captain's Chloe cries,
" 'Tis I, dear Bully, prythee rise " —
He will not let the drab in.

III.

But she, the cunning jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female bounties :
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows he shall be dubb'd a knight,
When she is made a countess.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their liveries stripp'd ;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge

With links, because they would not drudge
To save their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all such love-adventures :
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Christian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair ! (who does not Bellair know ?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out, he loves you dearly :
And many a nymph attack'd with sighs,
And soft impertinence and noise,
Full oft has beat a parley.

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous serenade,
Soon from the window rate him :
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

VERSES immortal as my bays I sing,
When suited to my trembling string :
When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleasing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
Still does Stesichorus's tongue
Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every verse does flow ;
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did ensnare ;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to desire.
Not only skilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A subject fit for lasting poetry ?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own ?
Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering state ?
No ; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As silent as their grave,
Because no charitable poet gave
Their well-deserv'd immortality.

III.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.

But I will lay my music by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie;
Unless my songs begin and end with you,
To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due.
No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.

Should fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.

Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honesty despise

What all the meaner world so dearly prize;

Nor does your virtue disappear,

With the small circle of one short-liv'd year:

Others, like comets, visit and away;

Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,

But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, Man:
Bridle their passions and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven;
Who, in a fix'd unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING
VERSE FROM LUCAN.

"Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Cato."

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unheeded let her praise or blame;
As whimsies guide the gossip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow the crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow all her spite she rallies,
And votes the victor to the galleys.

Nor in her visits can she spare
The reputation of the fair.
For instance:—Chloe's bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning toast;
Lean hectic sparks abandon'd bosom,
And in beer-glasses pledg'd to Chloe:

What fops of figure did she bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring?
While nymphs of quality look sullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.
Blest charmer she, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miss's toilet came;
Where in the gally-pots she spy'd
Lilies and roses, that defy'd
The frost of age, with certain pickles
They call—Cosmetics for the freckles:
Away she flew with what she wanted,
And told at Court that Chloe painted.

"Then who'd on common Fame rely,
"Whose chief employment's to decry?
"A coggng, fickle, jilting female,
"As ever ply'd at six in the Mall;
"The father of all fibs begat her
"On some old newfman's faulty daughter."

O Captain! Taisez-vous—'twere hard
Her novels ne'er should have regard:
One proof I'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will disbelieve.

When Phœbus sent her to recite
The praises of the most polite,
Whose scenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the British stage;
Then she, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakespeare join'd;
And, speaking as the God directed,
The praise she gave was unsuspected.

THE SPELL*.

WHENEER I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
And I'm predestin'd to the snare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;
And twiveling him, said, Youth, be wise,
Ask not impossibilities:
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:
How'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
Their beauty's but a SPELL, to bring
A lever to th' enchanted ring;
Ere the sick pulser is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,

* This poem, with a few alterations, is to be found
in Fenton, under the title of "The Platonic Spell."

The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem to suck her springing soul—
These, and the rest, you doated on,
Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The SPELL dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

E L E G Y

UPON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

FROM OVID.

IF Memnon's fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her son's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals' sorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now despairs of conquering hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts;
Eases his useless bows from idle strings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, rest,
And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.
Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loss the boy did move;
Like passions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddess more,
More swells her eyes, than when the savage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.

Poets large souls heaven's noblest stamps do bear,
(Poets, the watchful angels darling care :)
Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without respect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus, nor the Muses' queen, could give
Their son, their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' skill,
Tam'd wondering beasts, and Death's more cruel will.
Linus' sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
In silence forc'd to let their master die.
Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in sweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame,
His works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay,
Worship their sleeping Deities: yet Death
Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath.
To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go, frantic poet, with delusions fed,
Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
Now the sweet master of your art is dead.

What can we hope? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on temples, and their gods defy.
Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His mother weeping does his eye-lids close,
And on his urn tears, her last gift, bestows.
His sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.

With those, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
Thus Delia spoke (when sighs no more could last)
Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;
"When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
"I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
"I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
"And kept alive, till age, his active fire."
To her then Nemesis (when groans gave leave),
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
"Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
"About my neck his dying arms did twine;
"I snatch'd his soul, which true to me did prove:
"Age ended yours, death only stopp'd my love."

If any poor remains survive the flames,
Except thin shadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
There shall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart:
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
Such shall our poet's blest companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my strict commands,
Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Englisch'd from a Greek Idyllium.

BRIGHT Star! by Venus fix'd above
To rule the happy realms of love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far out-shine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.

Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

T H E
P O E M S
O F
J O H N P H I L I P S.

MR. PHILIPS'S DESIGNED DEDICATION

T O

T H E S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G.

TO W. BROME, ESQ. OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

IT would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time, mottoes, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were first ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bently. Let us therefore at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem. Especially since in this age Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one, is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good christians; some to their book-fellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! but while I talk so much of other mens patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, Sir, are a person more tender of other mens reputation than your own; and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shewed to my fingers ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language, the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me

me

me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog. Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprize to the reader. What shall I say of the similes, that are so full of geography, that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinary quaint and well chosen that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, say, *Avia Pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money, and was finished when he had the misfortune at a virtuous lady's house to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

And humble servant,

J. P H I L I P S.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

*"Sing, heavenly Muse!
"Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.*

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In filken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wistheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fum'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The cauld eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, intangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with evenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite; and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow tree.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite deburr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

B L E N H E I M.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muse
Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain awhile
Thy ear, O Harley! * (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counsels) since, with every art
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muses' seat:
Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yoke

* This poem was inscribed to the Right Honorable Robert Harley, Esq. 1705, then Speaker of the Honorable House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeer
Lash'd furious; they in fullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load; nor less he aim'd
At universal sway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly essay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores:
So stood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
All white with summer's snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor small
Encouragement: Godolphin, wife and just,
Equal in merit, honor, and success,
To Burleigh (fortunate alike to serve
The best of Queens): he, of the royal store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends; and to the British host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wisht approach
The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New-activated rouse; not more rejoice
The miserable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumb'd with frosts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!
When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honor next, although
His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in fair-divided lands
Victorious; on thy powerful sword alone
Germania and the Belgic coast relies,
Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illustrating the noble list; her hand
Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
Immediate sieges, and the tire of war,
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumed crest
Nods horrible; with more terrific port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests, then did Albion hope
From thy achievements! yet thou hast surpass

Her

Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
 Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
 Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
 Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
 From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
 Jovial his mate bespoke: O friend, observe
 How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
 The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
 Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant force; how will their bodies strip
 Enrich the victors, while the vultures face
 Their maws with full repast!—Another, warm'd
 With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
 What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
 Of base antagonists, with griding edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
 Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
 Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
 Confound and appal'd! no trivial price
 Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
 To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
 Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
 And menaces express; nor could their prince
 In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
 Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
 Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid
 Your easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
 Safe of access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
 A furious lion to his folds! That boast
 He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
 He soon revisits Britany, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretch'd retinue girt,
 And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,
 If any arm, but Churchill's had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
 Of cowardice; the military mound
 The British files transcend, in evil hour
 For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
 And now on either side the trumpets blew,
 Signal of onset, resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
 The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
 Collecting all their might; for on th' event
 Decisive of this bloody day depends
 The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
 The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
 Cæsar, and Pompey, on Pharalian plains,
 Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
 Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
 Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
 Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
 Bold champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
 Best-temper'd steel, successful prov'd in field!
 Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
 Presumptuous comes; here Churchill, not so prompt
 To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
 With Eugene's Cerman force. Now from each
 The brazen instruments of death discharge
 Horrific flames, and turbid streaming clouds
 Of smoke sulphureous; intermixt with these
 Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
 Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
 Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly

Vol. II.

By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
 Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
 Th' ensanguin'd field: with latent mischief stor'd
 Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
 Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
 And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust;
 A thousand ways at once the silver'd orbs
 Fly diverse, working torment, and soul rout
 With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
 Disdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhoofed wounds destroy'd.

Thus through each army death in various shapes
 Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
 Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
 Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
 Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
 Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
 Of drums, o'ercome their groans. In equal scale
 Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were seen,
 None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
 Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
 Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
 Long undecided lasts the airy strife:
 So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
 The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose his slaughtering arm; with speed
 Precipitant he rode, urging his way
 O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
 Rolling in death: destruction, grim with blood,
 Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd,
 Descrying from afar, some engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
 By one nice shot to terminate the war.
 With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
 But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
 Beneath his courser; round his sacred head
 The glowing balls play innocent, while he
 With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
 Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
 Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
 Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
 Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
 Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
 Awaits; this day of all his honors gain'd
 Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
 Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
 So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
 To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift, and fierce
 As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce
 The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
 He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
 With headless ranks (so Ajax interpos'd
 His sevenfold shield, and screen'd Laertes' son,
 For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
 When the insulting Trojans urg'd him fore
 With tilted spears): unmanly dread invades
 The French astonish'd; strait their useless arms
 They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
 Unseemly yelling; distant hills return

The hideous noise. What can they do? or how
 Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or where
 Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
 Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
 Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
 His current swift, the Danube vast and deep,
 Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach,
 New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
 Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
 To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
 Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
 On the firm land; the rest, discomfited,
 And push'd by Marlborough's avenging hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
 Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery
 That swell'd the Erythraean wave, when wail'd
 The unfroze waters marvellously flood,
 Observant of the great command. Upborne
 By frothy billows thousands float the stream
 In cumbrous mail, with love of further shore;
 Considering in their hands, that sed'ulous strive
 To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew
 Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
 Sustain: vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
 By a fierce eddy, they together found
 The vast profundity; their horses paw
 The swelling surge with fruitless toil: furcharg'd
 And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
 The river flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingering remnant with unusual tide;
 Then rolling back, in his concarious lap
 Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
 So when some sweltering travellers retire
 To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
 Of Paraba, Brazilian stream; her tail
 Of vast extension from her watery den,
 A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
 Indisious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
 Embracing horribly, at once the crew
 Into the river whirls: th' unwitting prey
 Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
 To gull their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
 In the moist element a scorching death,
 Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
 The current flows, with livid missive flames
 Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
 Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
 Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
 The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
 Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
 Into the deep immense, that many a league
 Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distained.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
 Mighty in conflict, rescued harass'd powers
 From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
 Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
 Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long defer'd
 The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
 An host disparted; when in union firm
 Embod'd they advanc'd, collecting all
 Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdued:

He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
 Down to the realms of Night. The British souls,
 (A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
 Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
 Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
 Not so the new inhabitants: they roam
 Erroneous, and disconsolate; themselves
 Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
 Of military chance; when lo! they see,
 Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
 Two lovely youths, that amicably walked
 O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
 Anna's late conquests; * one, to empire born,
 Egregious Prince, whose manly childhood shew'd
 His mingled parents, and portended joy
 Unspeakable; † thou, his associate dear
 Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
 Should'st Churchill be! but Heaven severe cut short
 Their springing years, nor would this life should boast
 Gifts so important! them the Gallic shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
 Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
 And corresponding features fear; to them
 Confusion! flit the airy phantoms fleet,
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit.
 The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O Muse: the sadly-pleasing theme
 Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
 To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
 The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
 Hark! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crowds
 From every city flow; with ardent gaze
 Fixt, they behold the British Guide, of fight
 Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
 How Prussia's King transported entertains
 His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
 Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
 Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
 Unhappy Pallas) and intrusts to shew
 The skill and rudiments austere of war.
 See, with what joy, his Leopold declares
 His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
 Of titles, with superior modesty
 Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
 Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair, and fear,
 Now first he feels; his laurels all at once
 Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
 Distract his soul! nor can great Voltaire's harp
 Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
 With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
 Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
 Torment the Bosian prince? from native soil
 Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
 Of weeping comfort, and depriv'd the sight

* Duke of Gloucester. † Marquis of Blandford.

Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? encountering fierce
The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering steadfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant, ill-aspiring heart.
Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men, that war'd still firmly for their prince
Though faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd;
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well fence'd and numerous, desolation reigns,
And emptiness, dismay'd, unseel, unhous'd;
The widow and the orphan stroll around
The desert wide; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene,) bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime,
Stain'd in sad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.

Thrice happy Albion! from the world dijoin'd
By Heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choicest gift.
Remote thou hearest the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clations, other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
From different climes the flower of youth descends,
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic or Austrian; havoc dire ensues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the hoarse voice of war unheard
On the mild Lesbian shore: what toils and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
His cleaving falchion! fertile soil in vain!
What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, clouded
With olives, where the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harvest immature?
See, with what outrage from the rocky north,
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battalious array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in chargy armour clut,
Her borderers; on mutual slaughter bent,

They rend their countries. How is Poland vext
With civil broils, while two closted kings
Content for sway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! The English, undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submit obey
Whom Heaven ordains supreme, with reverence due,
Not thralldom, in full liberty secure:
From scepter'd kings, in long descent deriv'd,
Thou, Anna, rulest; prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right
Sole arbitress, declining thrones and powers
Sue for relief: thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' assert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navies impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, dissolv'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! refer'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
No prime subsides his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
Hesperian, Coine, by Alcides fixt,
Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours' lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right, and quell the force
Of kings peridious; let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,
Subduest regions, generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms, secure
Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant empires, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd; still thou (for thou alone
Sustains't) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Receivest ruinous; say who
Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
By thy decree! the troubling lands shall hear
Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
Their stubborn neck, and Churchill, in his wrath,
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thou still the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy power, and justice; jealousies and Fears,
And late internal broils, shall retire
To darkness, or the Ractian coasts,
Or Tartary, engendering disorders still
Amongst the enemies of truth, while arts
Purify, and inviolable love,
Abound in Europe. Hail, Saturnian day!

Returning!

Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!

Thus, from the noisy world exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural feat
Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge*, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell: but when return'd
Consummate Peace shall rear her chearful head;
Then shall his Churchill, in sublimer verse,
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a Chief to fight, and Bard to sing.

O D E

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O Qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et fauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidæque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quæ cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit Venufinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiæque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebrorum; sed nec amanti
Nec charus æquæ. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut tæque et tua munera
Gratus recorder, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

* He was then Secretary of War.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè spiritus, illa
Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
Tuffis agens sine more pectus.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
Distillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo salutem; quin precor, optima
Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus infidet!
Tu forte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

A N

O D E

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQUIRE, 1706.*

O Thou, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb † prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I suck new life into my soul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain;
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian fons and nearer skies.

O! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, shall I bring?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me sing!
In numbers Phæbus does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was translated by the Reverend Thomas Newcomb, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

† Tobacco.

Aloft, above the liquid ſky,
I ſtretch my wing, and ſain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwain did whilom fly;
And ſouring, left the clouds below;
The Muſe invoking to endure
With ſtrength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chooſe, the ſubject of his lays,
The bluſhing grape, or blooming roſe:
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky ſprings
Mæcenas liſtens while he ſings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boaſt,
His Muſe or muſic to inſpire,
Though all Falernum's purple coaſt
Flow'd in each glaſs, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich Chio's iſle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the paſſion to refrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And laſt in Phœbus' humble train,
The firſt and brighteſt genius ſing.
The Muſes favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languish as I ſing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd, and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring!
Thy pitying caſks my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in every vein.

The ſober glaſs I now behold,
Thy health, which fair Francisca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe, and thou canſt love.

Thus while by you the Britiſh arms
Triumphs and diſtant fame purſue;
The yielding Fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles!
Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells!
Not Love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor Venus ſelf ſo much excels.
What different fates our paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair!

* Maria's form as I ſurvey,
Her ſmiles a thouſand wounds impart;
Each feature ſteals my ſoul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart!
And chancing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet, for the lov'd relentleſs Fair,
By night I wake, by day I burn!
Nor can thy gifts, ſoft Sleep, ſupply,
Or ſooth my pains, or cloſe my eye.

C Y D E R.
A P O E M,
I N T W O B O O K S.
“*Honus erit huic quoque Pomo?*” VIRG.
B O O K I.

WHAT ſoil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchards, timeliſt when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verſe
Adventurous I preſume to ſing; of verſe
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious: but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unſung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and faireſt dames,
To whom propitious Heaven theſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence diſdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Moſtyn, whoſe benevolence,
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip, growing ſtill with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect; that, when this body frail
Is molder'd into duſt, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!

Who'er expects his labouring trees ſhould bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blaſts
Tempeſtuous, and cold Eurus' ripping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the weſt
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Adminiſter their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the weſt, whoſe gentle warmth
Diſcloſes well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender ſeeds; whoſe breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and waſts their odors ſweet
Wide through the air, and diſtant ſhores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in ſprinkling ſhowers
Diſtil, from the high ſummits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moiſture cheer'd,

* Miſs Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal
of Brazen-Noſe College, Oxon.

The

The Orchards smile ; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and blest the heavenly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore ;
To what adapted, what it thuns averſe :
Without this neceſſary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, moſt ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce ; pleaſing to fight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed : ſo oft we ſee
Men paſſing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate ; leſs, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the ſable ground expect ſucceſs,
Nor from cretaceous, ſtubborn and jejune ;
The Muſt, of pallid hue, declares the ſoil
Devoid of ſpirit ; wretched he, that quiffs
Such wheyiſh liquors ; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs diſtreſs'd he'll roar,
And toſs, and turn, and curſe th' unwholſome draught.
But, farmer, look where full-ear'd ſheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that ſoil ſelect
For apples ; thence thy induſtry ſhall gain
Ten-fold reward ; thy garner, thence with ſtore
Surcharg'd, ſhall buſt : thy preſs with pureſt juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy ſilencing tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, ſuch Dantzey in ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel ſuch,
Willſon Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marſh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd ſeat
Of Mercian Off he invited came,
To treat of ſpouſals : long connubial joys
He promis'd to himſelf, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty ; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes—oh ! hardeſt fate, to fail
By ſhew of friendſhip, and pretended love !

I nor adviſe, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcleſy-hill ; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold : yet 'tis unſafe to truſt
Deceitful ground : who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his preſent ſite
Forſaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter ſtrange
For law-debates * ? if therefore thou incline
To deck this riſe with fruits of various taſtes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore ſucceſs ;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering gleebe.

But if (for Nature doth not ſhare alike
Her gifts) an happy ſoil ſhould be withhold ;

* February the ſeventh, 1571, at fix o'clock in the evening, this hill rouſed itſelf with a roaring noiſe, and by ſeven the next morning had moved forty paces ; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it ſheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its paſſage overthrew Kinnatſon Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former poſition. The ground thus moved was about twenty-fix acres, which opened itſelf, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards ſpace, leaving that which was paſture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overſpread with paſture. See Speed's Account of Herefordſhire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

If a penurious clay ſhould be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with ſandy ſtones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil ; the ſturdy pear-tree here
Will riſe luxuriant, and with toughelt root
Pierce the obſtructing grit, and reſſive marle.
Thus nought is uſeleſs made ; nor is there land,
But what, or of itſelf, or elſe compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The ſhepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the moſſy turf,
Sufficient ; after them the cackling goole,
Cloſe-grazer, finds wherewith to eaſe her want.
What ſhould I more ? Ev'n on the clifſy height
Of Penſenmear, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from aſir the traveller kens
Atoniſh'd, how the goats their ſhrubby browze
Gnaw pendent ; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee,
How from a ſeraggy rock, whoſe prominence
Hill overſhades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pumper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabord ; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human uſe redound,
And penury, the worſt of ills, remove ?

There are, who, fondly ſtudioſ of increaſe,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Beſmear the roots ; in vain ! the nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with ſofter earth :
But when the alien compoſt is exauſt,
It's native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails, deſpond not ; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' induſtrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
And darts his fultrieſt beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhausted ſap recruiting ; elſe falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal ſeaſon, but, in ſummer's pride,
When other orchards ſmile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven, that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire ; ſweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reſiſt, to allay
Thiſt inextinguiſhable : but if the ſpring
Preceding ſhould be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeprentrional with bruſhing wings
Sweep up the ſmoky miſts, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals ! Titan then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys ;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near ; grim Death in different ſhapes
Depopulates the nations ; thouſands fall
His victims ; youths, and virgins, in their flower.

Reluctant

Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sudden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men!) ingulf'd
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounted, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aërial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of Kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
'Till all-subduing Lethan arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submissive,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, or ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose; had not the heavenly Powers averse
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst; Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud exploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train alope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowering sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect!
Yet some to fates repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate

The thronging populace with loud slides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the racking town
Supplants their footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds
Insult, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurld high above the clouds: till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, five coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race: which, as he breaks
The clotted globe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She wither'd stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles for her, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-father's blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devils' Mute,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent, to observe, what passions reign
In various places (not not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness; but with amorous twine
Clasp the tall Elm: the Persian Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons), and inhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirstly Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close-neighbouring: th' Herefordian plant
Caressees freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-refusing Palm, and likes
To approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem;
Uneasy, seated by funeral Yeugh,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful grafts.

Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice should
froth?
Respect thy orchards; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A Cyon meetly sever: after, force
A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down run th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.

What!

Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
It's feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cyder-plants find passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' infix'd grass, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others sifter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? how'er, what loss
To try the powers of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear;
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particular'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Rhipæan race
Mimic brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' hardest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe
The Indian weed*, unknown to ancient times.
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shews, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Frick their mansions in the harden'd milk,

* Tobacco.

Wonderful artists! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'st thou know? how first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchard every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule,
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offspring, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion: else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unpress Cyder drink.

No nest, no nest : on thee it lies,
 With dewy and with evening hand to rid
 The greivous reptile : nor, if wile, wilt thou
 Deceive the labour, which itself rewards
 With pleasing gain, while the warm limbeck draws
 Salubrious waters from the moist brood.

Myriads of wifely now-also clattering bang,
And drun a found a : grey from the grove,
Their winter-fied : though on a pul'd, again
They rally, and dim w'd : has found with eye
Enforce the perfume swarms : the every bough
Bear frequent visit : progress with the dross
Of Maple, or Meum, or Treacle without juice ;
They, by the Haring odor, train, in the
Fly to the dulcet ones, and crowding up
Their little hump : a val thou Tice
The clumsy furler of over-crowns with tribes
Of greenish insects, that with humble fall
Flap busy pennons of, to exultate
Their legs, in liquid in skies bound, till forth
Down a show of their warble's tails : such doom
Warts hurry, and howls law of gain !

Hence or thence, as if from external force,
 Lush life will prevail: a ramp air,
 And a new winter, to the centre pierce
 The first of hours, and be unfolded, say
 The present will live on, then the grub
 Outward will intrude the vital core,
 Patient, but strong, and her secret give
 Fullness, life, and, pressing on the pulp
 Cast the form of life the pulse outward form
 Out of life she will lead forth beguiled,
 Till, when writhen in pain, and feathering noise,
 Her life, the bitter noise, and rest, she
 Dashed life, not with left surprise, than when
 Full of her wings with flying banners pass
 Through flowerly meads and glades, nor doubt
 The falling surmise; with the cavern'd ground,
 With grain insensate fold, by sudden blaze
 Burns first, and involve the layer of war,
 In grey whirls; full of vict'ry thoughts,
 Torn and dismembered, they then expire.

Now turn thine eye to that Arabian grove,
The palace of the thousand mile, from whence,
Gilding the face of the boundless deep,
To telephium precious sails are lent;
The Purple banish'd, or with gold, the Maple
Of sunset honeyed reds, the fair Persian
Temper'd, like a comely nymph, with red and white,
Solomon deck'd himself with a growth
Deceiv'd; said the Sabeys: lo, thou find
Thou Apple to triumph, if to the name
Is meant no others, no where hast thou find
A wiser or more mild, or landable of taste.
Hee does the first best desert thee care,
Thou art the best, when winter'd art, intrencht
In many a narrow, aptly represents
Deceiv'd he; nor that from Harvey nam'd,
O'er his lining; why should we wing the Thrush,
Or lull the wren, or any other simplest sort
Of our nation, or the Country with thy work,
To make in every walk a way with
Thy wits, thy wit, with a hand of art
And a requit, with a hand of art.

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Is not content'd, yet her wife-laureling arms
Held foreign thy mansion from the fervent Dog-
Averse to life; the wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the driving onset, and controls their rage.
Oh! thy the Celibury, whose large bosom's
Ann'd, in sumptuous banquet claim applaus'.
Thrice-acceptable beverage! could I but
Subdue the flaming lee, Pomona's Gift
Would brand thy profit, and turn the dubious stile.
Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet I enjoy,
At once her fruit, and hospitable shade!

But low with equal numbers shall we match
The Nigger's surging wrath; that effort gives
Sure hopes or easy wins, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, lends the fireside's boughs
With Fudge and juicy off spring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold cyder and mild;
Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, undisciplin'd,
Of no regard, till Scudmore's selfish hand
Improv'd her, and by courtesy all's pine
Tender her the foreign nature to forget;
Hence yield the Scudmorean plant, and win
Whoever falls, let him with grateful heart
Rejoice that such a loyal Southerner, and win
The nobler part, that new transfus'd our hopes
In early youth, his country's justest pride,
Uninstructed by, and heal her evil.

[illegible]

10-10-68

The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly overcomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirty hind
Transporting prospect! here, as modern use
Ordains, inus'd, an autumn drink compose,
Wholesome, of dearest fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Of intercal'd occur, and both in bliss
Firing congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fecund moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unmitable, whose tops
To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the loving hand
Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily enterchang'd, with rich variety
Pleading; as when an Emerald green, enclas'd
In shiny gold, from the bright mine acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
(Mount of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With capious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweeting perfumes fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sovran sway
Arms the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bithynians
Their burden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Tricolus' head
Vie with our siffon odds? or the fleece
Fracic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemnos's silken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Caesar, found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Cressy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures vigour unwithstood
Could do in sight, and chiefly what
Brydees' wife-wielding hand, first garter'd Knight,
Possess'd author of great Chanda's stem,
High Chendos, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
To his noble offspring. O thrice-happy peer!
Thou, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with generous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise Senate, and attention win
In deepest council: Arcosium pleas'd,
Hear, as her chief worthy, first salutes
Him on th' English, on the Celtic shore,
Him hoody Britons bless; his faithful hand
Carries new counsels from afar, nor more
The General's conduct, than his care avails.

Thou also, glorious branch of Cecily's line,
Thy country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Albanian calls: yet the Indura
Went thy obedience, since thy prudent choice

Has fix'd thee in the Muses' sacred seat,
Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts infills
Of true nobility, their country's love,
Chief end of life, and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to Darleight's fame.

Hail, high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of art,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hammer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy nurs'd offspring; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Progenous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hail, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to Peasant's spotless fame,
To Bensons, in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, or kindly lights
Falsely aspersers, in him entering meet
Their glorious virtue, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, undaken honor, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient birth! exulting, then,
In her fair list this happy land incalls.
Who can refuse tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In eild days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests; whose board with plenty crown'd,
Revives the fast-river old; meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shines the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, chauntress, look
To blaze in what though hid will be useful thing,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

Eur who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Varn first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends where'er was known
To old, or present time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious tongues.
Acknowledge thy own Harby, and his name
Inscribe on every bank; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes; by their virtue known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mold
The female sex, with sweet attractive air
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,

* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church.

See 2.

Not with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dead hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unstain'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice: long joy's afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch to base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dures contempt,
Exactest work of Heaven? He'll deserve
Of Love, or pity: friendless let him be
Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, disdain,
As fit of human race: but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal Love, and love's untainted joys
Enjoy with honor! O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, fascinating love desire,
Tenderly smiling: in whose lovely eye
Shineth purest Love enthron'd: but if that be
Malignant, these my better hopes reject;
May I, at least, the first pleasures know
Of strictest unity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gravels and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of sorrows and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reason; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Faintly touch'd, when to the gates of death
I stand prone? If thy indulgent eye
Hath not prevail'd, among ungodly males
I may have wonder'd; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd; but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous; but not night, nor day, suffice
For that great task: the highly-blessed name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false dissimling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some lose the hands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
For piquetry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power; and others realms invade
With spacious shows of love. This wretched wretch
Betray his sovereign. Others, defile
Of red zeal, to every altar bend
By luxury sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honorable: the honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
A joyful pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will check his steadfast foot; rather debar'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of injury contempt;
Nor yield; yet his manly, of evil pure,

Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and let them all adore
Yet clad in honest wealth, from courtly doors
Remote he lives, nor knows the slavery
Of confidence, nor with hypocrites' grimy form,
Flatterers, and injur'd soul, at close of day
Sighs, to his empty chambers laid to
Waste a still, while inexperienced age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knoweth joys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid dew sincere.
When Chambliss, with religion thrill, recalls
The gray day, he to his hours hies
Chaste, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unlucky mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fishes, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Yields; if by his industry he can
Turn human error, or else his thoughts
Are excus'd with speculation deep
Of good, and just, and meet; and if wholesome rule
Of temperance, and ought that may improve
The mortal life; nor sedition to reb
Nor will, even would, on, or to blanch the face
Of brutal foment, or secret whips abroad
Among faithful slaves, to breed distrust and hate.
Shall man of virtue, be a slave to slaves,
Except his own; his own employs his ears,
Tears, and blood; that he labours to reduce
Hells, nor of his little dark denies
The time to slaves, married and meek.
This friend of all he'd from courtly view,
And from pompous doors, and from court,
Still the scholar of the most learned
And how improve his power, and how himself;
But he's a different laborer in the field
Of Plow, nor less of Marston's
Prophesies, or of the land, if not these,
If not these, whether I may name,
Thus tender Sower of seed, with mean repast
Content, dejected by poverty, and pined
In penury's chains; yet not obvi'd his verse
By foreign's frowns. And had that other bard,
Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
With holy ardour, like his labell been;
More many faithful, strictly faithful found;
Censur'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suff'ring veil'd!
But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
Nor tell his name, from whom she learnt to sing
In such interior shades, groveling beneath
The Olympian hills, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean full of her. There let her rest a-while,
Breathe with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

C Y D E R.
B O O K II.

O H recounts, when th' ingenious love of acts
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond

Th' Eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the reliques of old Rome; or, what
Univ'rsal authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural feast;

T. Tur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal boys, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latin knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth exerce
Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
Of widow, and of orphans, he asserts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!
Mark with his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile, although the Massic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
(Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous cyder; far remote
Accept this honour, nor despise the Muse,
Thou, pulling lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
? O'er Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Dissipates flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, disemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with melliduous cups,
Thus lifene invol. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check: uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty autumn's luke-warm days allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits
Earth's various produce, vigour gives
Equal, interpenetrating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dew'd Plumbs, and what in cost
Roses, or soft-rind'd, or bearded huffs, or shell;
The Olive, and Pistachio's fragrant nut,
And the vine's tasteful Apple: autumn paints
Autumn hills with Grapes; whilst English plains
Black with pinnaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O'er-seen now, when the kind early dew
Unobscure embosom'd odors, walk among
The well-ripen'd files of trees, whose full-bell'd store
Diffuse Ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More precious, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's matin song
Then waft them up, and bedim the mint
Purpled with his morning thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the transient year, in which

Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours! imminent winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts despoil

The blithsome year: trees of their thrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!
Now, now's the time, ere hasty furs forbid
To work, disburden thou thy siple's wood
Of its rich progeny: the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy binds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive; and a flexile fellow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hard.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a skinner to dispart
The husky, stinging dress, from pacci Must.
Be cautious next a proper steel to find,
Whole prime is past; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind thy rod rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll the unwieldy stone; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour serv'd,
Has drain'd the pulpy mass, regard their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, with thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Euseb's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the maddy drink. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; now vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parent rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie.
The prey of worms: A flood men I know,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdu'd
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenish'd yearly: he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
The various Passions, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cures,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The lightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Strip immixt: yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fallen heap
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid weath,
Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence improv'd

A cool liquor. Bygone legends,
Equaled with wine the happiest vintage brings.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixture e'er. A home
With watery tunings have debauch'd their wine,
Too frail; nor let the crude humours steep
In heated oil, steaming with fire internal;
Although Flaxen much commends the use
Of strength'ning; Vulcan, with thick unbleed strength
Thy wings sufficient; other aid refuse;
And, when the darded orb of time's career,
Are more commended than the lab'ring drinks.

Nor let thy av'rice tempt thee to withdraw
 The price, thy unpaid dues; with cheerful heart
 The term of the instalment follow, and own
 Heaven's bounty as goodness, that will sure repay
 Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
 Signal vengeance, such as ever took
 A miser, that unjustly once withheld
 The clay's due; resting on himself,
 His fellow be repaid, with successful care,
 Early and late, when on a wish'd-for day
 Defended, or unfeign'dly sought
 Curb'd his increasing hope; or, when again
 The clouds drop fury, in the middle day
 The dew subside, and, less unkind,
 His execrable gluttony returning this,
 Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering sign art thou,
Thou wildly may'st provide: the various annual
Graphic, and attendant fairs, explain
Each rising danger; ere ice-crafts furrow
The current stream, the hoar-frosts, or fierce
Whirlwind with trembling rage, and Cynthia shows
With light unfully'd: now the fowler, armed
To steel and iron, with twin eagle-flights
Treads the crisp earth, ranging through fields and
glades.

Offensive to the Mole; full Mole's forth
One is their full flight, and blood as well they train
Their tunnel through the covering, he will lead,
O'ercome their food; they leave their little lives
Above the ground, preying on to waste.

The warblers' early visit, and shade
Of long exiles, in our temperate clime,
Forced a hasty flight; he at times
Intelligent, the faint Hesperian gleam
Shuns for our equal wings: when our form
Gleams the child of day, he boldward wings his way
To Scandinavia frozen fountains, meet
For his rough plumage. But, as long as he more
Than frequent comes to us, and sits on the
Ruby furrow, whither'd by the golden rain
Marvellous! he comes to us, within
The porous wet, quicken'd by the liquid globe.

Sometimes thou shalt wilt flower, wilt woe, in place
A nodding wind, the order love to wave
With winter wind, before the time's exte
Their feet be like the leaf and roots then think
Large increment, elated of happy year.

Nor will it be nothing profit to others:
 If the most virtuous, their powerful influence
 On others fields, will yield to this
 Of the same kind. On our little little

Indulgent to all means some succulent plant
 Alleviate, that poor helpless man might slack
 His painful thirst, and matter find for toil.
 Now will the Cerinths, now the R. Sp., supply
 Duckions draughts; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
 Or Cherries, or the fair Thibetian fruit
 Are used for wines; the Peltans squeeze the work
 Of feeding bees, and mixing odorous herb
 Prepare the Magic cup, to wheezing lungs
 Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient ares.

But, if thou'rt infatigably bent
To till, and omniscious drinks would'nt know;
If thou'rt the orchard, every hedge and bush
Affection's substance; even afflictive Birch,
The old beech-wood, and, idle youth, distills
A life-blood current from her wounded bark,
Brocade of burning lips. When solar beams
Hatch thickly barren veins, the dimpled meads,
Unnumber'd display ten thousand painted flowers,
And Min' pines. Thy little fons
To all the meads, the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-pasture, faintly sweet,
To mix with their social wines; dash down
Cold water, that, in misty rivers, but
Thick cooling thirst, and mitigate the day.

Flung the net, whose most wholesome air
 Did drive away mid spiders, and forlids,
 The scorpion, and viper, from her throat;
 And, in her hiding draughts, enriched
 With secret musk and spices, and the root
 Of life, the dating sweetness prais'd, which wild
 Lured her tame, and to each drooping heart
 Gave relief, and lively health convey'd.

Sage, with the Belgim. Redulous and stout,
Which lived on fattening Must, or blisful cup.
Of here, the fluid, the fairer
Gave way to the Chlorus Glee, at noon
Found with the sweet-filing fumes by use
Indulged, thus to quell their native plegm
They lived, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of different climes, removed
Far from the flowing journey of the year,
Beyond the tropic, and Atlantic coasts?
We speak of cooling flows, perpetual shades
Of dank repose would conceal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic or Antarctic yield
A richer purple berry, life with wine,
Breathily sweet, when each hour they crave,
Spirits and offering life of vines, and oil
Of the intertropical, lion-like flocks with choice
Of flaming oil berry, yet far more with these aid.
Blood to pierce the frozen rot
Of freezing nose, and black-decaying feet.

Nor let the billie borders of Nile,
Nor they who pour the measure, nor they,
Whom nature's bosom bears, one flor'd with dreams
Ethereous, form, and life's spirit extract.
To be lost, expand to perpendicular rays,
In vain they seek the sun and Phœbe's gale,
Dying with a golden light, unless
The curtain of purple and fraile keep,
Quick each eye closed, and so close their eyes,
That if a beam's number pierce their lids,

With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, the effect of drought!

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbs, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from the exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners av' ply the pump.
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued, still move
The draining fuker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,
With lifted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery brede, with thousand shows
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of fundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this, to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close press'd hulks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to brouch
Thy thick, unwholesome, undigested sades:
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, rosy lees.

And now thy wine's transparent, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross; ye! let it feed a while
On the fit refuse, lest too soon discharg'd
From sprightly, it to thirp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brizen tube
Inflex; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams;

Darts through a cloud, her watery skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold:
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the cold abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer stream, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chemist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unrelucted force
O'er sand, and ashe, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a full sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Distils to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms.
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient; by his means
Cylinders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,
And useful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
Acquire complete perfection: Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
expect: Thy flask will slowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughness. Stiom, firmest fruit,
Embottled (long as Priamelus Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild
Soften'd by age, its youthful vigor gains,
Tallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrises,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwar'd, till, by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his eades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
To indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirly hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of Labour past
Increase their joy. As, from retentive cage
When fullen Philomel escapes, her notes
she varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Glad some they quaff, yet not exceed the bound
Of healthy temperance, nor inroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks.

His dread retires, the fl wing glances add
Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the soul expires unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise in life,
Debar'd his grape: The Muses still require
Humid regimens, nor will sighs avail
Implo'ring Phoebus, with unsoften'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By purching spirit illud: With vehement furs
When juicy summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is 't, beneath the twined arch
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
To ply the sweet canase, remote from noise,
Secure from feverish heats: When the cold year
Inclines, and Boreas' spiteful blusters flare,
Beware the inclement heav'n; now let thy health
Crackle with cheerful fumes: thy lining blood
Now inflame with health's powerful streams.
Furnish'd flowers, and downy garlands give
The wild-flow'rs, and the daisy-wreaths
To ornament sollicitous sportiveness;
Canal Incondre thy lips, with kisses water,
And ever unobscured thy eyes gleams
In clear array for future joys to come.
Mirth with the best of friends, and all in hand
They fill the bowl, and to the wine warm
Shout their healths, and sing, with merriment main,
Transpire, and can flow with the best
Dearest on their lips, and love and holy kiss
Sied from unwearied lips: they will burn,
And necks and limbs, robust and well fill'd.
Meanwhile the best of friends, and all in hand
Travelle down the stream, while others dwell
May make so fitful a vessel, these among,
A false and ill fund, in warm and hot
That bears in prison'd wheel of fortune's rim
Then those, which cast their eyes for each other,
Peaceful they sleep; but for the tumultuous
Of labouring elbow and arm, on they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
Midst these delights, forget they not to stretch
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor, when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the fipp'y boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest: When the Gnatia crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Deon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd: Therefore there's naught
Of heed, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
Billets with fervour joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
Tis time to slau it: It then with probing
Dire competition, forthwith to forsake
The cup to conation, and merrily,
And with laughter; then twenty times or once
Shout are in senseless jargon, naught is heart
But sin, and various clamor, and mad rant:
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling rant, the one to one
And well-his fellowships. Now, when the year
Cometh, the blustering glass, and every kind

With dipe inrent; and bottles with bottles clank
In rude encounter, round their ample dy
The shrap-ell'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
Mix'g pure and cyder low. What shall we say
Of rash Iphigeny, when in evil hour
O'er'd in her formidable Bowl, and thought
To exclude all further by heriga sleep,
Independent of her death's iron-sleep oppress'd,
Blackening, e'el'd from life's couch; the fall
Lure'd her neck joints, and spinal marrow bruise'd,
Now red we tell what mix'd cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Brought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Still even when the sun with July heats
Lies the foretold fall, and drops all-a-flair,
Yet craving liquors; nor the Centaur's tale
Be here rememb'd; how, with lust and wine
Intoxicated, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At festing hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British Isles, such dire event remove
From fair Iphigeny, nor let civil broils
Ere long from this land run: May we, remote
From the boisterous braven land of war, enjoy
Our homely pleasures, and with friendly draughts
Kindle the mirth, and heighten the love.
I say, and so, the immortal blood drench'd
Our noble native blood; too oft has pride,
And selfish ambition, and insatiate thirst
Of a better life, our easier disposition
Have us forgot, how full destruction ruld
With the falling, with the Cyth torch incens'd
Our father's war d'd what heroes, giantiz'd
In glory and prowess, met their fate
In glory, under'd! How Herie fell,
Gompton, and Strimville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Whom none of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Dropt their prizes to arms, nor made account
Of rich or poor, or allegiance sworn?
Apollon, cheer'd rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Infring'd by him, who first prais'd t' oppose
Gompton's justice; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; their triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous ill-deed, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles, O best of Kings!
What flame their black dishonour influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shouldst fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd!
Yet was the Cyder-land a stain'd with guilt;
The Cyder-land obsequious still to throne,
Abhor'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her prizing look extended into sword,
Unbowed, to visit the trampled rights
Of monarchy; nor, ah! successful she,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyranny's yoke, till her revolv'd years
Came to Kings and Liberty's return.
Now we exult, by mingling arms, we

Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of Kings: Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand and throne
All Europe feels revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one domestic
Intirely blest: and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy: but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of Kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and smaller territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host comb'd with host, dire war the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce barely procur'd
By havoc, and display, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus, with peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:
Till Edgar grateful, as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch: then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At once, the birds new string
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness fill'd in every eye; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise heroic Kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in furthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the north, to Jewry's hollow'd plains!
Ploufly valiant (like a torrent swell'd)
With wintry tempests, that distills all mounds,
Breaking away impetuous, and in lives
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But the unbelieving feudross turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Souldier as he fled,
Off call'd on Alla, gnawing with despair,
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gaul,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you madder thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' off-spring to the adverse front
Advance reitless, and their deep array
With furious iron pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chase
Ten thousand tyrannous fall: with blood

The vallies flow. Great Edward thus aveng'd
With golden iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall rebound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring; from him
Two branches, that in hostling long contend
For sway in fury; and in such anger dwell
In noblest minds: but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship: every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns:
Sons against fathers till the dust be,
Our less of duty, and their native grounds
Dilator with kindred blood; the twang'd bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their berad point
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Bare and panting on the embattled field
Slain or half-dead, in one heap, ghastly heap,
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And exultation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Throbbled by fiery cankers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and demolition, reign'd
Unrelieved. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man his fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Godwell der fersaw! thou, thou art he
Great Richmond Henry, that by imperial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
It wakes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted with presaging still
Thou to thy own unblest Purgas' line
By wife alliance: from this Janus descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king,
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of dissent: two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side restless
To fly conjunction: neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till pious Anna said,
Let there be union: dash with reverence due
To her commands, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indissolubly firm; from Euclid's south,
To Northern Oracles, her long dominion.

And now, thus ligued by an eternal bond,
What shall prevent the British bold designs,
Or who shall in their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mahomedan and Christian kings
Already tremble, and the unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Nile. Uncontrol'd
The billows carry through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, to extremest climes
Terror, and rearm with odorous spoils
Offering with strength, or Indus' wealth,

Pend,

Pearl, and barbaric gold : Meanwhile the swains
 Shall unmolested reap what plenty strows
 From well-stor'd barn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
 The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
 With ruby-tinctur'd birchs, whose liquid store
 Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
 The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
 Of balefull ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
 In other realms ; where'er the British spread
 Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
 Wide universe, Sittian cyder borne
 Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

CEREALIA*, 1706.

*"Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria
 "Præcipitandus est liber spiritus."* PETRONIUS.

OF English tippie, and the potent grain,
 Which in the conclave of Celestial Powers
 Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem,
 Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur
 Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he fate
 With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
 Young actions issuing from the Fates Divan.
 Full of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
 Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
 In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope.
 Nor ceas'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
 Impearl'd his large mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
 Beneath his over-shadowing orb of hat,
 And ample fence of elephantin nose.
 Scornful of keenest polar winds, or fleet,
 Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove.
 (Vain efforts on his seven-fold mantle, made
 Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
 Such energy of soul to raise the song,
 Deign, Goddess, now to me ; nor then withdraw
 Thy pure presiding power, but guide my wing,
 Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood
 Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight,
 And Gallic deep ingulf'd, with bubbed steeds
 Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
 Shearing th' expanse of heaven with active plume ;
 Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
 The staunch Gerfaucan through the buxom air
 Stroops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
 The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
 From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
 Runs fast a Nai's through the flowery meads,
 To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
 Her golden trump the goddesses founded thrice,

* This poem is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of Abp. Tenison. It was published by T. Bennet, the Bookseller for whom "Blenheim" was printed: another strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author. M.

Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest sphere.
 Rouz'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
 To learn the tidings came, on radiant thrones
 With fair memorials, and impresses quaint
 Embazon'd o'er they fate, devis'd of old
 By Muliber, nor small his skill I ween.
 There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought,
 On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
 By his plump cheek and barrel belly known,
 The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
 Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd ;
 And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
 The ensigns of the god ! with ardent tone
 He mov'd, that fraught the nectar'd bowl should flow,
 Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
 Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
 Till all were fated with immortal moult,
 Delicious tippie ! that, in heavenly veins
 Assimilated, vigorous icher bred,
 Superior to Frontinac, or Bordeaux,
 Or old Falern, Campani's best increase ;
 Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
 From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
 Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
 Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
 Dim on her visage lour'd : such her deport
 When Arethusa from her reedy bed
 Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
 To sway his iron sceptre, and command
 In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
 Then, sighing, thus she said—"Have I so long
 Employ'd my various art, to enrich the lap
 Of Earth, all-bearing mother ; and my lore
 Communicated to the unweeeting hind,
 And shall not this pre-eminence obtain ?"
 Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
 The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
 Which gods call Chrithe, in terrestrial speech
 Ty-cleped Barley. "Tis to this, she cry'd,
 The British cohorts owe their martial fame
 And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth !
 This, when returning from the foughten field,
 Or Neric, or Iberian, seem'd with scars,
 (Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash !)
 The veteran, carousing, soon restores
 Puffance to his arm, and strings his nerves !
 And, as a snake, when first the rosy hours
 Shed vernal sweats o'er every vale and mead,
 Rolls rardy from his cell obscure and dank ;
 But, when by genial rays of summer sun
 Purg'd of his slough, he nimbly thrills the brake,
 Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
 Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
 Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
 His various neck, and spires bedapt with gold :
 So at each glass the harrow'd warrior feels
 Vigour reate ; his herrent arms he takes,
 And rushing fustelion, on whose ample hilt
 Long Victory sit dormant : soon she shakes
 Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
 With speed unmatch'd ; where soon his martial port
 She recognizes, whilst he brightly stands
 On the rough edge of battle, and with us
 While torn on the sword's edge he stands,
 Freeway he bold rush'd, he were sad rout,

And havock dire ; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as Deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of ale with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip ;
Sullen he sits, and fighting off extols
The beverage they quaff, whose happy foil
Pædic Doves laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving Chrithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) secure they dwell,
Nor feel th' eternal snows that cloath their cliffs :
Nor curse th' inclement air, whose horrid face
Sowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to rear.
Sung in their straw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
To form spruce architrave, or cornice quaint,
On Pæon marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd)—here on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing ale
Burchard'd : or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale :
Or in October tun'd, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the raicy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large furlow
Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
Replete with clover-grass, and foodful shrub).
Fluted with sprigs of rosemary its fronds,
Meet peragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
Embrown'd with sultry skies, thin-set with palm,
And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arabs' vagrant clan, that waits
Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.

Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Potent of arms, still quash th' uprising Gaul,
Elast by my boon : which when they slightly prize,
Should they, with high defence of triple brains
Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erst was told
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent horns
Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her time,
Was wont, when first his marshal'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhene. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons to assert her claim
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!

Nor potent only to enkindle Murs,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls :
In science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe, and charming song.
Then, Pallas, to my speech just witness bear :
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld

At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols fling,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chirtheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he th' embattail'd Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire).
Or if, with front unblest'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimeter with huge two-handed sway.
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd sound the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom :
Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van,
That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size :
And with their rubied faces stand the foe ;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect ; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the wood-man quits his layre,
And flies the yerning pack which close pursue,
So they not bowfy dread th' approaching foe :
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches stagnant gurge,
Sophs rowls on Sophs promiscuous.—Caps aloof
Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly.
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
By Thrascia's coadjutant, and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."

She said : the fire of Gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful : from his shaken locks
Amorotial fragrance flew : the signal given
By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd ;
With Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murmuring lest th' assembled powers.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

BY MR. PHILIPS*.

COME, fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have :
He's a fool that will flinch ; I'll not budge an inch,
Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
Who like me will never give o'er, [bowls,
Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their
And merrily stickle for more.

* From many circumstances, I have little doubt but
this convivial song was by the author of "The Splen-
did Shilling." There was, however, an earlier poet,
of both the names of this author ; who was nephew to
Milton, and wrote some memoirs of his uncle, and
several burlesque poems. N.

Drown

Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command ;
Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand ?

Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away ;
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
We'll drink the universe dry ;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

T H E
P O E M S
O F
W I L L I A M W A L S H.

P R E F A C E.

IT has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published on this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such, as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprizing and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses: and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similies, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

“———Si vis me flere, dolendum est

“Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.”

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a courant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid were in love with their mistresses while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says: but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easy believe a man may love a woman so well as to desire no company but her's; but I can never believe

a man

a man can love a woman so well as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the same thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observed, that among all these, that softness, tenderness, and violence of passion, which the ancients thought most proper for love-verses, is wanting: and at the same time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one; and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me that the ancients, who could never have handsomer women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleased sometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other people; and if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyric verses; under which last, I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and stanzas. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love; since it is the nature of that passion, to render the soul soft and humble. These three sorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the designs, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference between the verses of pastoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by showing us the truth, sincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that sort of life: for though I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence; Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his passion upon a boy; yet (if we may be allowed to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleased with the Alexis if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his shepherds more modest. When I give humility and modesty as the character of pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allowed to boast of his pipe,
his

his songs, his flocks, and to shew a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner as if the occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherd's passion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observed between pastorals and elegies as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought to be represented as among shepherds, in the other as among gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender, and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, prayers, praise, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatnings, jealousies, and in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyrics may be allowed to handle all the same subjects with elegy, but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone; or, to make use of the words of a * great modern critic, there must be

“ ——— a just coherence made
 “ Between each thought, and the whole model laid,
 “ So right, that every step may higher rise
 “ Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies.”

Lyrics, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza ought to make up a complete sense without running into the other. Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confessed that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious; though they have not always been so religious in observing the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain or a very foolish design: those who are critics, it would be a presumption in me to pretend I could instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's simile) like selling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young people, especially of the fair sex, are more taken with the liveliness of fancy, than the correctness of judgment. It may also be observed, that to write of love well, a man must be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied I may be in circumstances of writing of love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young to pass over some of the faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the critics say of them: and if they do not, all the commendations the critics can give him will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better on all subjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldness to say, that there is no one man among them all who shall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.

* Lord Mulgrave,

T O

H I S B O O K.

GO, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Those who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate.
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be best
To chase the fatal poison from our breast?
But, since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What 's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

E L E G Y.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
Let the loud Lawyer break his brains, and be
A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee:
Let the rough Soldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expose:
I wage no war, I plead no cause, but Love's;
I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave censor can my choice despise?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
The Merchant, after all his hazards past,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last;
The Soldier high in his king's favour stands,
And, after having long obey'd, commands;
The Lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roams on the bench, that babbl'd at the bar:
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

E P I G R A M.

Written in a lady's table-book.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be
blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast!

As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from my heart,
And my own image in the stead impart.
But, ah! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

E L E G Y.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

To his mistress.

WHILE those bright eyes subdue where-e'er you
will,
And, as you please, can either save or kill;
What youth so bold the conquest to design?
What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine?
None but the Muse that privilege can claim,
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life must end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend:
Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Embalmd in verse, through distant times they come,
Preserv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an Eastern throne,
Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
In vain the *Tyrian Queen resign her life,
For the bright glory of a spotless wife,
If lying birds may false amours rehearse,
And blast her name with arbitrary verse;
While † one, who all the absence of her lord
Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd,
Yet, by a Poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.
With pity then the Muses' friends survey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away:
Wisely like seed on fruitful soil they're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the sun, that in the marshes breeds
Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome weeds,
With the same rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleasant flowers and useful fruits gives birth:
So favours cast on fools get only shame,
On Poets shed, produce eternal fame;
Their generous breasts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muses can inspire.

* Dido.

† Penelope.

JEALOUSY.

J E A L O U S Y.

I.

WHO could more happy, who more blest could live,
Than they whom kind, whom amorous passions
move?

What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the soft chains, the slavery of Love?

Were not the bliss too often crost

By that unhappy, vile distrust,

That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous
malady,

That terrible tormenting rage, that madness, jealousy.

II.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true,

In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her charms;

Dire jealousy does all my pains renew,

And represents her in my rival's arms:

His sighs I hear, his looks I view,

I see her damn'd advances too;

I see her smile, I see her kiss; and, oh! methinks I see
Her give up all those joys to him, she should reserve
for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one! canst thou hear my groans?

Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes?

And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,

Into another's arms resign my prize?

If merit could not gain your love,

My sufferings might your pity move;

Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies,
more

New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagued too
much before.

IV.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-storm;

I scorn your anger, and despise your frown:

Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,

It will not move my heart when love is flown;

No, though you from my kindness fly,

My vengeance you shall satisfy:

The Muse, that would have sung your praise, shall now
aloud proclaim

To the malicious, spiteful world, your infamy and
shame.

V.

Ye Gods! she weeps; behold that falling shower!

See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears!

Can she in vain that precious torrent pour?

Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:

'Twas Pity sure that made it flow:

For the same pity, stop it now;

For every charming, heavenly drop that from those eyes
does part,

Is paid with streams of blood, that gush from my o'er-
flowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,

And raise my passions up as high as e'er;

Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,

Lest the least sign of penitence appear.

I'll frame excuses for your fault,

Think you surpris'd, or meanly caught;

Nay in the fury, in the height of that abhor'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at least you wish'd, me in
the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in those arms,

And on that bosom null asleep my cares:

Forgive these foolish fears of fancy'd harms

That stab my soul, while they but move thy tears;

And think, unless I lov'd thee still,

I had not treated thee so ill;

For these rude pangs of jealousy are much more certain
signs

Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy
coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more;

Oh smile, and grant one reconciling kiss!

Ye Gods, she's kind! I'm ecstasy all o'er!

My soul's too narrow to contain the bliss.

Thou pleasing torture of my breast,

Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest,

Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my peace
destroy;

That kills me with excess of grief, this with excess
of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on some fair-one's charms,
They think she yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover when his breast
By jealous phrenzy is possess'd;
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fair goes out;
The cloud of jealousy's dispell'd,
And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!
Raptures too great to be express'd.
Though hard the torment 's to endure,
Who would not have the sickness for the cure?

S O N N E T.

D E A T H.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our
care?

After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,

Death only gives us quies at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd!
 Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
 Counting those tyrant-fins that chain us fast,
 And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
 (Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
 That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see:
 'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
 Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
 'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the losing thee.

E L E G Y.

To his false mistress.

CÆLIA, your tricks will now no longer pass,
 And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
 I know my happier rival does obtain
 All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.
 Him, him you love, to me you use your art;
 I had your looks, another had your heart:
 To me you're sick, to me of spies afraid;
 He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd:
 I sigh beneath your window all the night;
 He in your arms possesses the delight.
 I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do;
 And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it too;
 To him my sighs are told, my letters shown,
 And all my pains are his diversion grown.
 Yet, since you could such horrid treasons act,
 I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact:
 His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
 And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
 What shall I do! for, treated at this rate,
 I must not love, and yet I cannot hate:
 I hate the actions, but I love the face;
 Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty less!
 I'm all confusion, and my soul's on fire,
 Torn by contending reason and desire;
 This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er,
 One counsels best, the other pleases more.
 I know I ought to hate you for your fault,
 But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
 Canst thou, mean wretch! canst thou contented prove
 With the cold relics of a rival's love?
 Why did I see that face to charm my breast?
 Or, having seen, why did I know the rest?
 Gods! if I have obey'd your just commands,
 If I've deserv'd some favour of your hands;
 Make me that tame, that easy fool again,
 And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
 And you, false fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
 Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
 Forswear yourself for one who dies for you,
 Vow not a word of the whole charge was true;
 But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
 By a vain wretch neglected and despis'd.
 I too will help to forward the deceit,
 And to my power, contribute to the cheat.
 And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me,
 For thy presumption I could pardon thee;
 I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
 I could forgive thy riling all her charms:
 But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
 That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

VOL. II.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest?
 What hell is this within my breast?
 Now I abhor, and now I love;
 And each an equal torment prove.
 I see Celinda's cruelty,
 I see she loves all men but me;
 I see her falsehood, see her pride,
 I see ten thousand faults beside;
 I see she sticks at nought that's ill;
 Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her still.
 Others on precipices run,
 Which, blind with love, they cannot shun:
 I see my danger, see my ruin;
 Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing:
 And each new reason I explore
 To hate her, makes me love her more.

THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I see the bright nymph who my heart
 does enthral,
 When I view her soft eyes, and her languishing air,
 Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
 It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.
 But when I consider, she squanders on fools
 All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd;
 My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
 And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.
 Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise:
 I love, and I hate, but I never esteem:
 The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
 Which my rivals destroy when I look upon them.
 How wisely does Nature things so different unite?
 In such odd compositions our safety is found;
 As the blood of a scorpion's a cure for the bite,
 So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent;
 The offering all your store,
 Is now but like a pardon sent
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the bliss too late;
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my court I made;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valued medals down,
 And giving us the brass.

6 [M]

Oh,

Oh, since the thing we beg's a toy
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before our love is gone?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye sighs! be gone, ye tears!
Be gone, ye jealousies and fears!
Celinda swears she never lov'd,
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?
What though a senseless rival swore
She said as much to him before?
What though I saw him in her bed?
I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
Curse on the prudent and the wise,
Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies:
I grant she only does deceive;
I grant 'tis folly to believe;
But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
While you with all your wisdom live in pain.

DIALOGUE

Between a Lover and his Friend.

[IRREGULAR VERSES.]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyself, fond youth, no more
On favours Mulus had before;
He had her first, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came
To the cold relics of a feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the second course;
'Tis chance that first makes people love,
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes;
First, she lov'd babies and dir'-pies;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the folly of those toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wisdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wond'rous wits.
But wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you, no man can foresee his doom;
But shall I grieve because an ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her change, when she can see
A man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes see our defect
No woman e'er could from her lover part.

But, oh! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false optics shewn.
Love at the first does all your charms increase,
When the tube's turn'd, hate represents them less.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

EPIGRAM. LYCEE.

GO, said old Lyce, senseless lover, go,
And with soft verses court the fair; but know,
With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
Than fools without one verse have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew,
And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

THE FAIR MOURNER.

IN what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
Does she lament the victim of her eyes?
Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
To make them take the deeper stamp of love?
What youth so wise, so wary to escape,
When Rigour comes, dress'd up in Pity's shape?
Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
Pity the dying fair one, not the dead;
While you unjustly of the fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentless judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but cease your own.
While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sovereign balm might sure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey.

EPIGRAM. TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

THOU saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love desin'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercer burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn:
See what thy falsehood gets; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

EPIGRAM. LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love's

Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts:
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

E L E G Y.
T H E P E T I T I O N.

In imitation of Catullus.

IS there a pious pleasure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean sordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this curst amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be shown,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows she broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
Or with an equal passion burn at last;
The one she cannot practise, though she would;
And I condemn the other, though she should:
Nor ask I vengeance on the perjurd jilt;
'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balm for my bleeding breast,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

E L E G Y.
UPON QUITTING HIS MISTRESS.

IKNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong:
Yet if there be a power in verse to slack
Thy course in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
I'll undertake the task, howe'er so hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I'd fly from crowns to live within those arms:
But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all trust?

Farewell, false fair! nor shall I longer stay,
Since we must part, why should we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my soul could prize,
And musing that, can all the rest despise;
Yet should I not repent my follies past,
Could you take up and grow reserv'd at last,
'Twould please me, parted from your fatal charms,
To see you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I should ever do you hurt:
For though my former passion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! while thus I waste my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:
I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
Reign the heart so hardly freed from you.

T O H I S M I S T R E S S.
A G A I N S T M A R R I A G E.

YES, all the world must sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest;
But 't were in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for public good design'd;
Could we in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass away,
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two souls, which passion does unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past?

E P I G R A M.
C H L O E.

CHLOE new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

E P I G R A M.
C O R N U S.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

E P I G R A M.
T H R A S O.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at
night;
When sober in the morning dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

E P I G R A M.
G R I P E A N D S H I F T E R.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning
bend,
'T increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

T O C Æ L I A.

Upon some alterations in her face.

A H, Cælia! where are now thy charms
That did such wondrous passions move?
Time, cruel Time, those eyes disarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To womens' interest, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public share,
The greedy villain first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

Thou who so many fools hast known,
And all the fools would hardly do,
Shouldst now confine thyself to one!
And he, alas! a husband too.

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
They from thy setting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haste
To worship Flavia's rising sun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain these eyes would love impart;
Not all thy advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
By cruelty her cause maintains;
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears;
But sure they will in time repine,
That thou hast not a face like hers,
Or she has not a heart like thine.

T H E R E T I R E M E N T.

A LL hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who study'd your sublimer rules
Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curst by the fools, and laugh'd at by the wise.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others, the name of pleasure does invite,
All their dull time in sensual joys they live;
And hope to gain that solid firm delight
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplex, alas! is human fate!

I, whom nor avarice nor pleasure move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
If beauty always must my heart enthrall,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly say, The Trifle I condemn.

In her blest arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

In women how should sense and beauty meet;
The wisest men their youth in folly spend;
The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

T H E D E S P A I R I N G L O V E R.

D I S T R A C T E D with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

S O N G.

O F all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;

Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst !
 By partners, in each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow ;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are labouring in my breast ;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest !
 How great foe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope ;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

I.

PHYLLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
 Forming you, has done her part ;
 And in every single feature
 Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
 That a mighty grievance lies,
 That your heart should be defended,
 Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love's a senseless inclination,
 Where no mercy's to be found ;
 But is just, where kind compassion
 Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
 To the rising Sun inclin'd,
 Never would adore his beauty,
 But in hopes to make him kind.

PHYLLIS'S RESOLUTION.

I.

WHEN slaves their liberty require,
 They hope no more to gain,
 But you not only that desire,
 But ask the power to reign.

II.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline ;
 Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
 I ne'er will grant the thing,
 That he, who once has been my slave,
 Should ever be my king.

A N E P I S T L E,

To a Lady who had resolved against Marriage.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
 Your resolution for a single state ;
 Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
 Must never put on hymen's livery ;
 Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
 But underneath is nothing else but care.
 If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
 Which turns the name of virgin into bride ;
 That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
 And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
 Whose strange meanders you may search about,
 But never find the clue to let you out.
 The married life affords you little ease,
 The best of husbands is so hard to please :
 This in wives careful faces you may spell,
 Though they dissemble their misfortune well.
 No plague's so great as an ill-ruling head,
 Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread :
 For love's insinuating fire they fan,
 With sweet ideas of a god-like man.
 Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
 And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains :
 Oh ! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
 Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
 Sure some resistless pow'r with Cupid sides,
 Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides ;
 For single lives afford the most content,
 Secure and happy, as they're innocent :
 Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
 And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas :
 Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
 No bawling children to disturb your prayers ;
 No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
 No blustering husband to renew your fears !
 Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
 Love and its idle deity despise :
 Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel ;
 There's no such thing as "leading apes in hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA,

A N O D E.

I.

THE dismal regions which no sun beholds,
 While his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
 Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
 Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
 At his returning influence never knew
 More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
 Would soon their dawning deity despise,
 And with more warm, more true devotion run,
 To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes,
 Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
 Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah ! frail mortals, though you may admire
 At a convenient distance all her charms,

Approach

Approach them, and you 'll feel a raging fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms :
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.

S O N G.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and scorn.

II.

Fair faint, to your blest orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind ;
Thence hearken to a sinner's prayer,
And be lessauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And persecute this breast no more :
Ah ! tell me why must every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart ?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myself resign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas ! on wretched me :
But oh ! I can no more sustain
This long-continued state of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitless to complain.
My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour :
So fond and easy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own :
So much to its own interest blind,
So strangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than vestal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to stay ;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to stop it I essay'd,
Though often, often, I display'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By some proud maid ill us'd and scorn'd,
I still the renegade carest,
And gave it harbour in my breast.
O ! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it so admir'd ;
With shame and sorrow overcast,
And sad repentance for the past,
A thousand sacred oaths it swore
Never to wander from me more ;
After chimæras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-goose chase of love.
Thus it resolv'd —
Till some new face again betray'd
The resolution it had made :
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone :

And, though so often it had fail'd,
Though vainless every heart assail'd,
Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou hast banter'd wretched me ;
Thus made me vainly lose my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime ;
And yet, for all the hours I've lost,
And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
Or crown his passion with success.
Well—since 'tis doom'd that I must find
No love for love from womankind ;
Since I no pleasure must obtain,
Let me at least avoid the pain :
So weary of the chase I'm grown,
That with content I'd sit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewell.
Nay, ask for all I felt before,
Only to be disturb'd no more
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Wilt give my torments no relief ;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful desire ;
From whence can love its magic draw ?
I doat on her, *I never saw* :
And who, but lovers, can express
This strange, mysterious tenderness ?
And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than whom it is I love to know :
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I should something find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did bestow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could she my trickling tears but see,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cause to grieve,
I pleasingly myself deceive ;
And sure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair :
Lest she should be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by fancy's height :
Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an amaze ;
My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
'Tis her ! dare to love so well) ;
She, with an angry, scornful eye,
Or some unkind, severe reply,
My hopes of bliss should overcast,
And my presuming passion blast.
If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not see her I love,
Thy altars prostrate I'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muse, my humble voice inspire
To sing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful swain suppress his grief,
And, since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke:

DAMON.

Ah, lovely nymph! behold your lover burn,
And view that passion which you 'll not return.
As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
So no swain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy should I be,
Might I but sacrifice myself for thee!
Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
And make thee shed one tear upon my heart!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which, now, alas, I have no power to take:
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh, blame not me, but fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair,
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name.
Yet though the blest possession fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on those eyes:
So just, so true, so innocent 's my flame,
That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I will for you.
If on esteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
Those you may have, but cannot have my heart:
And since we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
Nay make the value more, the pity less.

DAMON.

Can you then go? can you for ever part,
(Ye Gods! what shivering pains surround my heart!)
And have one thought to make your pity less?
Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs express,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
Till I behold those charming eyes again.
When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;

But when from them you some spare moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I shall behold the green,
Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! the little time you have to stay,
Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away!
But see my passion that small aid denies;
Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes;

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayest once of all the swains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart;
Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use,
If not to move her breast, his own amuse.
You, Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.

Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
While the fierce sun sets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How small 's the heat! how easy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!

Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear:
Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Egon's only care;
From them my songs a just compassion drew;
And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste Cynthia stays,
And Pan himself, to listen to my lays?
Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song:
Yet Galatea's scorns whate'er I say,
And Galatea's wiser sure than they.

Relentless nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?
Though you dislike the subject of my lays,
Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
It is not thus that you dull Mopsus use;
His songs divert you, though you mine refuse:
Yet I could tell you, fair-one, if I would,
(And since you treat me thus, methinks I should)
What the wise Lycon said, when in von' plain
He saw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chase a heedless fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear;
Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine.

Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage false dangers forms;
'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, scornful maid, in time you 'll find those toys
Can yield no real, no substantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
If for all that you are sham'd of him.

Ah,

Ah, Galatea, would'st thou turn those eyes,
Would'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries;
In such soft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With such sweet songs I would thy fame make known,
As Pan himself might not disdain to own.
Oh could'st thou, fair-one, but contented be
To tend the sheep, and chase the hares, with me;
To have thy praises echo'd through the groves,
And pass thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprize,
Which the fools envy, and the sage despise.

But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
And neither asks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy's full,
And my soft sheep produce the finest wool;
The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.

Ah, foolish youth! in vain thy boast'st thy store,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopsus still has more.
See whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
With what disdain she turns her head aside!
Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with such an angel's face?

Cease, shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III. DAMON.

Taken from the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil.

ARISE, O Phosphorus! and bring the day,
While I in sighs and tears consume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nyssa's love:
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious plains,
Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
And often hears the swains lament their loves.
Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Mopsus weds Nissa! oh, well-suited pair!
When he succeeds, what lover can despair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly comfort feed.
Go, Mopsus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh, Nissa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;

While you despise my humble songs, my hard,
My shaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains disdainfully you move,
And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
Mopsus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming person, and with graceful mien.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear:
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms increase.
'Tis love, thought I, that's rising in her breast;
Alas, your passion, by my own, I grieve;
Then upon trust I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Oh, love! I know thee now; thou ow'st thy birth
To rocks; some craggy mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Relentless love to bold Medea show'd,
To stain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling swans;
Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmless wolves the ravenous sheep shall slay;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the sea rise, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Adieu, ye flocks; no more shall I pursue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,
Take this last present from a dying swain.
Since you dislike what'er in life I said,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian strains.

Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loss bemoan,
Except the authoress of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breast.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your scorn at least.
How much sorer you may the love despise,
'Tis barbarous to insult on one that dies.

ECLOGUE IV. LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the lustre of their blooming youth:
No sullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No passions discompose their souls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
Between the youths a fierce dispute arose;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deserv'd, yet both despis'd, that praise)

But

But for a cause of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmost care.
Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
For the bright shepherdes that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they chose, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and sage counsel try'd ;
Who love's mysterious arts had study'd long,
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the dispute alternate verse they choofe,
Alternate verse delights the rural Muse.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou justly ow'st thy prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.

DAM. Though Sylvia, for herself, love's power defies,
What crowds of vassals has she made to love !

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower she wears, a charm exprest.

DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames ;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her drefs.

STREP. Have you seen Flavia with her flaxen hair ?
She seems an image of the queen of love !

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.

STREP. Flavia by crouds of lovers is admir'd ;
Happy that youth who shall the fair enjoy !

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd ;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ !

STREP. Flavia, where-e'er she comes, the swains sub-
dues,
And every smile she gives conveys a dart.

DAM. Sylvia the swains with native coldness views,
And yet what shepherd can defend his heart ?

STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an instant strike ;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

DAM. Sylvia's soft charms, as soon as seen, we like,
But still the more we think, we love the more.

STREP. Who is so stupid, that has Flavia seen,
As not to view the nymph with vast delight ?

DAM. Who has seen Sylvia, and so stupid been,
As to remember any other sight ?

STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care she
views
Her charming graces in the crystal lakes ?

DAM. To see hers, Sylvia need no mirrors use ;
She sees them by the conquests that she makes.

STREP. With what assurance Flavia walks the plains !
She knows the nymphs must all their lovers yield.

DAM. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing swains,
And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.

STREP. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd ;
For me she did that charming youth forsake.

DAM. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd ;
Gods ! that I might the first impression make !

STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her ;
What indignation would the charmer show !

DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herself prefer :
There we alone her judgment disallow.

STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,
Why is this crowded still, and that alone ?

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DAM. Because their ways of life so different are ;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough ; now cease your amo-
rous war ;
Or too much heat may carry both too far ;
I well attended the dispute, and find
Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.
Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost ;
As easily got, were she not easily lost.
Sylvia is much more difficult to gain ;
But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.
We wish them Flavias all, when first we burn ;
But, once possess'd, wish they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each exprest,
One we should soonest love, the other best.

ECLOGUE V.

DELIA.

*Lamenting the death of Mrs. Tempest, who died upon
the day of the great storm.*

YE gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
In Love's sincere and innocent delights !
Ye tender virgins, who with pride display
Your beauty's splendor, and extend your sway !
Lament with me ! with me your sorrows join !
And mingle your united tears with mine !
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore !
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more !

Begin, my Muse ! begin your mournful strains !
Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains !
Tell it through every lawn and every grove !
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove !
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey !
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore !
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more !

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse !
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news !
The roaring sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn !
The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows :
What shrieks are heard ! what groans ! what dying cries !
Ev'n nature's self in dire convulsions lies !
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore !
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more !

O ! why did I survive the fatal day,
That snatch'd the joys of all my life away ?
Why was not I beneath some ruin lost ?
Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast ?
Why did the Fates spare this devoted head ?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead ?
By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd ;
Nor knew I pleasure but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone ?
What use have I of life, now thou art gone ?
I have no use, alas ! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more !

6 [N]

What

What living nymph is blest with equal grace?
 All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?
 What lover in his mistress hopes to find
 A form so lovely with so bright a mind?
 Doris may boast a face divinely fair,
 But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.
 Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,
 That, while they did th' admiring world surprise,
 Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,
 And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find.
 Others, whose beauty yielding swains confests,
 By indiscretion make their conquest less.
 And want thy conduct and obliging wit
 To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.
 As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,
 That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more:
 So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd
 Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.
 Gay, modest, artless, beautiful and young,
 Slow to resolve; in resolution strong;
 To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all;
 None could himself the favour'd lover call:
 That which alone could make his hopes endure,
 Was, that he saw no other swain secure.
 Whither, ah! whither are those graces fled?
 Down to the dark, the melancholy shade?
 Now, shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
 Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!

For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,
 His fame exalting while he sung thy praise.
 Thyrsis, in gay and easy measure, strove
 To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love:
 Menelaus, in his numbers more sublime,
 Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
 Glycon, whose satire kept the world in awe,
 Soften'd his strain when first thy charms he saw,
 Confess'd the goddess who new-form'd his mind,
 Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
 Cease, shepherd, cease; the charms you sung are fled,
 The glory of our blasted isle is dead.
 Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
 Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!

Behold where now she lies depriv'd of breath!
 Charming, tho' pale, and beautiful in death!
 A troop of weeping Virgins by her side;
 With all the pomp of woe and sorrow's pride!
 O, early lost! O, fitter to be led
 In cheerful splendor to the bridal-bed,
 Than thus conducted to the untimely tomb,
 A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom!
 Whatever honours superior merit gave;
 Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;
 On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
 O that thy coynefs could refuse me this!
 Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
 Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore,
 Clasp't to thy glowing breast, thou may'st revive;
 I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live,
 Or, if severer fates that aid deny,
 If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.
 In one cold grave together may be laid
 The truest lover and the loveliest maid.
 Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
 Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.

But see, those dreadful objects disappear!
 The sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear:
 The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene;
 And nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
 What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
 Melodious music from the heavenly sphere!
 Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!
 Listen: the faint, the lovely faint, is crown'd!
 While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
 Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:
 From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,
 And with kind pity wonders at our woe.

Ah, charming faint! since thou art blest above,
 Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
 Forgive their tears, who press'd with grief and care,
 Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED,

1703.

AN IMITATION OF THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL:

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM
A SIBYLLINE PROPHECY.

“ ———— *Paul's majora canamus.* ”

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight;
 Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight:
 Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
 Make your shades fit for able statesmen's view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
 Restoring the Saturnian age of gold;
 The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
 A high-church progeny from heaven descends.

O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains
 To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley
 reigns.

And thou, great Scarfsdale, darling of this land,
 Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
 Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
 By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
 Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
 You punish men for crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like holy synods be,
 And holy synods senate-like agree.
 Monmouth and Mostyn here instruct the youth,
 There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the sacred truth.
 Powis and Harpin here, with equal claim,
 Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame;
 There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
 Nor treat their bishops in a human way.

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
 And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
 Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
 Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to rail:
 The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
 And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.

Viceroy

Viceroy, like Providence, with distant care,
 Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
 Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
 Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet:
 Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
 And honor be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
 Brereton and Burnaby the court shall grace,
 And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
 Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
 Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.

But as they stronger grow and mend their strain,
 By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
 Bold Bellasis and patriot D'Avenant then,
 One shall employ the sword, and one the pen:
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The tool of faction shall to peace invite,
 And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.

Yet still some Whigs among the peers are found,
 Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
 Somers maliciously employs his care
 To make the lords the legislature share.
 Burnet declares how French dragooning rose,
 And bishops persecuting bills oppose:
 Till Rochester's * cool temper shall be fir'd,
 And North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings be
 admir'd.

But when due time their counsels shall mature,
 And fresh removes have made the game secure;
 When Somerset and Devonshire give place
 To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
 Both converts great; when justice is refin'd,
 And corporations garbled in their mind;
 Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
 Before them hated moderation flies,
 And anti-christian toleration dies.
 Granville shall seize the long-expected chair,
 Godolphin to some country seat repair;
 Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
 And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his just
 reward.

France, that this happy change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run.
 Come on, young James's friends, this is the time,
 come on;
 Receive just honors, and surround the throne.
 Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
 Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
 Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
 And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
 The faithful club assembles at the Vine,
 And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine.
 Freely the senate the design proclaims,
 Affronting William, and applauding James.
 Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
 Propose that safety give to order place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by expedients ineffectual made.
 Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court cares,
 Exalt its praises, but its power depress;
 And, that impartial justice may be seen,
 Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.

* Bishop Sprat.

Bishops who most advanc'd good James's cause
 In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause:
 While those who rather made the Tower their choice,
 Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.
 Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
 And James's votes for simony atone.
 Archbishop Kenn shall from Long-Leat be drawn,
 While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crouding for
 the lawn.

And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
 Shalt sail to Lambeth in his Grace's barge.

See by base rebels James the Just betray'd,
 See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd;
 Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
 And erring nations own their injur'd lord.

O would kind heaven so long my life maintain,
 Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!
 Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend,
 Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
 Not though young D'Avenant, St. John should protect,
 Or the shrew'd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
 Nay, should Tredenham in St. Mawes compare his
 songs to mine,
 Tredenham, though St. Mawes were judge, his laurel
 should resign.

Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;
 Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
 Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
 In times of danger still this chief confin'd)
 Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
 Honest George Churchill may supply his place.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

THE man that's resolute and just,
 Firm to his principles and trust;
 Nor hopes nor fears can blind;
 No passions his designs control,
 Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
 Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
 Nor threatnings of a court enrag'd,
 Nor storms where fleets despair;
 Not thunder pointed at his head;
 The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
 Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose,
 By this the Romans aw'd their foes:
 Of this their poets sing.
 These were the paths their heroes trod,
 These acts made Hercules a god;
 And great Nassau a king.

* Rooke.

IV. Firm

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
 Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
 With blackening storms combin'd.
 "Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way;
 "The wind may for a while delay,
 "Not alter our design.

V.

"The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
 "Or vanity allures to fame,
 "May be to fears betray'd:
 "But here a church for succour flies,
 "Insulted law expiring lies,
 "And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

"Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
 "I come, the wounded heart to heal,
 "The wounding hand to bind:
 "See tools of arbitrary sway,
 "And priests, like locusts, scout away
 "Before the western wind.

VII.

"Law shall again her force resume;
 "Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
 "With brighter rays advance.
 "The British fleet shall rule the deep,
 "The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
 "Strike terror into France.

VIII.

"Nor shall these promises of fate
 "Be limited to my short date:
 "When I from cares withdraw,
 "Still shall the British sceptre stand,
 "Still flourish in a female hand,
 "And to mankind give law.

IX.

"She shall domestic foes unite,
 "Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
 "Whole armies drag her chain:
 "She shall lost Italy restore,
 "Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,
 "And give a king to Spain.

X.

"But know, these promises are given,
 "These great rewards impartial heaven
 "Does on these realms decree;
 "That, strictly punishing mens faults,
 "You let their consciences and thoughts
 "Rest absolutely free.

XI.

"Let no false politics confine,
 "In narrow bounds, your vast design
 "To make mankind unite;
 "Nor think it a sufficient cause
 "To punish man by penal laws,
 "For not believing right.

XII.

"Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind;
 "Rome's sons shall your compassion find,
 "Who ne'er compassion knew.
 "By nobler actions theirs condemn:
 "For what has been reproach'd in them,
 "Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

XIII.

These subjects suit not with the lyre;
 Muse! to what height dost thou aspire,
 Pretending to rehearse
 The thoughts of gods, and god-like kings?
 Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
 By mean ignoble verse.



